Are We Ready for War with Japan?

By General William Mitchell

WEEK
ENDING
JAN. 30, 1932

5c

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

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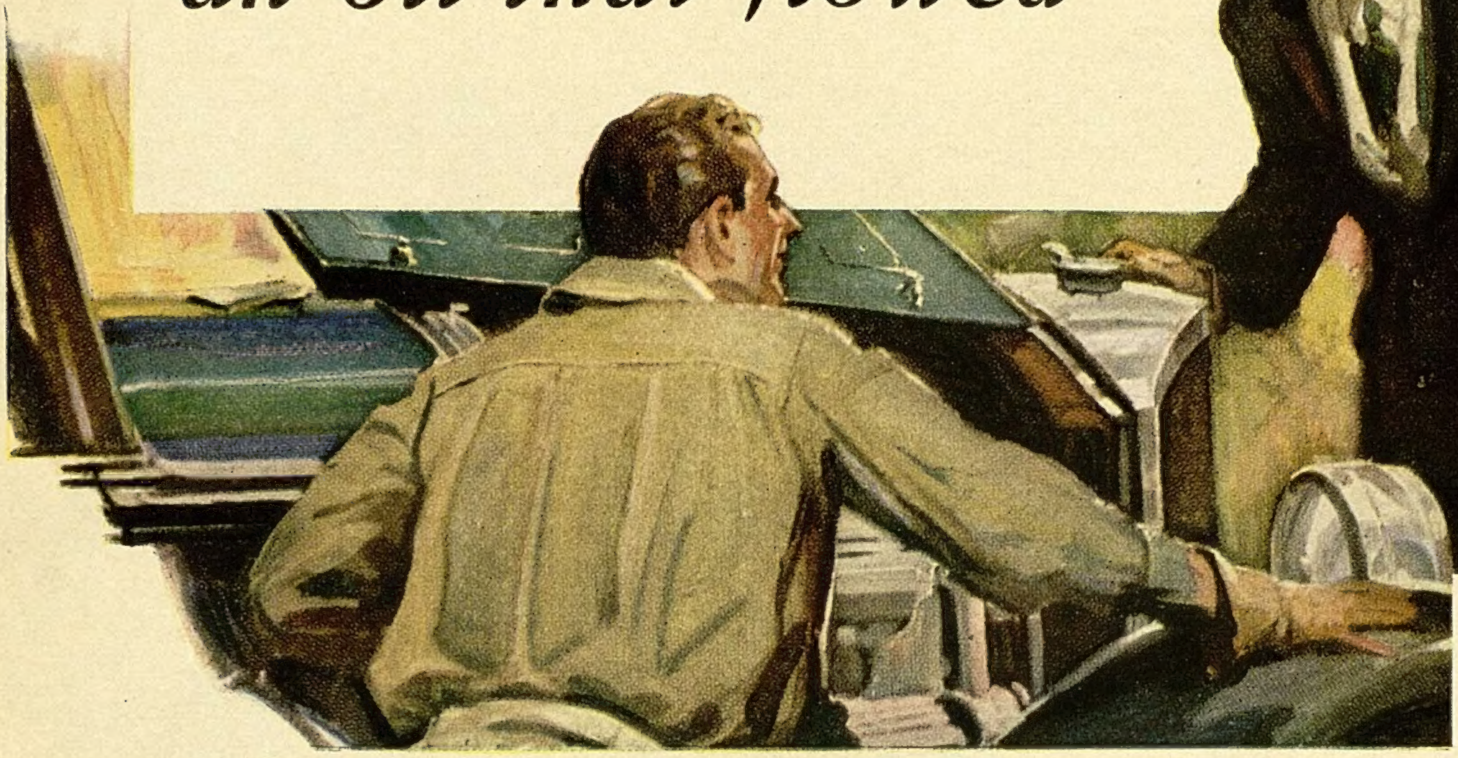
Leslie Thrasher

"It will be a $60 job

you should have used an oil that flowed"



Sixty dollars!

12 crisp, hard-earned $5 bills—which could have been spent for so many things—thrown away needlessly! Yet thousands of motorists pay this penalty every winter—the penalty for using motor oils which thicken like molasses when cold.

With such oils every cold start means wear! Pistons and bearings, robbed of lubrication, grate and grind. Often cylinder walls and pistons are scored, piston rings unnecessarily worn. Wrist pins, crankshaft and connecting-rod bearings may be ruined.

There's one sure way to save your engine and your money this winter. Use nothing but crack-proof Texaco. This golden oil flows and lubricates instantly because it is free from paraffin wax that thickens with the cold. And at top engine temperatures Texaco Motor Oil still protects. It's crack-proof.

Drive to your neighborhood Texaco Station. Crack-proof Texaco Motor Oil will protect your engine and Texaco Lubrication Service will protect gears and chassis of your car against winter wear.

COLD POUR TEST

Both tubes in this picture have just been taken from a freezing bath. See how freely golden Texaco flows, while the other oil is congealed to the thickness of molasses!

Now think of the number of cold starts you will make this winter. Then think of the motor and money saving that free-flowing, golden Texaco will mean.

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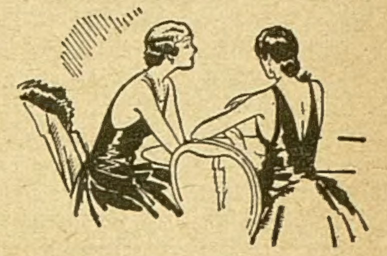
Daring WORDS 5 YEARS AGO

FACTS for WOMEN



- She wants to know but she hates to ask . . . the tragedy of false modesty.

- Trained nurses . . . they know how women fear the unknown . . . There is enlightenment in truth.

TODAY women are faced by a new problem. Talk is franker. Discussion is more free. There should be a much greater enlightenment now. Yet a condition has arisen that *is* disturbing. It would almost seem that the secrecy of a few years ago was less dangerous than the present confusion and misunderstanding.

How is it that all the talk does not make certain matters clearer? Why is it that women are just as unsure and worried as ever? What is there about the subject of feminine hygiene that it is so likely to cause argument and dissension?

Some women use poisons

No matter where the conversation may start, it always ends with the antiseptic. Of course, there must be an antiseptic and it must be powerful. In the past, the only germicides powerful enough were caustic poisons and many women believe that this is still the case. They go to the extent of telling this false theory to others and giving advice about a matter on which they are ill-informed. They mean well, but they are spreading a dangerous doctrine.

Zonite is safe to use

The time is past where there is any doubt remaining as to whether feminine hygiene is or is not advisable. Women know that nothing less than surgical cleanliness will satisfy them. And the physician's stand has long been established. No one understands better than he that women are right in their standards. He realizes, more than the women themselves, the importance of this practice, the necessity for it.

But the doctor will warn you against poisons. "Certainly you should practice feminine hygiene," he will tell you. "But do not use poisonous antiseptics. They can do irreparable damage. I have known many such cases." What germicide, then, can a woman use that is safe and yet effective? She can use *Zonite*.

This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be applied to the human body. Yet it is non-caustic and non-poisonous. It is a great triumph for modern science that a germicide, as strong as Zonite, is at the same time gentle in its action and even soothing to the tissues.

Read "Facts for Women"

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Be sure you send for your copy of "Facts for Women." It would perhaps have been considered daring five years ago. Today it is in the spirit of the times, and the information it contains is absolutely true. You will be much better informed after you have read it. A couple of excerpts given at the top of this page will give you a little suggestion of its subject matter. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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JAN. 30, 1932

Liberty

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> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."* —*Abraham Lincoln.*

WHO IS THE TYRANT NOW?

Four Russian railroad employees have just been condemned to death.

Their crime was negligence.

They were not on the job. As a result of their carelessness, there was a wreck in which human lives were lost. So the Soviet judges have ordered that these four men must go to their deaths. The theory is that their execution will serve to remind other Russian railway employees that eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

Perhaps this stern verdict was just. Certainly the Soviet justice was summary and decisive. Here, at least, was no welter of noisy investigation piled upon more noisy investigation, which is the usual comic spectacle following upon the heels of such tragedies in America, and leading all too often to exactly nothing.

And yet, the harshness of the penalty makes one stop and wonder!

What would the political agitators have said if the old courts of the Czar had inflicted such a sentence? What cries of "Oppression!" and "Cruelty!" would have rent the heavens!

For years the world was told how harsh and autocratic was the reign of the Romanoffs. Their despotic sway, their cruelty to their subjects, was a tocsin for indignation sounded wherever men would listen to the woes of their fellow men.

But the rebellion that began with the murder of the Czar and his family now seems very far from ushering into the world an example of enlightened, humane rule.

The new dispensations that have come with new systems of government should be judged by their results.

Have they brought a richer prosperity to their citizens? Greater happiness and security to the individual? Have tolerance and brotherhood replaced the old oppressions?

Remember, the rebels promised a great deal. The Red Russians were to bring release to the individual from the grip of an iron hand stretched out from an ancient throne.

Yet, would the Czar have butchered four railroad employees for their negligence, however grave the results of their dereliction?

We must know and judge these apostles of liberty by their fruits.

The Russian saviors destroyed one autocracy—but have they done anything else than to put in its place another autocracy—not so well dressed, not so well mannered, less prosperous, and fully as harsh as the royalty it slew?

There have also been similar happenings in other countries!

This is not to condemn capital punishment, nor to suggest that in these troubled times severity is not the only salvation for government. But, from another point of view, these killings in Russia are strangely significant.

In spite of all the talk, the rebels seem to act very much like the tyrants as soon as they get into office!

They find themselves facing the same problems, and, generally, before they get through they are forced to follow the same well beaten path. The truth is, no doubt, that in spite of all the cries of greed, corruption, and graft, governments and their officials generally do the best they can—which, truth to tell, isn't much!

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

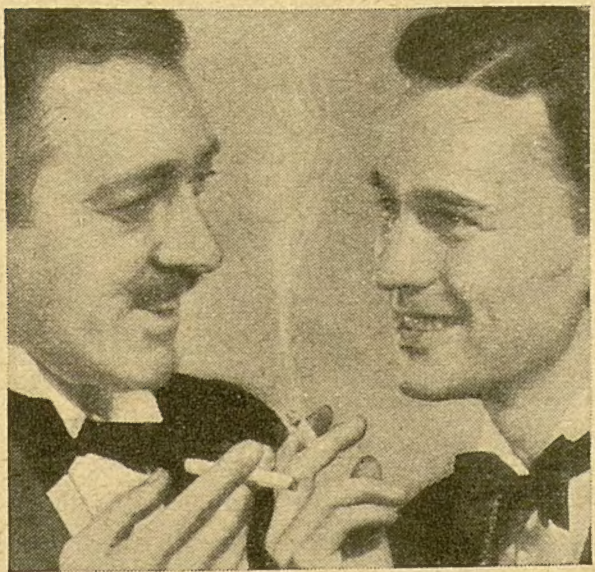
This takes trying

BUT MAN! IT'S WORTH IT!

The grandest fling in all tobacco-enjoyment! . . . **Mouth-happiness!** Here it is . . . in 3 steps:

1 Try ***one Spud.*** Don't stop . . . simply because such cooly-coolness is a new one on you.

2 Try ***one pack of Spuds.*** Don't stop . . . simply because you're hardened to instant tobacco kick.



3 Try ***one week of Spuds.*** Watch that *noticeably* cool taste disappear. Watch the tobacco taste get keener and keener. And, notice, *how fresh, how clean, how all-around swell* your mouth begins to feel.

That's it . . . mouth-happiness . . . the grand, new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

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Here is strong evidence of better tone. But even more convincing will be the evidence of your own ears! Go now and hear the General Electric!

No claims, no arguments, will impress you as much as what you actually hear. For your ears will tell you at once that here is a truer-toned radio than any you have listened to! An instrument whose tone will add immeasurably to your enjoyment of radio.

If technicalities interest you, your own G-E Radio dealer will point out a host of improvements. He will show you the G-E Tone Equalizer, a G-E development in the G-E Popular Console, which tremendously improves tone. But the best of all reasons why your radio should be a General Electric will be given you by your own ears.

All of the many G-E sets are reasonably priced, ranging from $37.50 to $345.00, tubes included.

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Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon, E. S. T. For the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight" every Sunday afternoon 5:30—6:00 E. S. T. over a nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

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When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

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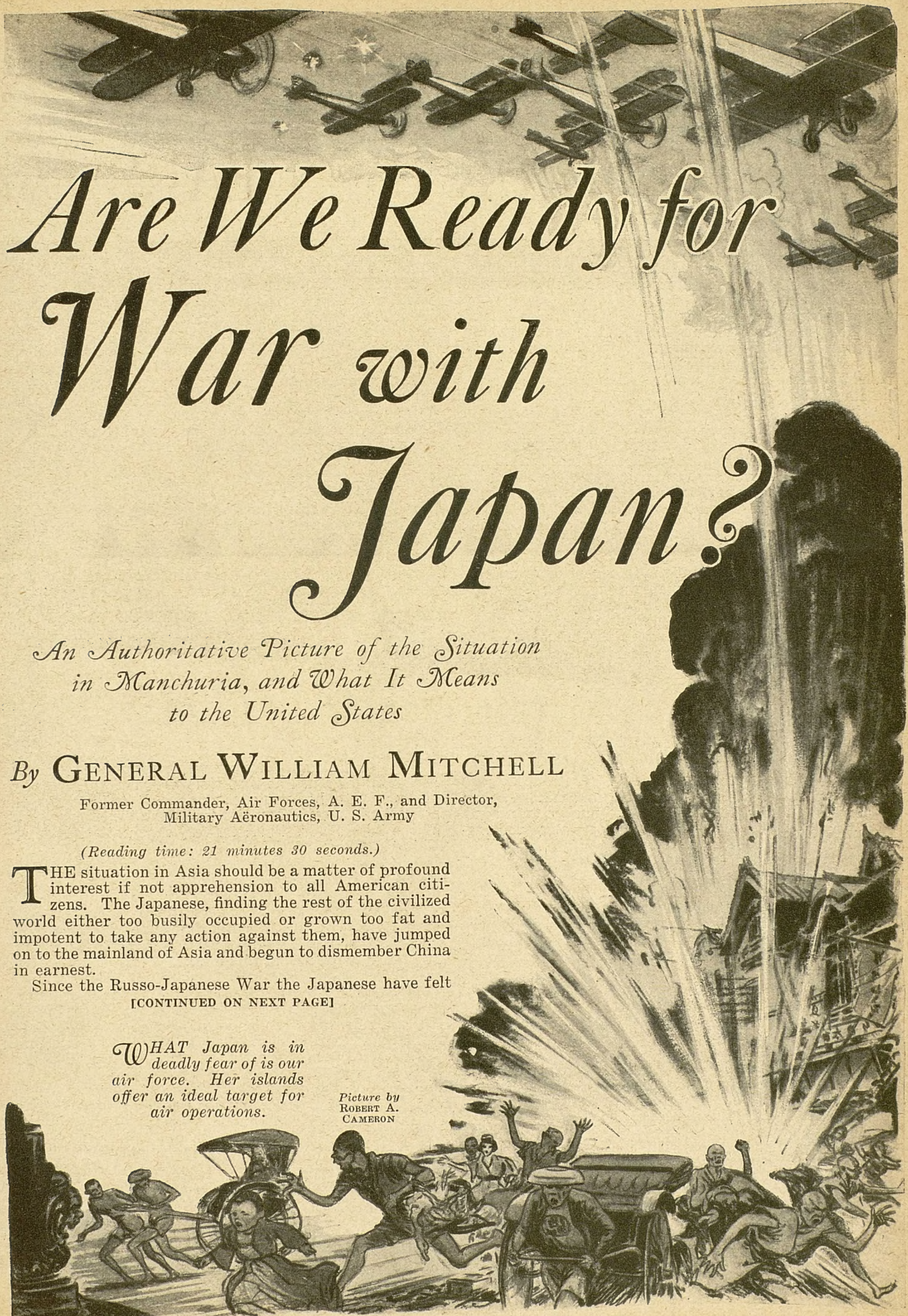

Are We Ready for War with Japan?

An Authoritative Picture of the Situation in Manchuria, and What It Means to the United States

By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Former Commander, Air Forces, A. E. F., and Director, Military Aëronautics, U. S. Army

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

THE situation in Asia should be a matter of profound interest if not apprehension to all American citizens. The Japanese, finding the rest of the civilized world either too busily occupied or grown too fat and impotent to take any action against them, have jumped on to the mainland of Asia and begun to dismember China in earnest.

Since the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese have felt

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT Japan is in deadly fear of is our air force. Her islands offer an ideal target for air operations.

Picture by ROBERT A. CAMERON

ARE WE READY FOR WAR WITH JAPAN?
Continued from page seven

that their destiny lay in first establishing their rule all over Asia, somewhat along the pattern of Genghis Khan, and then gradually making themselves a dominant world power. In order to accomplish this, their first objective has been to possess themselves of all the islands lying between the peninsula of Kamchatka and the Malay Peninsula, in this way blanketing the coast of Asia and insuring their line of sea communications for their oil and fuel, which they get from Borneo and the Dutch East Indies, Sumatra and Java. They have already taken the Kurile Islands and part of Sakhalin, to the north of their own islands. From Kyushu, the southernmost island of their group, they have extended their line through the Riukiu Islands to Formosa and the little island of Botel Tobago, which is just sixty miles away from our northernmost Philippine possession.

There remain yet to be taken the Philippine Islands and Borneo. These will undoubtedly be pounced upon at the first favorable opportunity. If, for instance, we give independence to the Philippines, it will not be long before some Japanese officer, agent, merchant, or traveler will be abused or killed there, and the Japanese will occupy the islands in much the same way that they have Manchuria.

At the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese armed forces were in possession of Manchuria. This the Japanese believe they were deprived of by the action of the United States particularly. Before their war with Russia the Japanese had formed a military treaty with Great Britain, by which one nation was obliged to help the other in case she was attacked by more than one power. This treaty was for the purpose of leaving Japan free to fight Russia without the intervention of another power. In other words, Japan was fighting England's battle in the Far East to keep Russia away from the ice-free ports on the Liaotung peninsula in the Yellow Sea. The treaty was abrogated through the influence of the United States, and the Japanese hold this against us. Our exclusion laws are also a sore spot with the Japanese.

The root of their antagonism and mistrust, however, lies in the simple physical fact that the United States is the only great white power whose shores are washed by the Pacific Ocean. Proportionately we are really a greater Pacific power than we are an Atlantic power. We are on the east side of the Pacific and Japan is on the west side. We aspire to the trade of Asia and so does Japan. We have more raw materials, vegetable and mineral, than Japan has, and she believes that she must obtain some additional ones or lose out. She considers an armed contest with us a certainty in the future.

These are some of the reasons back of her seizure of Manchuria, and she will hold it if she possibly can.

MANCHURIA is a tremendously rich province. It is the granary of China. The crops of kaoliang, or giant millet, look very much like our cornfields and extend as far as the eye can reach. This wonderful grain is used by man and beast. The stalks are used to thatch houses and are made into clothing. The soy bean grows in Manchuria under the best conditions. It is an immensely precious crop. The bean oil is used in soaps, paints, and a multitude of other preparations, while the bean cake makes wonderful fodder for domestic animals and cattle. Manchuria is rich in timber, coal, and possibly oil. Enormous revenues have always been derived from it, hence he who held Manchuria had a powerful weapon with which to deal with the rest of China, Korea, and Japan.

The Manchus, or original inhabitants, belonged to the Tungus race. These people comprise Mongols, Turks, Finns, Magyars, and, surprisingly, the Basques. They have never been numerous but have always been great warriors. The Chinese are an entirely different people, who are supposed to have come at an early date from somewhere east of the Caspian Sea and migrated down the valley of the Yellow River. They ran into the Tungus people in the north and mixed with them. This mixture has produced the big, fine Chinese people one sees in the northern provinces. In the south they encountered a people called the Tai, not so large in stature but possessed of fine intellects. The modern representatives of these people are the Siamese and the inhabitants of Indo-China and Burma. This mixture produced the modern Cantonese. Canton is the place where most of the " isms," new ideas, and revolutionary movements in China come from. The Cantonese excel in intellectual attainments.

Manchuria has always been filled with bandits, roving bands who live by robbing and pillaging. All through Manchuria the fields are tilled in the daytime by people who come from walled cities or villages to which they return at night, while the bandits hold sway outside. Chang Tso Lin, who died a couple of years ago—killed, as many believe, at the instigation of the Japanese—was himself a bandit in the days before the Russo-Japanese War. During that contest he became a partisan of the Japanese, scouting for them and gaining information. Finally he was given a commission in the Japanese service as a cavalry officer in 1905. At the end of the war Chang obtained a command in the Chinese army.

A LITTLE while after the Russo-Japanese War I visited Manchuria for the purpose of studying the battlefields and observing the Japanese troops and the new Chinese army. A division of Chinese troops was stationed at Changchung, where the Japanese and Russian concessions came together. This splendid body of about 24,000 men was commanded by General Liu. In the review which he had for me, 20,000 marched before me. All of them were six feet or over, and when they passed, doing the German goose step, shaking the ground with their tread, it gave an impression of strength which was stupendous. If the uncounted millions of Chinese could be organized, equipped, and led properly, and if they were imbued with a national spirit, there is nothing they could not accomplish. They are strong and capable physically and mentally, industrious, brave, and frugal.

The cavalry in this division was commanded by Chang, he having attained at that time the grade of brigadier general. We became great friends. Aside from the strictly military information that I obtained from a study of the battlefields, I became very much attached to the Chinese officers of this division.

The taotai, or local governor, of Changchung was at that time a Mr. Meng, a very human and understanding person. He had a great sense of humor and was a fine host. The second day I was in Changchung the taotai gave a dinner for me, the other guests being some of my friends and the officers of General Liu's division. Chang Tso Lin was present at this dinner. A great deal of discussion went on that night about the impending revolution against the Manchu dynasty, and the next day I was present when the five-toed-dragon flags, signifying the Manchu rule, were hauled down. There was no disorder or rioting. The Chinese knew the Manchu régime could not protect them against foreigners and the Japanese, and they hoped to form a new government which would do so. Yuan Shi-k'ai took the reins of power. He was an able and strong man, but the job was too big for him. As the great mass of China resembles a jellyfish with no nerves or

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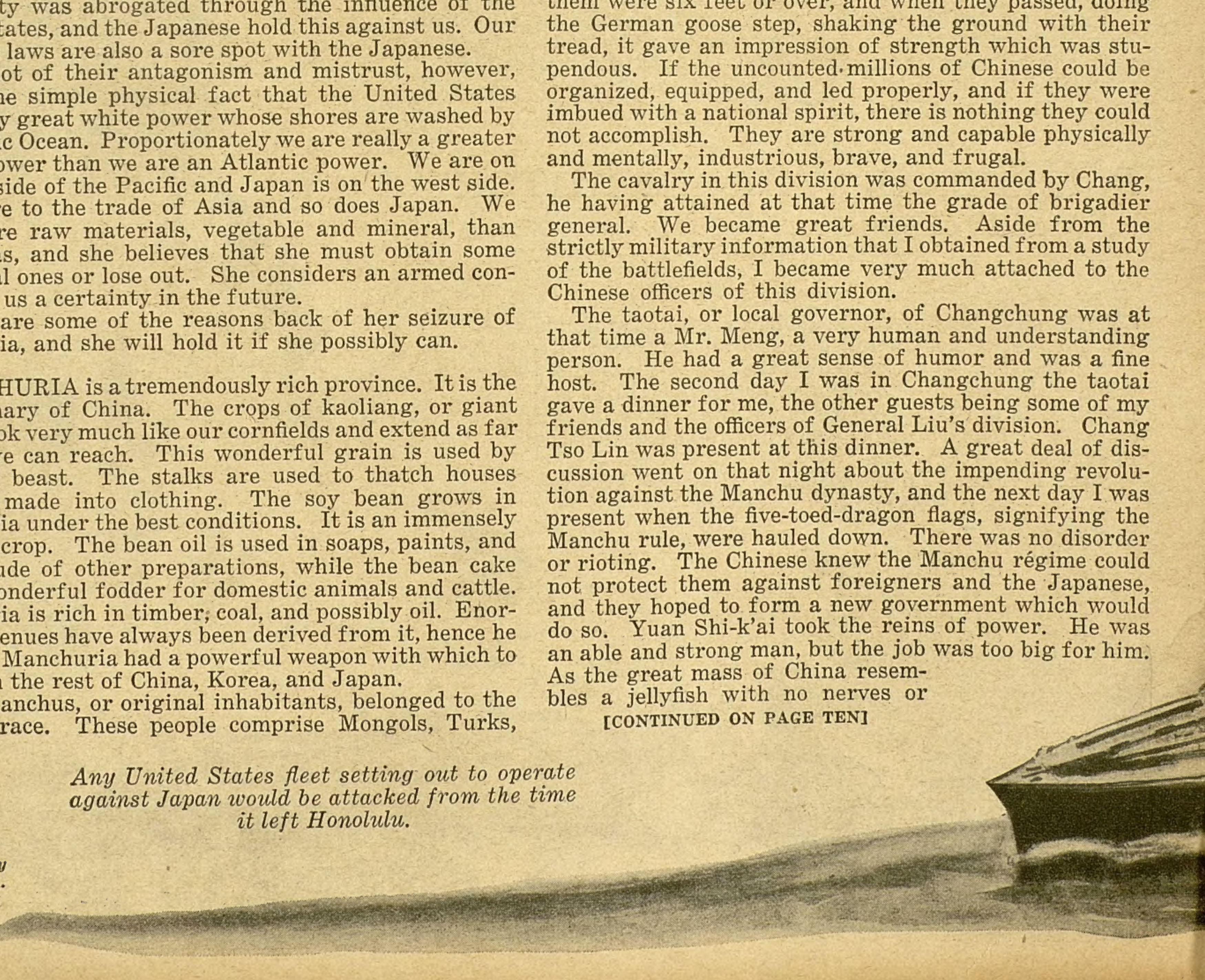
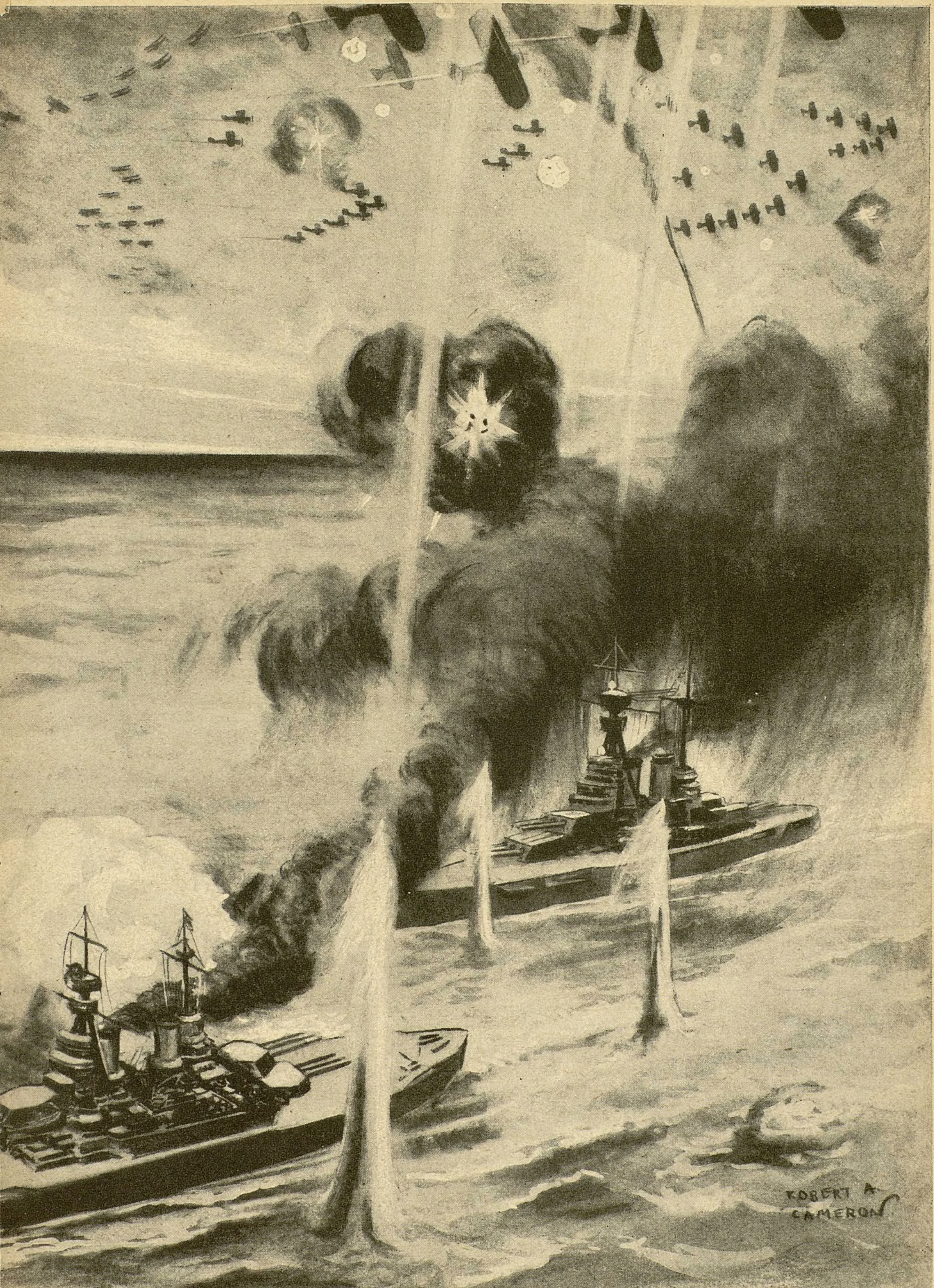


Any United States fleet setting out to operate against Japan would be attacked from the time it left Honolulu.

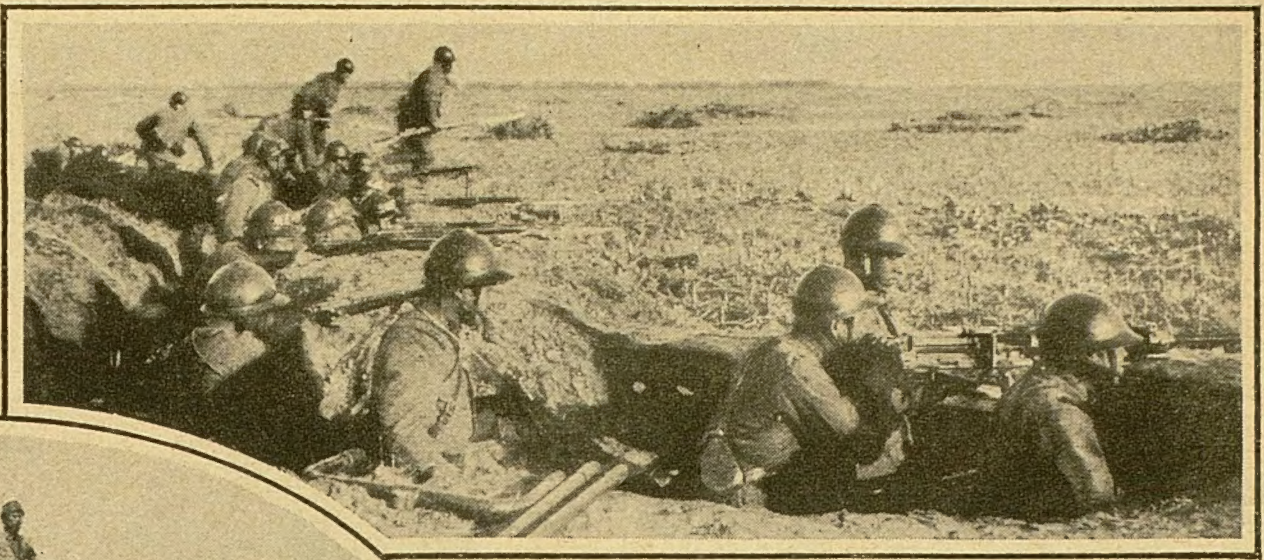
Picture by
ROBERT A.
CAMERON

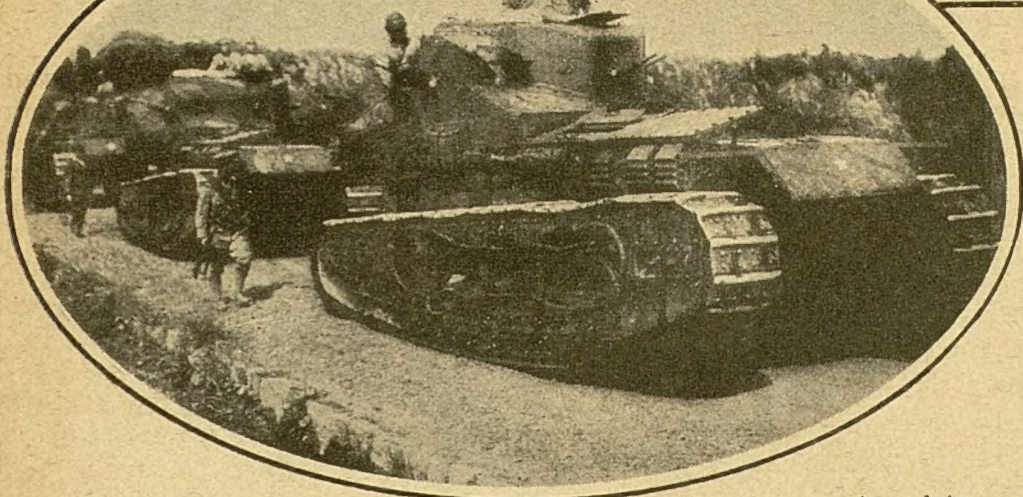

ROBERT A. CAMERON

ARE WE READY FOR WAR WITH JAPAN?
Continued from page eight

sinews emanating from one head, it gradually disintegrated into various parts, north, center, south, and Manchuria, which fought each other and are still doing so.

The Japanese tried hard to colonize Manchuria, but they totally failed as pioneers. They could not plow the ground, fell the trees, or make homes in the wilderness in the way the Chinese did. From China the immigrants came by the millions. Families, consisting of a father with three or four wives and fifteen or twenty children, would drive in with their bulls, mules, and ponies hitched to great carts, take up a stretch of land, and in an incredibly short time clear it, plow it, seed it, and reap crops. During the twenty years after the Russo-Japanese War, more than 15,000,000 Chinese came into Manchuria. The Japanese were tremendously jealous of this, but as they wanted somebody to colonize and develop Manchuria, so they could reap the financial benefits, they had to stand by and watch. Few actual Manchurians remain, probably not over 20,000 or 30,000 of pure blood.





Japanese troops in action against the Chinese near Tahsin. At the left, Japanese army tanks on their way to the front. Japan is ready to take every advantage of new developments in the art of war.

Acme photos

During the revolutions in Russia and the political upheavals in China, Chang Tso Lin profited by these conditions, and by astute leadership pushed himself to the front and made himself war lord of Manchuria. Five years ago I saw him for the last time. Going to Mukden with Mrs. Mitchell, I spent a week there as his guest. He had equipped his troops with the best arms obtainable. Just north of Mukden he had built a large arsenal and factory for the production of weapons. It was this arsenal that the Japanese bombed from the air not long ago.

CHANG had bought a lot of French airplanes. Americans were prohibited from selling them in China because our government was afraid they might be used for a warlike purpose. Chang asked me to give his officers some lectures about aviation, which I gladly did. I then took one of his airplanes into the air, with my aid, Captain Baldwin, in the back seat. That night Chang gave a dinner for me. A new set of exclusion laws against the Japanese had just been put into effect by the United States. Chang said to me, "As you are keeping the Japanese out of America, they will surely be put over on me, and I am certain that an invasion of Manchuria will come before many years have passed." Chang was not an educated man; he could neither read nor write and could barely sign his name. His son, Chang Hsueh-liang, had been given as good an education as his father could provide. He was a bright young man, but as things had always come easy for him on account of his father's position, he had not the strength, cunning, or astuteness of his father.

The Chinese believe that the time has come when their exploitation by foreigners must cease. They realize, however, that without an industrial backbone they cannot produce gunpowder, cannon, airplanes, automobiles, poison gas, and other munitions of war which they must have to engage in modern war with highly civilized nations. Biologically the Chinese believe they will one day rule the world, as they are healthier, stronger, more enduring, and more prolific than any other people. Whenever they come into contact with other races they swallow them up. They have absorbed every conquering race that has come among them. They hate political power and look on politicians merely as people who attempt to extort money from others.

This view, however, has been changed greatly in the last twenty years because they know that they have to stand together against the foreigner. This has led to a development of national spirit.

Their great weapon is the commercial boycott, which they extend through their trade unions and social organizations to every part of their domain. I was in Hongkong a few years ago when a boycott was declared against the English. On a given day all the domestic servants—nurses, butlers, maids, cooks, chauffeurs, gardeners, janitors, and laundresses—left their employers' houses. Ricksha men, artisans, mechanics, and every individual who had anything to do with the English stopped work. The British were astonished. Volunteers were called to do the work of the departed Chinese. In the clubs and hotels young Englishmen ran elevators, cooked meals, and cleaned the rooms, while overtures were made to the Chinese Tongs to get the servants to come back. Only when the conditions they had made were complied with did they return.

Recently the Chinese declared a boycott against Japanese goods. They hate the Japanese more than any other people on earth. They call them the "dwarfed outer barbarians."

Many suppose that the Japanese are quite similar to the Chinese, but such is not at all the case. The Japanese are a mixture of many peoples. Originally their islands were inhabited by a diminutive Negroid race, such as the Negritos or Aetas found in the Philippine Islands. The next people to come into the Japanese islands appear to have been the Ainus, "the hairy people," who gradually pushed the Negritos back into the hills. These Ainus were probably of Tungus origin, like the Manchus. The next invasion consisted of Malays coming from the south by way of the Philippines and Formosa. They established themselves, gradually driving back the others. It was during this period that the Malays combined and appointed a general who would coördinate all their operations. This man was called the shogun, which means "the heathen-destroying generalissimo." The Negritos were exterminated, not without leaving some [illegible]ion on the Japanese people, however. The Ainus were pushed off the larger islands and now their only foothold is in the island of Yezo, from which they are gradually disappearing.

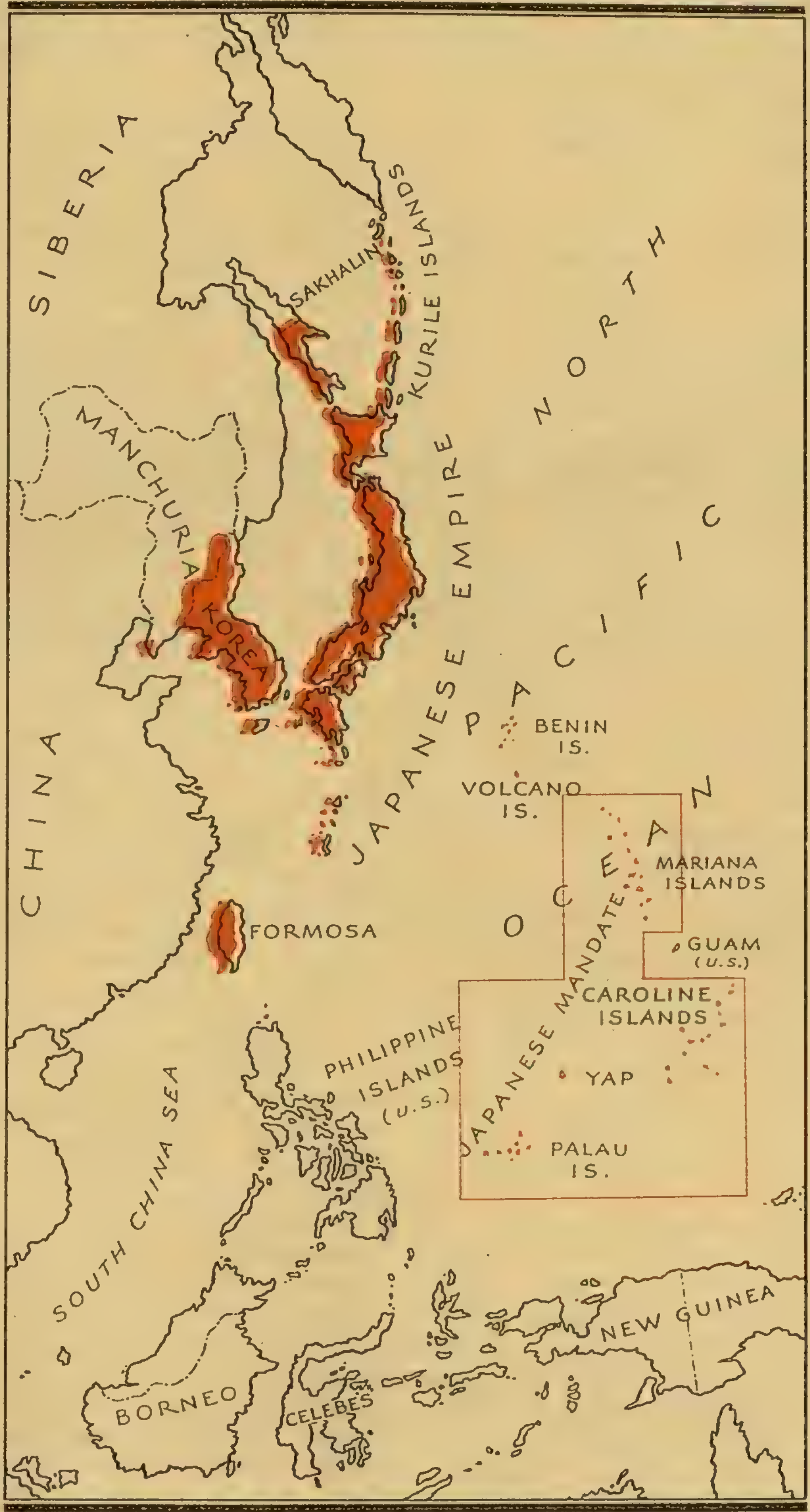
Before the Christian era an invasion came from Korea, called the Yamato. These were superior people, mentally, physically, and culturally. They established themselves as the ruling class, and it is from these that the present Japanese dynasty is descended.

The culture of Japan was taken from China and then built up along its own lines. In a similar way the Japanese have adopted certain phases of Western civilization as their own, since their country was opened up to outside intercourse in the 1850s. They saw they had to learn and develop European ways in order to hold their own, and they have accomplished wonders. Their military caste are splendid people. Their technicians are good. The other branches of their social make-up are quite ordinary.

In considering the situation of Japan in the Far East and her relation to the United States, it is necessary to take into consideration her status in the past and the psychological attitude of her people with respect to foreign nations. Although on the surface Japan may appear to have changed a great deal, her basic principles and manner of thought have varied but little.

IN 1854 Japan was forced to open her doors to intercourse with the civilized world. It was done by a squadron of American war vessels painted black and with the muzzles of many cannon peering from their ports that looked still blacker to the Japanese. The United States, having arrived in California, on the shore of the great Pacific, was casting its gaze across it to the shores of Cathay. Our merchants had established themselves in the Chinese city of Canton and were carrying on a lucrative trade, but Japan's attitude toward us and all foreigners was unbearable. The European nations were establishing themselves permanently at various places in Asia: the English, the Dutch, the Spanish, the French, and the Portuguese. What we wanted was trade and fair treatment for our people engaged in trade, not the acquisition of territory alone. For a time our flag flew from the Bonin Islands, the Loo-Choos, and Formosa, to give force to our demands. These are now of the greatest strategical importance to Japan.

At the time of Commodore Perry's visit, the small island of Deshima, off the harbor of Nagasaki, was the only locality where foreigners were allowed to have commercial intercourse with Japan. There a few Dutch representatives of their East India Company were confined to a strip of land 600 feet long by 200 feet broad, above high tide. This land was reclaimed from the water and connected to the little town by a small stone bridge, at the end of which was a gate, closely guarded; the only means of communication with the outside. "On this restricted bit of territory, guarded and confined like prisoners or thieves, constantly subjected to the most humiliating official arrogance and restrictions," from sixteen to twenty Dutchmen lived and were allowed to carry on trade with Japan. The profits were tremendous, which impelled them on in their commercial dealings.



Showing how Japan's present island possessions command the coast of Asia. All Japanese territory appears on this map in red.

ONCE a year the Dutch resident had to make a journey to Yedo to offer the shogun his respects and presents. While in Yedo, the Dutch were treated as prisoners and were constantly accompanied by guards and the retainers of the Japanese feudal lords. Finally the resident was received in audience and his presents were laid out for inspection. Among other articles there was always a liberal supply of European wines and whiskies. At the audience the Dutch resident was made to "creep forward on his hands and feet, and, falling on his knees, bow his head to the ground, and retire again in absolute silence, crawling exactly like a crab." When this exhibition was over, the Dutch were led farther into the palace where they could be viewed by the women of the court and the shogun himself, who during the audience remained out of sight, behind a curtain. Here the shogun caused the Dutchmen to go through a monkeylike comedy. "They had to rise and walk to and fro, exchange compliments with each other, dance, jump, represent a drunken man, speak broken Japanese, paint, read Dutch and German, sing, put their cloaks on and take them off."

The resident was always contemptuously referred to as a red-handed barbarian, and when dismissed from the audience he was made to agree to all sorts of restrictions not in accordance with civilized usages. Some little amelioration of the outward attitude of the Japanese toward foreigners took place in the beginning of the nineteenth century, but no basic change of view so far as the bulk of the people were concerned.

In war and preparations for war, the methods of the Japanese conform to their general psychological make-up. Spies acquire the greatest merit in Japan. They are sent everywhere in all sorts of guises and disguises. They are placed in the prospective enemy's service and left there for years, to work up in it to positions of responsibility and trust so that they can better gain information. Every advantage is taken to work into the good graces, the friendship, and the confidence of the foreigner. The most elaborate system of espionage is maintained by them, especially in and with regard to the United States.

After the Russo-Japanese War a wave of egotism

ARE WE READY FOR WAR WITH JAPAN?
Continued from page eleven

swept over Japan. Her people thought they could conquer the world, but when they saw what happened in the war in Europe, they realized that the Russian troops whom they had fought were poor, torn by internal dissension and insurrections at home, and that if they ran into troops such as Germany, France, England, or America put into the field the story would be a different one.

Japan is very vulnerable. She is dependent upon outside supplies to almost as great an extent as England is. Her line of communications for this purpose runs to Asia by way of Korea, and for her oil, tin, and other needs, to the Malay peninsula. Submarines acting against these lines of communications could probably destroy the ships carrying these essential supplies.

However, Japan is in no way afraid of our naval power. She has a mandate over the Mariana or Ladrone Islands which extend up within 600 miles of Hawaii in a continuous chain from Japan, and completely dominate any naval line of operations from our country to the Philippines or Japan. The islands are organized for air work, and any United States fleet setting out to operate against Japan would be attacked by these air forces from the time it left Honolulu. The air forces would be supported by submarines acting around and between the islands, informed of the whereabouts of the surface vessels by the airplanes. Under these conditions no navy could exist on the surface of the water.

Soy beans and bean cake in Manchuria, ready for shipment. This trade is one prize for which Japan is now contending.

What Japan is in deadly fear of is our air force; she is even more afraid of it than England is of that of France. Japan offers an ideal target for air operations. The islands are not only very unprolific but there is little fresh water on them. Most of the towns are found along the water courses, usually hemmed in by mountains on each side. These towns, built largely of wood and paper, form the greatest aërial targets the world has ever seen. An air attack against Japan would be more decisive than one against England. Incendiary projectiles would burn the cities to the ground in short order. An attack by gas, surging down through the valleys, would completely blot their population out. Should an enemy gain control of the air, Japan's shipping, bringing raw materials from China (her lifeblood, in case of a national emergency), could be quickly sunk.

It would be entirely practical to attack Japan by air from Hawaii. Midway Island, the nearest of this group, to Japan, is about the same distance from Yokohama as Honolulu is from San Francisco, about 2,000 miles. Aircraft can go there and return, carrying enough bombs to demolish their targets. Modern aircraft will fly around 35,000 feet, carrying weights sufficient for their needs, with a radius of action of 5,000 miles.

The key point of the whole Pacific is our Territory of Alaska. Japan can be attacked directly by air from that place. It is an all-land route from the United States to the tip of Alaska, and communications can be easily protected. Submarines acting from Alaska and Hawaii at the same time would make Japanese sea-borne commerce take shelter within a short time.

The Japanese know these things full well, but they reason that just at this time our vacillating foreign policy makes us impotent in the Pacific. This may be so just at present, but they do not take into account the tremendous vitality, warlike spirit, and ability of the American people. We are accustomed to think of ourselves as a peaceful people, but, on the contrary, America is one of the most warlike great nations on earth, and at the

Japan knows that war is coming some day with the United States, and that it will be a contest for her very existence. She also knows that a tremendous change is coming in the method of conducting overseas campaigns. The naval systems of the past will give way to the air system of the future. But she estimates that when war does come, America will begin with the methods and systems of the last great conflict. She is therefore preparing her whole war-making powers so that every advantage may be taken of new developments in the art of war. Her aviation is receiving first consideration, as are also her submarines and light cruisers. She has reduced her army by several divisions to provide money for the air force. She has gone all over the world to find the best system and equipment for her use. Her air force is modeled on the French system, and we know that she has many more men, more machines, and more factories working on her air force than has the United States. She has a striking force of 1,200 airplanes, very well organized, supplied, and handled. Contrary to the general belief that the Japanese make poor flyers, they are very good ones.

The Japanese are thoroughly conversant with the experiments conducted in this country under my direction, in which it was proved for all time that battleships and naval vessels of any kind could be easily sunk from the air. In any operations on the coast of Asia in Manchuria, or against China, they know their air force would be the deciding factor. Nothing can stand in front of it. Their first operation in Manchuria was to seize Chang Hsueh-liang's airplanes, of which they were much more afraid than of his troops.

As far as equipment, armament, and organization are concerned, the Japanese force at this time is superior to that of the United States, with its few paltry service airplanes that are poorly organized and poorly armed. The United States must not render herself completely defenseless by sticking to methods and means of making war that are as obsolete as the bow and arrow, thinking on the one hand that a war with Japan is an impossibility, and on the other that the airplane will not play the decisive part in wars of the future.

The situation in Asia has the seeds of a world war in it. Russia is by no means the weak country it was in the days of the czars. When I went to Moscow four years ago I was astonished at the excellent appearance of the Russian troops, and particularly at the great efforts they were making toward the development of an air force. The Russians have not forgotten the rebuff they received from Japan in 1905. They consider it their destiny today, just as much as under the czarist régime, to be a great Pacific power with ice-free ports.

The Koreans, whose territory was filched from them by the Japanese, hate them as much as they ever did. Although the Japanese undoubtedly feel that they can get away with almost anything in the present economically depressed world, it will only take a small spark to kindle a tremendous fire under them. Many nations think that at this time a foreign war would do them a great deal more good than domestic insurrection and revolution brought on by political, social, and economic upheaval.

In case of war in the Pacific, the United States is almost sure to be drawn in. The American people should understand the facts, and our national defense, particularly our air force and submarines, should be made efficient and kept constantly ready.

This is no time to listen to pacifist vaporings or the impotent communications of the League of Nations, or to place any reliance on the provisions of certain useless "scraps of paper."

LIBERTY ANNOUNCES
JIG-SAW PUZZLE CONTEST
PRIZE WINNERS!

HERE is the news you Jig-Saw puzzlers have awaited so eagerly. There were thousands upon thousands of entries, each with its thirty identifications and letter of character description. Judging these has been a time-consuming, laborious responsibility. But it has now been completed with fairness to all.

In scoring this contest the judges did not require full official titles and names. Definite identification was sufficient. Thus, in Puzzle No. 1, Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Colonel Lindbergh, Charles A. Lindbergh, Lindbergh, or "Lindy" were equally accurate for the purposes of this contest. This applied to all identifications in the contest.

MASTER PUZZLER!

Harrington Barrus
Birmingham, Michigan

Winner of the $1,000 First Prize. Mr. Barrus is thirty-four. He was born in Buffalo, is married and has a daughter six years old. When the World War embroiled America he enlisted in the 128th Engineers and served overseas for eighteen months. Upon his discharge he went to Denver and held positions in that city and in Indianapolis before entering the employ of a large chain-grocery-store system in its national headquarters in Detroit.

THE list of winners given below is not complete because of lack of space in this issue. More names will be announced next week. Therefore, if you competed and do not read your name here, be sure to look again next week. Prize checks will be mailed as soon as all 311 winners have been named.

$1,000
FIRST PRIZE WINNER

Harrington Barrus
Birmingham, Michigan

AMONG THE $50 PRIZE WINNERS

Shelby L. Davies
Portland, Oregon

Mrs. Caroline Pfeiffer
Richmond Hill, New York

Correct Identifications

PUZZLE NO. 1, SEPTEMBER 19:
Lindbergh, Marie Dressler, Calvin Coolidge.
PUZZLE NO. 2, SEPTEMBER 26:
Jeritza, Thomas A. Edison, Theodore Roosevelt.
PUZZLE NO. 3, OCTOBER 3:
Babe Ruth, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Andrew Mellon.
PUZZLE NO. 4, OCTOBER 10:
Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Alfred E. Smith, Hindenburg.
PUZZLE NO. 5, OCTOBER 17:
Bill Tilden, Henry Ford, Marie of Roumania.
PUZZLE NO. 6, OCTOBER 24:
Charlie Chaplin, William H. Taft, Mary of England.
PUZZLE NO. 7, OCTOBER 31:
Alfonso of Spain, Pershing, Mrs. Herbert Hoover.
PUZZLE NO. 8, NOVEMBER 7:
George Bernard Shaw, Greta Garbo, George of England.
PUZZLE NO. 9, NOVEMBER 14:
Florenz Ziegfeld, Owen D. Young, Prince of Wales.
PUZZLE NO. 10, NOVEMBER 21:
Franklin D. Roosevelt, Marlene Dietrich, Mussolini.

AMONG THE $10 PRIZE WINNERS

Mrs. Ethel Mitchell, Farrell, Pa.; Lillian I. Anderson, St. Paul, Minn.; William A. Jones, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Verna Putnam, Buffalo, N. Y.; Fred Mercer, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Kirk Kinister, Bemidji, Minn.; Ella Finneran, Latonia, Ky.; Harold A. Allan, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Kate B. Hirst, Covington, Ky.; Lea Boniface, Los Angeles, Calif.; Marie W. Crabbe, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Wm. E. Burbank, Stamford, Conn.; Howard M. Howe, Pasadena, Calif.; Dorothy Faass, Utica, N. Y.; Harry R. Fensch, Miami, Fla.; C. Ridgely Brown, Allston, Mass.; A. B. Hammer, New York City; Alice Botshon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary C. Eckels, Chicago, Ill.; Emma Horton, Hartford, Conn.; Dorothy M. Rae, Scranton, Pa.; W. Walter Forrest, Oakland, Calif.; Cynthia Taylor Rich, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dr. Wm. T. Adelhelm, Philadelphia, Pa.; Temple M. Baker, Portsmouth, Ohio; Charles M. Young, Toronto, Ont., Can.; Mrs. Irene L. Freiburg, South Bend, Ind.; Pearl L. Erdman, Allentown, Pa.; Daniel Gioseppi, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. Lela Engle, South Bend, Ind.; Therese A. Dittrich, Union City, N. J.; Leo Chadek, Two Rivers, Wis.; Evan H. Lloyd, Braddock, Pa.; John S. Antkowiak, Buffalo, N. Y.; Elizabeth Schlippert, Williamsport, Pa.; L. Richard Matthews, Baltimore, Md.; Lyda Dyer, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Edna Lee Wood, Montclair, N. J.; Irwin Shaffer, Sunnyside, N. Y.; Howard C. Rockwell, Lansing, Mich.; Oscar Weigmann, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lillian Brogan, Neptune City, N. J.; Mrs. Hazel M. Bart, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. N. Michal, Charlotte, N. C.; Nellie D. Scholey, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Louise Bilger, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Mordecia Salts, Brevard, N. C.; Mrs. Emma C. Strait, Umatilla, Fla.; Adelaide A. Nelson, Oakland, Calif.; Lloyd S. Smith, Detroit, Mich.

SEE LIBERTY NEXT WEEK FOR OTHER JIG-SAW PRIZE WINNERS!

The Story of a Soldier's Code and a Woman's Happiness

A Hostage of Pearls

By FRANK E. VERNEY

(Reading time: 31 minutes 50 seconds.)

IT was at an evening court at Buckingham Palace that Jimmy Lace first contemplated crime as an alternative to insolvent glory. Considering that Jimmy's eyes are of that ruthless shade of blue which is peculiar to great generals, master crooks, and audacious lovers, and that they ranged at the time over a display of diamonds, emeralds, and pearls that would have set up in comfort most of the down-and-out heroes of the Great War, the fact is not so incongruous as it sounds.

Moreover—as he reflected with a humor that had survived Mons, marriage, and a tour of duty as A. D. C. to royalty—what more suitable setting could he have for a change in perspective? Buckingham Palace—and St. James's—had marked most of the salients in his progress from Sandhurst to a perpetual overdraft, and being fifty per cent American he did not see why it should not carry on the good work.

There had been his first presentation as ensign of Foot Guards; his next visit not so long afterward, with arm bandaged to side, to receive from the King a D. S. O.; another when he had cuddled a crutch on to the famous Forecourt to fetch his Military Cross. And then, four years after the Armistice, the occasion when he had attended in scarlet and bearskin, to be invested by his Majesty with the insignia of a Companion of St. Michael and St. George.

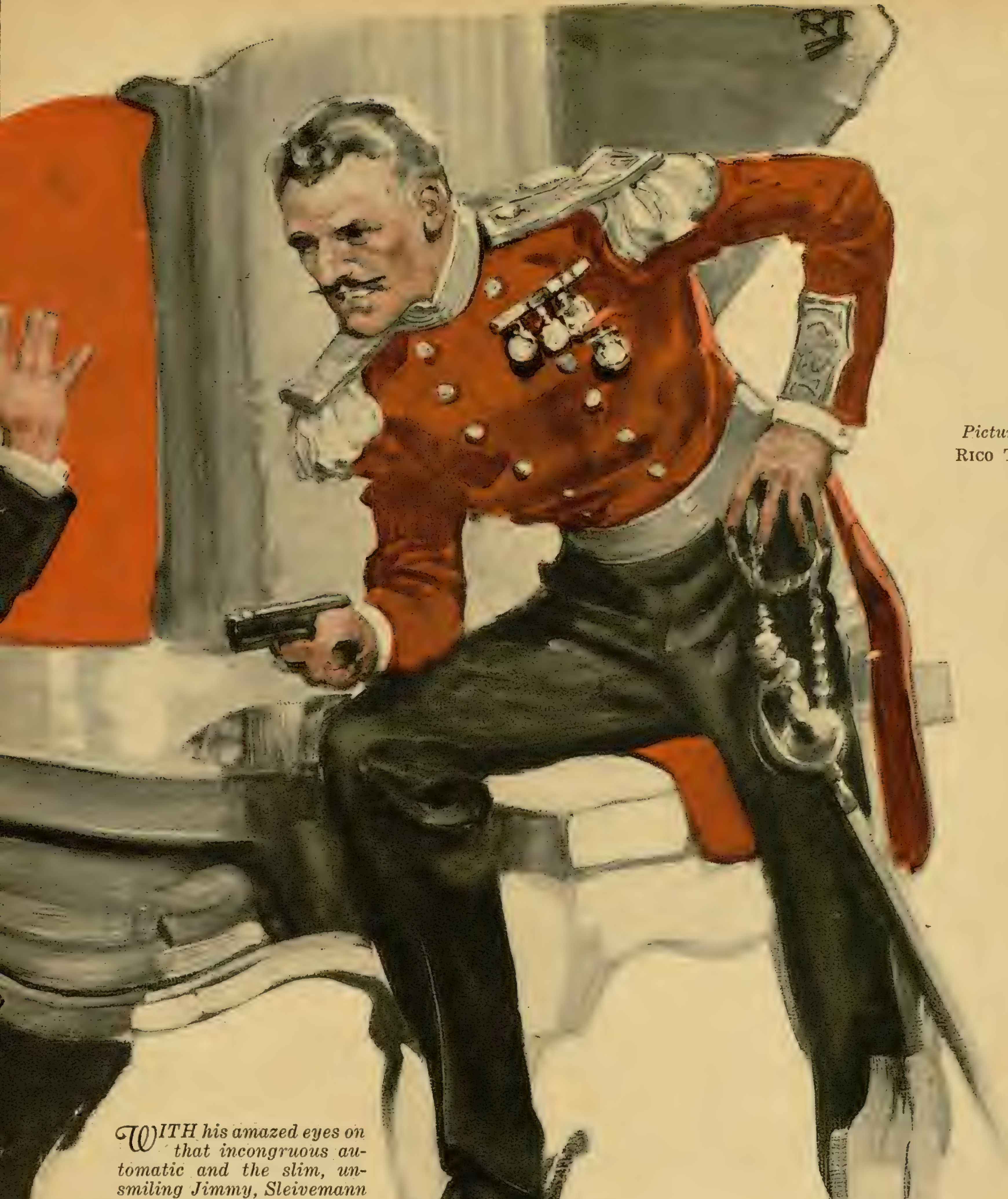
In recollection of that particular award Jimmy straightened his scarlet back, pulled down the front of a creaseless tunic, and gazed across a bobbing frieze of tiaras, bald heads, coronets, and bobbing ostrich tips to where Gold Stick in Waiting stood in blue-and-gold brilliance at the foot of the throne. That distinguished soldier, peer, and courtier had then been something of a dizzy consequence on the Army Council. Jimmy remembered the conversation word for word:

"So you are Jimmy Lace, are you—of my regiment?"

"I am, sir."

"Knew your mother. The most charmin' woman who ever came out in America."

"Yes, sir. I think so, too."



Pictures by
Rico Tomaso

WITH his amazed eyes on that incongruous automatic and the slim, unsmiling Jimmy, Sleivemann moved slowly back.

" Damned good bit of work of yours, disposin' of those stores for a million and a half. How'd you do it? "

" I was on the spot, sir. Knew the people."

" Well, you are a damned young fool."

" Yes, sir? "

" If you'd 'a' resigned your commission an' done the job as a civilian, you'd 'a' got ten per cent."

Jimmy had no difficulty in recalling his sensations at that reminder, for his lawyer had that morning pointed out that a war aftermath of two lots of Death Duties had made such a mess of the family estates that there was not much left.

But he had grinned thoughtfully at his senior officer and said: " Exactly, sir. And ten per cent of a million and a half would have kept me in clover for the rest of my unnatural life, and enabled honor and glory to look a bank manager in the face."

Now here he was, having a sort of farewell flutter.

He turned and smiled at his wife, slim and sleekily thoroughbred in a liability from Poiret.

" You are looking most immorally attractive tonight, you know, Pat," said Jimmy. " I shall probably bite you before the evening's out."

" I'm getting an unusual thrill out of it tonight," explained Patricia. " A sort of last-hunt-of-the-season feeling. It's rather fun, really."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A HOSTAGE OF PEARLS
Continued from page fifteen

"In that case," said Jimmy, "you'd better have a real wallow in it. Come up to the footlights and let's see how Noah's parade is progressing."

"You are the limit, Jimmy," laughed Pat, as they edged forward. "Who on earth is Noah?"

"His nibs the Lord Chamberlain, my dear. Otherwise known as the Good Shepherd."

"Noah's parade" was still moving slowly in twos from the great entrance on the left to the throne in the center. Pat watched the gold-laced aides-de-camp steer the long queue of coruscating uniforms and dressmakers' dreams along that coveted path of social glory.

A few paces from the dais, gentlemen ushers were deftly collecting presentation cards and passing them to the Lord Chamberlain, whose cool, unhurried voice called out names in presentation. And the bearers held that unique stage and audience for one magnificently self-conscious moment, bowed deeply or curtsied low, and then passed with dignity or scuffled with relief into the brilliant crowd of thrilled spectators who had already run the coveted gantlet. And all around the great throne room, pikes in hand, impassive as figures in a Rembrandt, a dado of the King's bodyguard, beruffed and bonneted, framed tradition with tradition.

PAT slipped her hand down Jimmy's gold-braided cuff, gripped his fingers firmly, and said with a smile:

"And this time next week, Jimmy, I'll be burning your breakfast on a gas ring, and you'll be holding the baby."

"I don't think, honey!" said Jimmy. "I've an idea that my breakfast and your offspring deserve better of me than that."

Patricia laughed. "I shan't mind a bit, Jimmy. We are at least passing out with a flourish. And maybe I won't burn the breakfast."

Jimmy's eye flickered appreciatively at her. She was keeping her flag flying, all right. There were probably quite a few women he knew who could take a toss at a stiff fence in the hunting field and sit up and smoke a cigarette with a broken collar bone, as Pat had done when he first met her. But there were, he thought, not many who would have smiled as she had smiled that morning when two bailiffs had walked in on them at breakfast and laid a distraint on the heirloom silver. That was a pretty good bombshell, with a court command on the mantelpiece, half a season's engagements in Pat's diary, and a healthy pride of caste in her veins. And fewer still would have come on to this court and jested valiantly about gas rings.

"We are not going to pass out, old thing," Jimmy told her. "We are going to stop right where we belong. And as honor and glory won't keep us there, something else must. And something else is going to—or I'll eat my own bearskin."

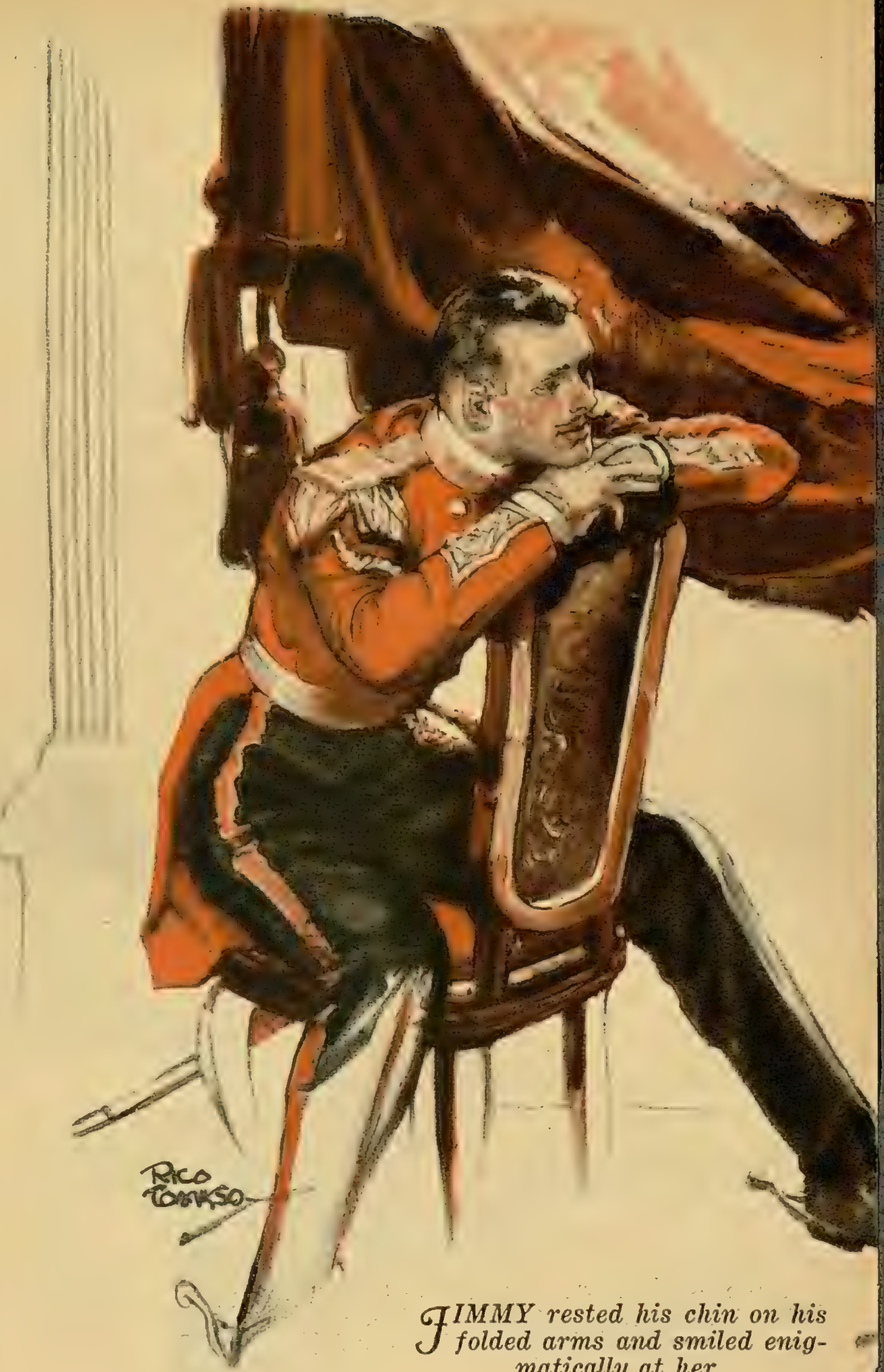
As they moved back to the rear edge of the assembly, Pat frowned.

"Jimmy," she exclaimed, "the thing I mind most about this mess is that you will have to leave the regiment. You'll hate that like poison. Must you leave? Half the other officers are in debt."

Jimmy grinned. "That's easy, Pat. There's nothing in standing orders against getting into debt. The catch comes when you can't get out and there's a noise about it. Then you have to send in your papers, put honor and glory into moth ball. And," he continued ironically, "where would we be in all this"—waving his hand—"without my thirty bob a day? But don't worry your head about that, old thing," he added, taking her arm, "for it is not going to happen."

"How are we going to stop it, Jimmy?" she asked.

At that precise moment Jimmy did not know how he was going to stop it. All he knew was that he intended stopping it, just as on two occasions in the war he had decided to take invulnerable enemy "pill boxes" and had taken them.



JIMMY rested his chin on his folded arms and smiled enigmatically at her.

"You are a bit odd tonight, Jimmy," she added, looking at him intently. "You've been like it ever since we met that poor ex-officer with the fruit barrow this evening. You hardly said a word from the minute we left him until we got to the palace."

And it was at that instant that Jimmy felt a hard object beneath his foot, stooped, and picked up a pearl necklace.

"I say, Jimmy—what idiot could have dropped that!" Pat exclaimed.

Jimmy snaked the necklace round his fingers. He knew something about pearls, and here was something like five thousand pounds' worth of them. Patricia took them from him, caressed them, and then looked up at him.

"Jimmy," she said primitively, "if ever I go to prison it will be for a necklace like this. Take it away!" And she gave it back to him. Simultaneously a robust débutante, in a white court dress as provocatively opulent as the necklace, interposed an overfed arm and a fashionable husky voice:

"Thanks awfully. That's mine. I'm always dropping the beastly thing somewhere."

"I'd have the catch repaired if I were you," advised Jimmy. "The next time you drop it might be the last."

"Oh, that's all right," returned the girl casually.

"Father can buy me another when I lose this."

"Yes—I imagine he could," said Jimmy a little grimly. "Where is your father, by the way?"

"Why, it's Major Lace!" cried the girl. "I did not recognize you in your full dress. How do you do? I haven't seen you since the Government House ball at Cape Town—ages ago. How gorgeous you look!"

"Don't let that worry you, Miss Sleivemann." He smiled. "Did you say your father was here?"

"I did not say so, but he is," replied Miss Sleivemann pertly. "He has just been made a baronet, you know. We are frightfully excited about it. Oh, here he is now!"

"Splendid," said Jimmy, with an odd emphasis that made Pat lift her eyebrows.

THEY turned and watched a tall, heavily shouldered man advancing through the shifting groups of the emblazoned great hall with the assured gait and remorseless manner of a sated leopard through a dazed flock of preening peacocks. He was in civilian court dress, a purple-ribboned decoration dangling over his white tie, powerful calves gleaming aggressively beneath the straining silk of his stockings.

"Popsy—where's Lady Solomon?" he demanded. "And what are you doing with that necklace? Tryin' to lose it again?"

"Solly's over there gorging herself on the sights, and my necklace is broken," retorted Popsy indifferently.

"Give it to me," he ordered.

Popsy complied, and whisked away to join another exotic social blossom. Sleivemann dropped the pearls into his pocket.

"Evening, Sleivemann," Jimmy greeted. "This is a most peculiar coincidence."

"Why—hallo, Lace!" ejaculated the new baronet. "Where've you sprung from? Haven't seen you for years. What are you doing now? Royal staff?"

"What are you doing now seems the more obvious question," returned Jimmy, considering him thoughtfully.

"Paying my respects to the King and presenting my daughter," replied Sleivemann, running a predatorily approving eye over Patricia. "I'm giving a party tonight at my flat—Grosvenor House. Better come along and bring your lady friend."

"Thanks," returned Jimmy dryly. "So you are living in London now, are you, Sleivemann?"

"SIX months in London—six months in Johannesburg," Sleivemann confided. "None of your supertax for me. That way, I pay African income tax only."

"Very ingenious," Jimmy remarked. "You get all the privileges of living in England and other people pay for them. Is that it? You haven't changed much."

Sleivemann laughed.

"That's it," he agreed. "That's business. No sensible man pays taxes he doesn't have to," he added for Patricia's benefit. "Take all you want and hold on to it. That's business also."

"Fine," pronounced Jimmy. "I've just decided to go into that kind of business myself. And you are first on my list of contacts."

The statement amused Sleivemann, but did not interest him as Patricia did. He laughed and looked at her again. But Pat had turned to speak to an ancient peeress.

"Business is very different from the army, Lace," he observed patronizingly. "Keep your capital in your pocket before it finds its way into other people's. That's what happens to you army men when you go into business."

"Not my kind of business," Jimmy assured him blandly. "Will you be at home tomorrow about ten o'clock?"

"Tomorrow I sail for South Africa," said Sleivemann. "So you must try it on someone else." And then, with a leer at Pat, he nudged Jimmy with his elbow and whispered: "Who's that? Best-lookin' piece in the place."

"That piece, my friend," said Jimmy, "is Lady Patricia Lace—my wife."

"Fine," said Sleivemann, unabashed. "Bring her along to my party tonight—and you can tell me about that business." And he turned and strode off.

A crisp roll of muted drums brought Jimmy's heels together with a jingle. The presentations were over. A brief pause in which everyone was silent but the royal party. A few bars of a spirited march. Then silence again, while the royal family and entourage and high officials of state passed down the long throne room to the state ballroom.

As the glittering assembly came to life again and eddied slowly in the wake of the royal procession, Jimmy retrieved Pat from a circle of coronets and conversation, took her by the arm, led her to some gold Empire chairs at the side of the deserted throne. He sat her down on the heraldic tapestry of one and took another himself.

"You are comic this evening, you know, Jimmy," she remarked as she watched him straddle his long legs across his chair as though he were mounting a fresh pony for a stiff chukker at polo. "What's tickling you?" And then,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A HOSTAGE OF PEARLS
Continued from page seventeen

seriously: "Who was that Sleivemann person and what's the business?"

Jimmy rested his chin on his folded arms and smiled enigmatically at her above the gold crown on the chair back.

"How much money will you need to buy all the frocks and things you want for Biarritz and Goodwood?"

She stared at him. "Jimmy—don't be septic!" she said. "We'll have to sell everything we've got to pay our debts. And, anyway, I don't want to go to Biarritz or Goodwood."

"Very well, then," said Jimmy equably. "Let's pretend you loathe both, love being broke, and that we are both content to fade away to God knows where on God knows what. And—"

"I won't pretend that, Jimmy," she interrupted. "But I can stick it if you can. We'll have to leave Berkeley Street, of course—worse luck! But we can always do without what we haven't got. We are getting used to that, aren't we?"

"We are not, old thing," Jimmy contradicted. "We are fed up with it. Fed to the front teeth. In future we are both going to have all we want. For immediate purposes that's five hundred to get our creditors off the doorstep, another five, say, for immediate working capital as an officer and a gent. Put down another five hundred for our trip to Paris and your trousseau de gambol. Say fifteen hundred."

And then an A. D. C. hurried up and said: "Lady Patricia, the Prince wants you to give him this dance." And to Jimmy: "Come round to the Snuggery for a drink, Jimmy, after this. I want one badly."

And as Pat walked away with the A. D. C. she turned and called:

"Jimmy, better take me home before twelve, or there'll be nothing left of me but a glass slipper on the stairs."

Jimmy had his drink in the staff room with a couple of A. D. C.s and a thirsty lord in waiting, and afterward he strolled along to another room off the same corridor. Here he found a man in court dress sitting on the edge of a plain oak writing table, filling a short brier pipe.

"Evening, Hansen," said Jimmy. "I guessed you'd make for your burrow the minute the presentations were over."

"We are much the same in the C. I. D. as you are in the army, Major Lace," laughed Hansen. "The minute we get an 'easy' we hole up and take it. And a pipe tastes good after a four-hour spell without."

"I can't think why you fellers come to these shows at all," Jimmy sympathized. "A detective at court always strikes me as necessary as a policeman in heaven."

"'Care of the sovereign,'" quoted Hansen. "We have our routine, like you, but we are not so conspicuous. You are not on the guard roster tonight, are you, Major Lace?" he added. And he reached down a typewritten card the size of a sheet of foolscap.

"I'm not," Jimmy explained. "I'm a guest, for a change. I've been to the staff room for a drink."

"OF course," said Hansen, putting back the card and lighting his pipe. "Well, I'm glad to see you, anyway, sir. We don't keep any drinks here," he laughed, "so we don't get many visitors."

"That's why I've come," Jimmy told him. "I want to bring a friend along here presently for a few minutes' confidential talk. Is that all right?"

"O. K. so far as I am concerned, sir," said Hansen. "I'll be on duty again in ten minutes, and you won't see anything of my colleagues for the next hour. So you won't be disturbed."

Then Jimmy went back to the state rooms to look for Sleivemann. He tried two of the most likely buffets and then strolled on to the ballroom. The formal opening dances were over, and their Majesties had retired to a recess in which they were informally receiving privileged guests. The great chandeliers threw pools of golden light on the polished floor, and a kaleidoscopic parterre of blazing uniforms and dresses pricked out with gleaming jewels lined the four walls with coruscating magnificence.

The eyes of many a débutante—and others too, for that matter—followed Jimmy as he walked easily down the ballroom. In his full-dress uniform of the Guards, with a row of decorations scintillating against his scarlet-and-gold splendor, he was an authentic part of it all. Like Gold Stick, and Black Rod, and the Master of Horse, and the bonneted gentlemen of the King's bodyguard, he was tradition in the flesh. And he was young. His head wasn't bald. Sun-bleached hair clipped close at sides and back imparted a subaltern look. And, unlike most in that privileged assembly of distinction, there was no self-consciousness about him. He was paying no homage to himself.

AND neither was there any self-consciousness about Sir Albert Sleivemann. Jimmy found him standing at the south entrance of the ballroom, assured and unperturbed, his manner that of a man who'd bought a ticket for a spectacle, squeezed it dry, and dismissed it from his mind. He was talking confidentially to the High Commissioner for Africa and a famous criminal judge, bludgeoning them to a reluctant attention with the vigor of his personality. Jimmy smiled at the sight, but not derisively. Sleivemann was not exactly a laughing proposition. His massive geniality was propelled by a force as consciousless as a steam roller, and just as effective. And Jimmy knew it.

"Let me introduce you to my friend Major Lace," said Sir Albert Sleivemann.

"That is quite unnecessary," the judge stated dryly. "How are you, James? I expected to see you playing for the brigade at Ranelagh the other day, but they tell me you've sold your ponies."

"You are not giving up polo, are you, Jimmy?" exclaimed the High Commissioner.

"I was," said Jimmy; "but I've changed my mind."

And then the band—Jimmy's regimental band, which he helped to support—opened up a waltz, and Jimmy hooked his arm in Sleivemann's.

"Sleivemann—what about a drink?" he said.

"I don't want a drink, thanks," replied Sleivemann. "There are people here I want to talk business with while I have a good opportunity."

"I am one of them," Jimmy told him pleasantly. "We'll go where we can talk it in comfort. Come along."

"I mean real business, my dear Lace," laughed Sleivemann. "You go along and dance with the ladies. Bring that charmin' wife of yours to my party tonight and we'll talk then. I'm a man of my word." And he started to move away.

But Jimmy tightened his grip on the baronet's arm and said: "You wouldn't think it, Sleivemann, but I mean real business, too. And the kind that's best talked in private." And as the crowd eddied about them he slid his disengaged hand down Sleivemann's back as though to urge him on, and smiled.

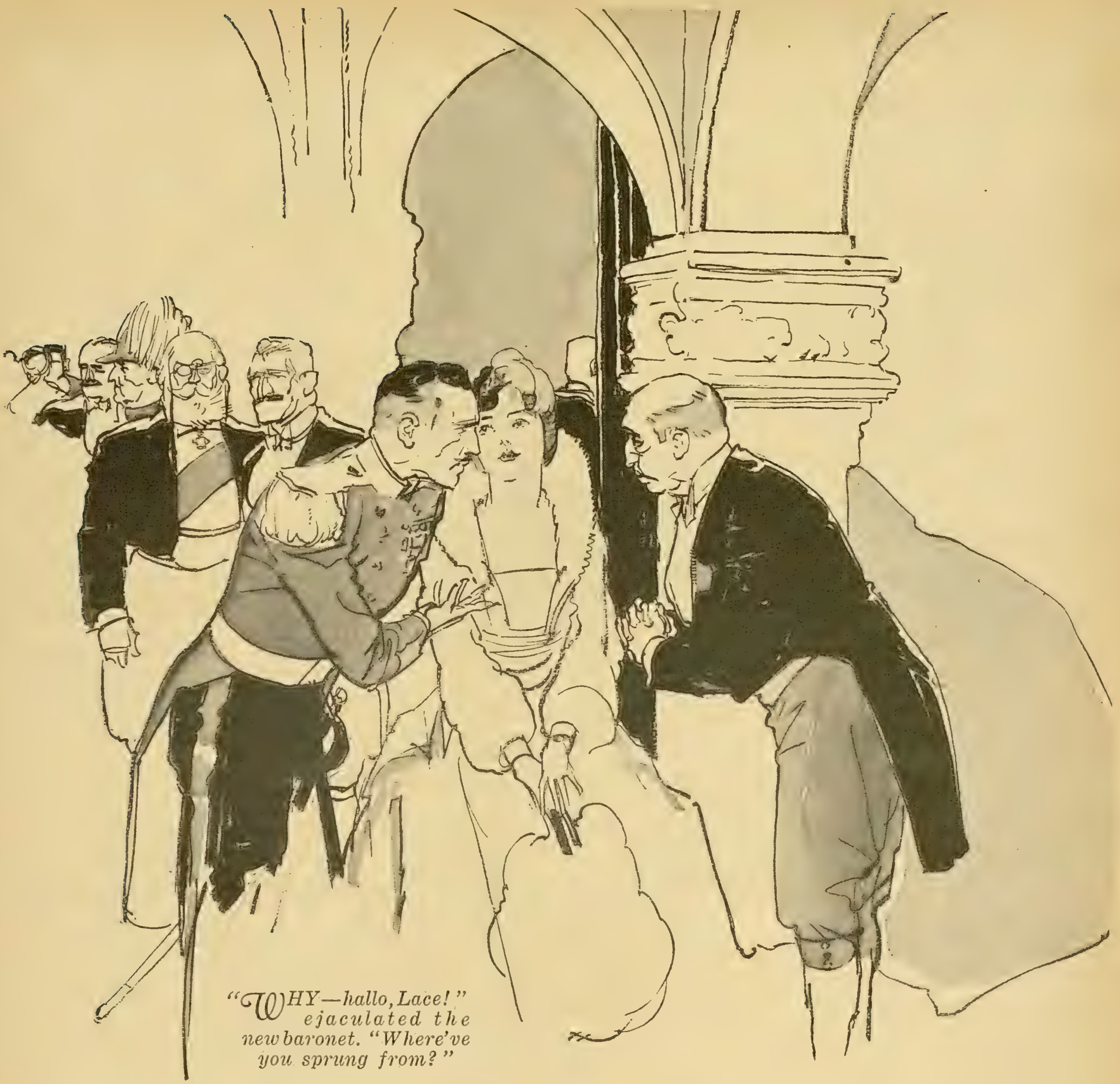
"Nothing doing," refused Sleivemann, with a touch of annoyance. "Can't be bothered with you now, Lace. I'm off to Africa tomorrow, and I want to have a chat with the imperial contracts man yonder. I—" He broke off suddenly, and his hand went swiftly behind him, to encounter Jimmy's in the vicinity of his hip pocket. "What the devil are you doing?" he asked abruptly.

Jimmy smiled again, removed his hand, and looked Sleivemann in his hard eyes. "The question is—what are you doing with a pistol in your pocket at a royal court?" he drawled quietly.

"Pistol be damned," said Sleivemann. "You are talking round your hat, Lace. What's the idea, feeling round people's pockets?"

"I know it is a habit of yours to carry a gun," drawled Jimmy, "but I should have thought you'd have had more sense than to bring it in here."

"If you know that much, you know why I carry it," Sleivemann retorted coolly. "When you have my kind of



"WHY—hallo, Lace!" ejaculated the new baronet. "Where've you sprung from?"

enemies, you don't sit for a couple of hours in a stationary car with a street crowd round you, even though you are in a queue for Buckingham Palace."

"Probably not," agreed Jimmy. "But come along with me and we'll find a parking place for it. Though it is my duty to take you to the guardroom. A pistol at court is a very serious offense."

"Come, come, Lace—don't be absurd!" Sleivemann protested vigorously. "It is preposterous to take this line over an obvious oversight. Hang it all, I am Sir Albert Sleivemann, Bart. I'd forgotten I'd got the gun in my pocket, and but for a chance neither you nor anybody else would have known."

"Quite," agreed Jimmy. "Chance plays quite a big part in life, doesn't it? And there's a lot of it about tonight. This time it is against you. Will you come along with me or with a file of the bodyguard?"

Sleivemann stared. But as Jimmy's expression told him nothing and he could not risk creating a scene in the royal ballroom, he capitulated.

"Very well," he laughed. "It's a lot of damned nonsense, but as you are so mighty persistent I suppose I'd better come."

And arm in arm, like two cronies, the tall, lean guardsman and the massive business baronet eased their way out through the crowded doorway into the south corridor, and passed down it, between flanking beefeaters, to the room Jimmy had visited ten minutes earlier.

They met the detective coming out.

"All O. K., sir," he said to Jimmy, glancing casually at Sleivemann. Then he frowned slightly. "Haven't I met you before, sir?" he asked the baronet.

"Very probably," was the reply. "A lot of people meet me. I am Sir Albert Sleivemann, Bart."

"Ah! I must have been mixing you up with someone else, sir," Hansen acknowledged politely. And he passed on.

JIMMY pushed open the door. "We go in here."

"Who was that?" Sleivemann queried as he preceded Jimmy into the room. "A household official?"

"Not exactly," said Jimmy. "A Scotland Yard man. Good job he does not know what you've got in your hip pocket." And he closed the door and locked it.

"What's the idea?" challenged Sleivemann.

"Privacy," Jimmy explained blandly. "Have a gasper?" And lifting the front of his tunic he slid a flat platinum cigarette case from the waist pocket of his overalls.

Sleivemann grunted, strode to the window, glanced out, then settled himself into a chair and turned his steel-hard eyes on the scarlet-and-gold guardsman.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A HOSTAGE OF PEARLS

Continued from page nineteen

"What's behind all this?" he demanded truculently. "You haven't brought me along here for the sake of my gun. What is this business you are so mighty persistent about?"

Jimmy crooked a long thigh on the table, lighted his cigarette, and inspected Sleivemann upward from his silver-buckled court shoes to his diamond shirt studs till their glances met squarely.

"Debt-collecting," he announced quietly. "And you are the first on my roll."

"I don't follow you," said Sleivemann. "I don't owe you anything. And if I did you would not get it by this kind of proceeding."

"You do," said Jimmy. "You owe me a hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds."

Sleivemann leaned forward and inspected him curiously. "You didn't get wounded in the head in the Great War, did you, Lace?" he inquired ironically.

"No, I did not," returned Jimmy. "But I got wounded in a few other places—including the pocket—protecting people like you. And," he went on deliberately, "I've decided tonight to adjust the balance. I am beginning on you because you happened along at what is known as the psychological moment; because you are a thoroughly nasty piece of work; and because I have one or two accounts against you. Have you got your check book on you?"

Sleivemann stared at him in genuine amazement.

"You are crazy, Lace!" he declared. "I don't owe you a brass farthing. What are you getting at?"

"I'll tell you," said Jimmy. "Five years ago you were Civil Disposals Commissioner in Africa, weren't you—and drew commission on all sales of surplus stores?"

"I was and I did," said Sleivemann curtly.

"Included in those was a dump I personally directed and sold for a million and a half—after you had advised it unsalable. You received ten per cent of that for my work. I received an official letter of thanks and my steamer ticket to England. Considering I have a moral right to the whole of that commission, have you any suggestions?"

"None whatever," Sleivemann announced. "Morals have nothing to do with me. Every man must look out for himself. As you were fool enough not to put in a claim for it at the time, that's your funeral. Why didn't you?" And he laughed ironically.

"At the time I had the habit of thinking first of my country and last of myself," Jimmy informed him. "Otherwise I might have collected that commission."

"More fool you!" said Sleivemann brutally. And he yawned and looked at his watch.

"There was also another little complication of a more personal character," Jimmy went on—"a little matter of blackmail."

"REALLY," said Sleivemann indifferently. But he did not continue his motion of rising.

"Really!" Jimmy assured him. "Did you ever wonder why there was no inquiry into your report that those stores were unsalable?"

"Why should there have been?" Sleivemann challenged. "It was a business report based on the apparent state of the market. Mistakes are inevitable in business."

"It was nothing of the kind," said Jimmy. "It was a private arrangement between you and a ring of dealers who were bidding for the stuff at a give-away price."

"Prove it," laughed Sleivemann.

"The only man I could prove it with was a South African officer, Captain FitzGibbon. In 1914 he was a convict on the Breakwater. He escaped, joined up, and won a V. C. at Delville Wood. You held his unexpired sentence over his head to insure his silence. He could not expose you without exposing himself."

"Prove it," said Sleivemann again.

"I could only prove it by dragging out the whole story and you know it. FitzGibbon is too good a man for that. That is why I did nothing about that report, and why I let you get away with that commission. Now, what about it?"

"Prove it," defied Sleivemann for the third time. "FitzGibbon can't help you. He was demobilized years ago and is probably dead or done for by now."

"That is where you make a mistake," Jimmy announced quietly. "Thanks to some wangle of yours, he was demobilized. And thanks to you he is nearly done for. But he's not dead. I met him on my way here this evening—selling fruit from a barrow in Piccadilly. And that is my second account against you."

The information, though it clearly surprised Sleivemann, did not disturb his composure; in fact, it added to his sardonic humor.

"Well, well. That's a bit of news, anyway. Gettin' an honest living, is he?" He got up from his chair, and laughed. "You'd better go and do the same if you want money. And if you don't like hard work, get your lady wife to give you a hand. She wouldn't have to sell fruit."

"SIT down!" barked Jimmy like a sergeant major addressing a parade.

Sleivemann was so astonished at Jimmy's abrupt change in tone that he nearly surrendered to the command in it. But he recovered himself and said:

"Sit down be damned! I'm not going to let you hold me up like this." And he surged toward the door.

Jimmy flicked open Hansen's drawer, jerked out something he knew was there, and called softly: "Sleivemann."

"I can't be bothered with you any longer," Sleivemann retorted, his hand on the door knob. "Come and open this door," he ordered, turning round. And then he stared blankly, incredulously. For in Jimmy's white-gloved hand, black and menacing against its background of scarlet tunic, was an automatic pistol.

"Come here, swine," said Jimmy softly, "and sit down."

With the music of a stately waltz and the murmur of a royal court in his ears, his amazed eyes on that incongruous automatic and the slim, unsmiling Jimmy, Sleivemann moved slowly back.

"What in hell's this?" he exclaimed.

"Sit down," said Jimmy again.

Sleivemann looked at Jimmy's eyes, and sat.

"You have a pearl necklace in your breast pocket," said Jimmy. "Give it to me."

"Hell!" ejaculated Sleivemann. "You can't do this sort of thing in Buckingham Palace!"

"I can do any sort of thing anywhere to a swine like you," said Jimmy, and thrusting the muzzle of the pistol suddenly against Sleivemann's stomach, he inserted his left hand into his coat and extracted the necklace.

"Now," said Jimmy coldly, "the next item on the program is a bearer check from you for five thousand pounds. Have you got a check book, Sleivemann?"

"You'll get no check from me," snarled Sleivemann, and his hands went swiftly to the threatening automatic.

But Jimmy was too quick for him. He stepped back a couple of paces and with the muzzle of the pistol still in steady alignment, he cautioned:

"None of that, Sleivemann! There's paper and ink at your elbow on that table. Write out that check right away."

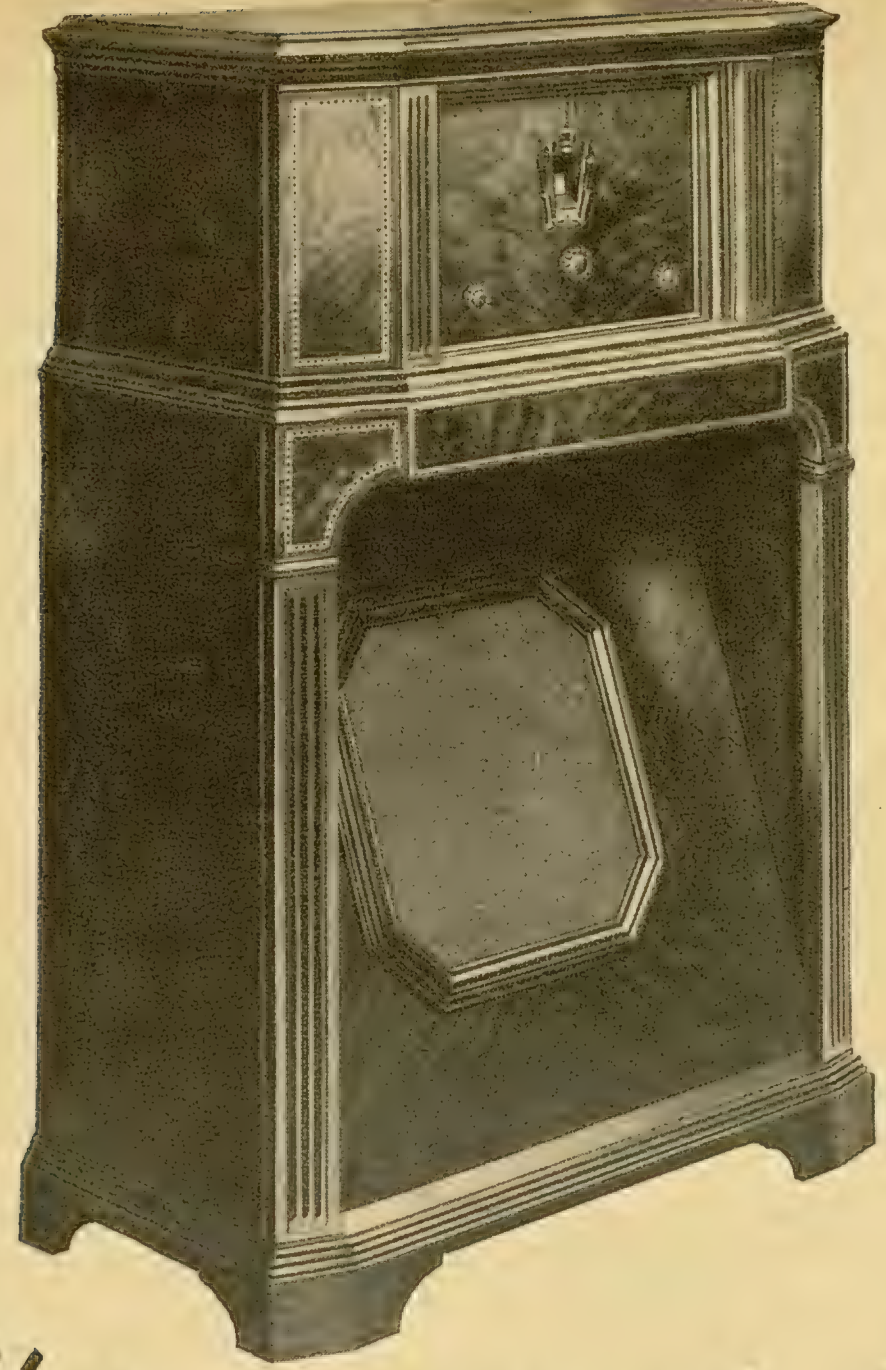
"I'll see you in hell first!" said Sleivemann. "You can't bluff me this way. I'm not afraid of you loosing off a gun in here."

"Then I'll make you afraid," said Jimmy ruthlessly. "In your pocket you have the brother of this little weapon—a very serious offense at court. I brought you in here to disarm you, you resisted, and there was some shooting in which you regrettably got killed. And," Jimmy added, "I'd rather like to kill you."

"D'you mean to say you—a Guards officer—would shoot a man in cold blood?" Sleivemann ejaculated.

"Sleivemann," said Jimmy remorselessly, "I spent the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

best years of my life shooting better men than you in cold blood—and cold water, too—and I'd kill you like a beetle. It would be a social service. Do I get that check?"

Sleivemann gazed again into Jimmy's eyes and, turning slowly to the table, reached for pen and ink. Slipping a thin book from his pocket and taking a pen from the table, he wrote out a check for five thousand pounds—Jimmy's blue eyes gleaming queerly on.

With a broad, scarred hand that went steadily about its business, he blotted the check, threw down the pen, and handed the slip to Jimmy.

"There you are," he proclaimed grimly. "It's cheaper than calling your bluff."

Jimmy inspected the check, folded it, and put it in his cigarette case.

"Thanks," he drawled, replacing the case in his pocket.

"What about that necklace?" asked Sleivemann.

"That," said Jimmy, "will be returned when your check is cleared."

Sleivemann looked at him and covered a smile with his hand. "Very well," he remarked placidly. "We'll let it go at that. Is the holdup over?"

"It is," said Jimmy cheerfully, putting the pearls inside his scarlet tunic.

"Don't you want to take charge of my gun?" inquired Sleivemann.

"No," said Jimmy; "and I don't need this any longer, either." And he stepped to the table, opened the drawer, and dropped the automatic inside. Then he crossed to the door and unlocked it. "Come on," he invited.

Sleivemann complied leisurely. He halted opposite Jimmy, looked him up and down, and smiled.

"Do you really imagine you are going to get away with this?" he asked.

Jimmy smiled back. "I do," he said. "Don't you?"

NEXT WEEK—

Why We Must Prepare for Hell in the Air in the Next War

By

George Sylvester Viereck

also

A New Story of Hollywood

by

Ben Hecht

and stories and articles by

Samuel Merwin—George Trevor—Rosita Forbes—Walton Green

"YOU poor fool!" said Sleivemann, thrusting his foot into the gap of the partly opened door. "I am going right out to the nearest official to report what has happened. That necklace will be back in my possession within ten minutes, and so will the check. And if I know anything of the courts, your number is up."

"Don't let me detain you, if you feel that way about it," said Jimmy. And he flung the door wide open.

On the opposite side of the great corridor stood a yeoman of the Guard, symbol of state and authority. And a few yards farther away, just within the angle of Sleivemann's vision, lounged Hansen, talking to another grim-faced gentleman in civilian court dress. But Sleivemann did not move. His sudden glimpse of the C. I. D. man who had tentatively claimed his acquaintance a short time before abruptly erased the sardonic triumph from his aggressive features and sprayed his mind with what he judged to be an explanation of the whole amazing episode.

Closing the door again, he faced Jimmy once more, wary and frowning.

"So that's the game, is it? Blackmail! And Hansen's in on it too. I might have known it."

"What the deuce are you talking about?" Jimmy asked.

"You know damned well what I'm talking about. Hansen put FitzGibbon and me away on the Breakwater. And you've got him waiting there in case I cut up rough."

This time it was Jimmy's turn to stare. And it was the revelation contained in Sleivemann's accusation that brought the blue of ice to his eyes.

"Then you are the man that FitzGibbon got away with, are you?" he said slowly. "And after that you held the Breakwater over his head to keep him quiet about your attempt to rig the sale of those stores."

Sleivemann snorted impatiently. "You know all about it. You can lay your cards on the table. I'm—"

"I knew nothing about it, you poisonous swine," Jimmy interrupted. "If I'd had any idea you were doing that dirty trick on the man who'd helped you to escape, I'd have given you all you deserve!"

"RATS!" said Sleivemann incredulously. "I wasn't born yesterday. You don't tell me FitzGibbon didn't spill all there was to spill. You've staged this holdup on the strength of it. What I want to know now is, who's in on it and where's it going to stop?"

"FitzGibbon spilled nothing," said Jimmy. "I'd no idea you were an escaped convict. FitzGibbon is a man. You've not only got a crooked mind but a bony one. If I were using your dirty methods, I should have stuck you for fifty thousand, not five. Now you can get out—and think yourself darned lucky to get off so cheap!"

The logic of this squared with Sleivemann's intimate knowledge of the rapacious economics of blackmail, but he was still not satisfied.

"Then, if it isn't blackmail, what the hell is it?" he demanded.

"Drumhead justice, Sleivemann," said Jimmy. "That is what it is. I knew you were a crook, and a shrewd crook, and as such the odds were you'd think twice before complaining that I'd forced you to disgorge a bit of what you owe me. And it appears I was right. Now get out!"

Sleivemann's face was a study. But he knew when he was beaten.

"All right," he said. "You win now. But I'm not dead yet." And he opened the door and passed out.

Jimmy closed it behind him, went to the room telephone and called up a certain Rowton House hostel which provides beds at a shilling a night, and asked for Captain FitzGibbon.

"Is that you, FitzGibbon? Lace speaking. An old friend of yours has just contributed five thousand pounds to a war-debt fund I've initiated tonight. You can scrap your fruit barrow and start thinking about a fruit farm, for you'll get three thousand five hundred of it tomorrow. So long."

And then Jimmy returned serenely to the ballroom.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Georgia?

2—Who was the first king of Israel?

3—What is a rutabaga?

4—In what year did the Johnstown flood occur?

5—Who composed the Unfinished Symphony?

6—What is a credo?

7—What comedy by Richard Brinsley Sheridan includes the character Sir Benjamin Backbite?

8—What is the largest body of fresh water in the world?

9—Where is Washington and Lee University?

10—Which is the right bank of a river?

11—In what state are the Everglades?

12—In what year did the Volstead Act go into effect?

13—What is the origin of "Brevity is the soul of wit"?

14—What is lanolin?

15—What is the true name of the reedbird?

16—What is a quirt?

17—What are the cervical vertebræ?

18—What kind of animal is a loggerhead?

19—What is largess?

20—What is an affiant?

(Answers will be found on page 32)

SIR

Husbands have dodged this question too long

Ignorance and misinformation on feminine antisepsis can cause your wife untold misery. It's high time you faced that fact . . . frankly.

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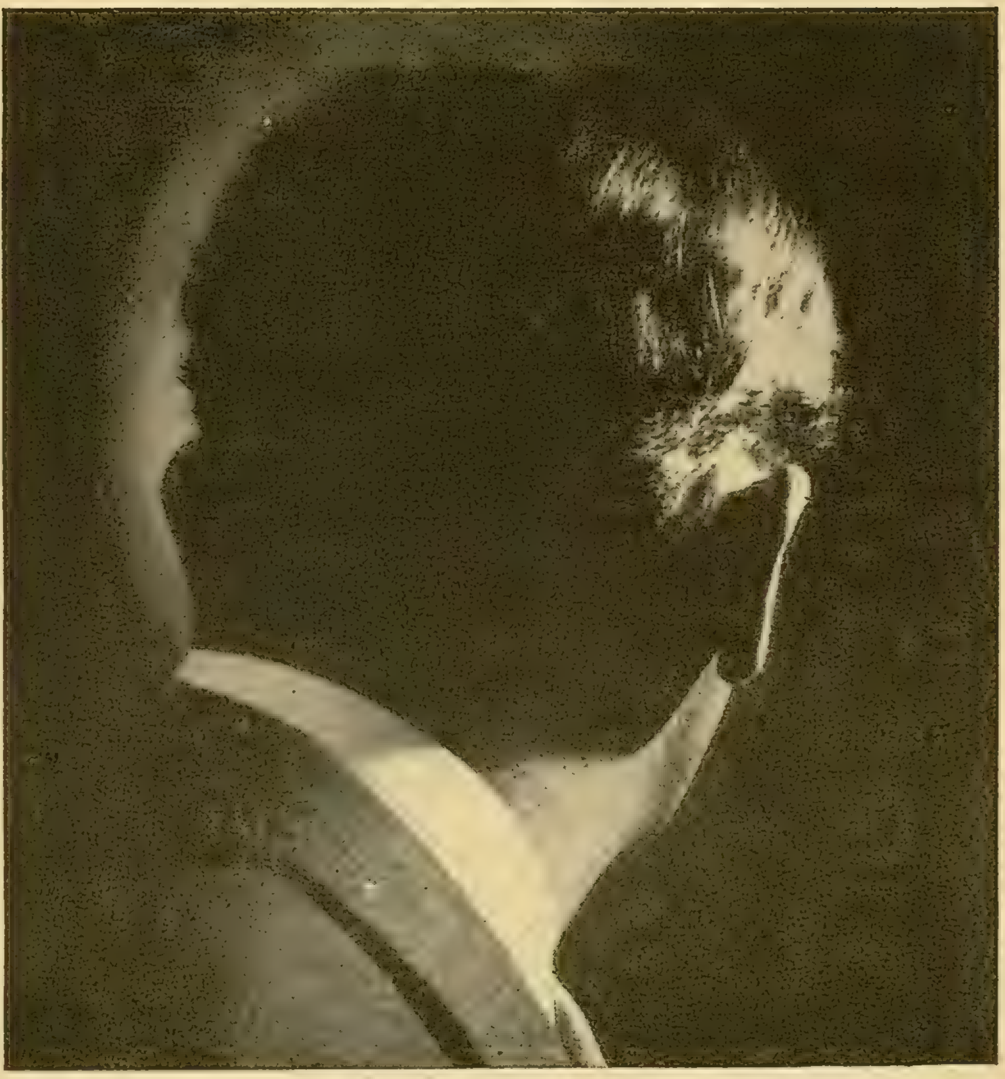

You can shut your eyes. Or turn this page. Or tell yourself that it's none of your business. But, in the end, you can't evade this vital question. Your wife's health, your own peace of mind, your mutual happiness, depend utterly on facing and solving this problem of marriage hygiene.

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Nature never excuses delay

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Right: Clark Gable, Marjorie Rambeau, and Wallace Beery in Hell Divers.

Gloria Swanson and the latest screen discovery, Melvyn Douglas, in Tonight or Never.

The Blond

Melvyn Douglas Cli
Picture; Janet Gay
Again; an

By FREDERIC

(Reading time: 5 minutes 25 seconds.)

BLOND leading men are few in Hollywood. In fact, Leslie Howard and Bill Boyd are the only outstanding ones. But a new blond sheik emerges from Gloria Swanson's new film, Tonight or Never.

He is Melvyn Douglas and he reveals distinct potentialities along the paths of charm and romance. In brief, he may be the next film favorite, a personality to dispute the progress of the dark and glowering Clark Gable.

Douglas is the husband of the stage star, Helen Gahagan, who played the heroine in the original Belasco production of Tonight or Never. Douglas had his present rôle in the comedy.

For your records let me give some facts about the new blond menace. He was born in 1901 in Macon, Georgia. He had a long stage training in the Middle West with stock companies and traveling Shakespearean organizations. He first reached Broadway as Ace Wilfong in the original footlight production of A Free Soul. This was the part that recently added to Clark Gable's laurels. Maybe Douglas was more successful as Ace, for the stage version differed from the screen adaptation in that the gambler won the girl.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ TONIGHT OR NEVER

CAST

Nella Vago	Gloria Swanson
Rudig	Ferdinand Gottschalk
The Butler	Robert Grieg
The Maid	Greta Mayer
Count von Gronac	Warburton Gamble
The Marchesa	Alison Skipworth
The Unknown	Melvyn Douglas
The Waiter	Boris Karloff

Directed by Melvyn Leroy.
Produced by Samuel Goldwyn–United Artists.

The theme is the old-fashioned temperamental alibi: that artists, singers, musicians, or authors cannot achieve the full measure of their art until they have lived and loved. Nella Vago is the prima donna idol of Budapest, but her singing is coldly perfect. Angered by criticism, she goes to the apartment of a handsome chap she fancies to be a gigolo. She stays all night and—presto!—next day she sings La Tosca as never before.

Gloria Swanson gives a delightful comedy performance of Budapest's most frigid diva, while Melvyn Douglas, as the gentleman whose course of treatment is so efficacious, turns out to be a real screen discovery. You will find Tonight or Never (which was an adapted Hungarian stage comedy and the last production of the late David Belasco) to be urban, piquant, and smart—and very well acted throughout.

Points of interest: Willy Pogany's settings, Mme. Chanel's gowns for the star, and the final appearance of Boris (Frankenstein) Karloff in a minor rôle, that of a waiter. In the interval between the start and release of Tonight or Never Karloff stepped from nowhere to stardom.

★ ★ ★ HELL DIVERS

CAST

Windy	Wallace Beery
Steve	Clark Gable
Duke	Conrad Nagel
Ann	Dorothy Jordan
Mame Kelsey	Marjorie Rambeau
Lulu	Marie Prevost
Baldy	Cliff Edwards
Griffin	John Miljan

Directed by George Hill.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

You are acquainted with the routine of pretty nearly every branch

Left: Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in the musical comedy, Delicious.

Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond, the principals in Ladies of the Big House.

New Menace

Gloria Swanson's New
Charles Farrell
ison Film

MES SMITH

of Uncle Sam's military and naval forces, but this original story for the screen introduces you to the reckless life of the noncommissioned aids to the navy skymen.

Believe it or not, Wallace Beery steals the honors from Clark Gable. They play two eternally bickering rivals, but Beery, as the flying commander's aid who is always in trouble, walks away with the picture. And there is a swell bit by John Miljan.

★ ★ DELICIOUS

CAST

Heather Gordon	Janet Gaynor
Larry Beaumont	Charles Farrell
Jansen	El Brendel
Sasha	Raoul Roulien
O'Flynn	Lawrence O'Sullivan
Olga	Manya Roberti
Diana	Virginia Cherrill
Mrs. Van Bergh	Olive Tell

Directed by David Butler.
Produced by Fox.

Cinderella and Prince Charming make another appearance in this musical romance by Guy Bolton and George Gershwin. Here Cinderella is a little Scotch immigrant. The prince is a polo-playing young Long Island millionaire. They meet by chance on a liner, but the immigration authorities refuse to let the girl land. She escapes and solves the whole problem of marrying the rich boy.

This story hardly caused much strain to Author Bolton. The music of Mr. Gershwin is mild enough, too.

Janet Gaynor is the wistful heroine and Charles Farrell is the chap who wins her. They are pleasant enough (if weak vocally) in this slender but quite ingratiating little comedy.

★ ★ LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE

CAST

Kathleen Storm	Sylvia Sidney
Standish McNeil	Gene Raymond
Susie Thompson	Wynne Gibson
Martin Doremus	Rockliffe Fellowes
Kid Athens	Earle Foxe
Thelma	Noel Francis

Directed by Marion Gering.
Produced by Paramount.

The ladies, of course, are the frail butterflies who have had losing encounters with the law and have been sent to prison. The background is detailed and vivid.

The story (by a California life prisoner, Ernest Booth) is less believable. It concerns a young couple, torn apart on their honeymoon and sent unjustly to prison, one to be hung, the other for life. Possibly some of the weakness of the story can be attributed to the principals, Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond, who play with little color or appeal. The best bit is done by Wynne Gibson.

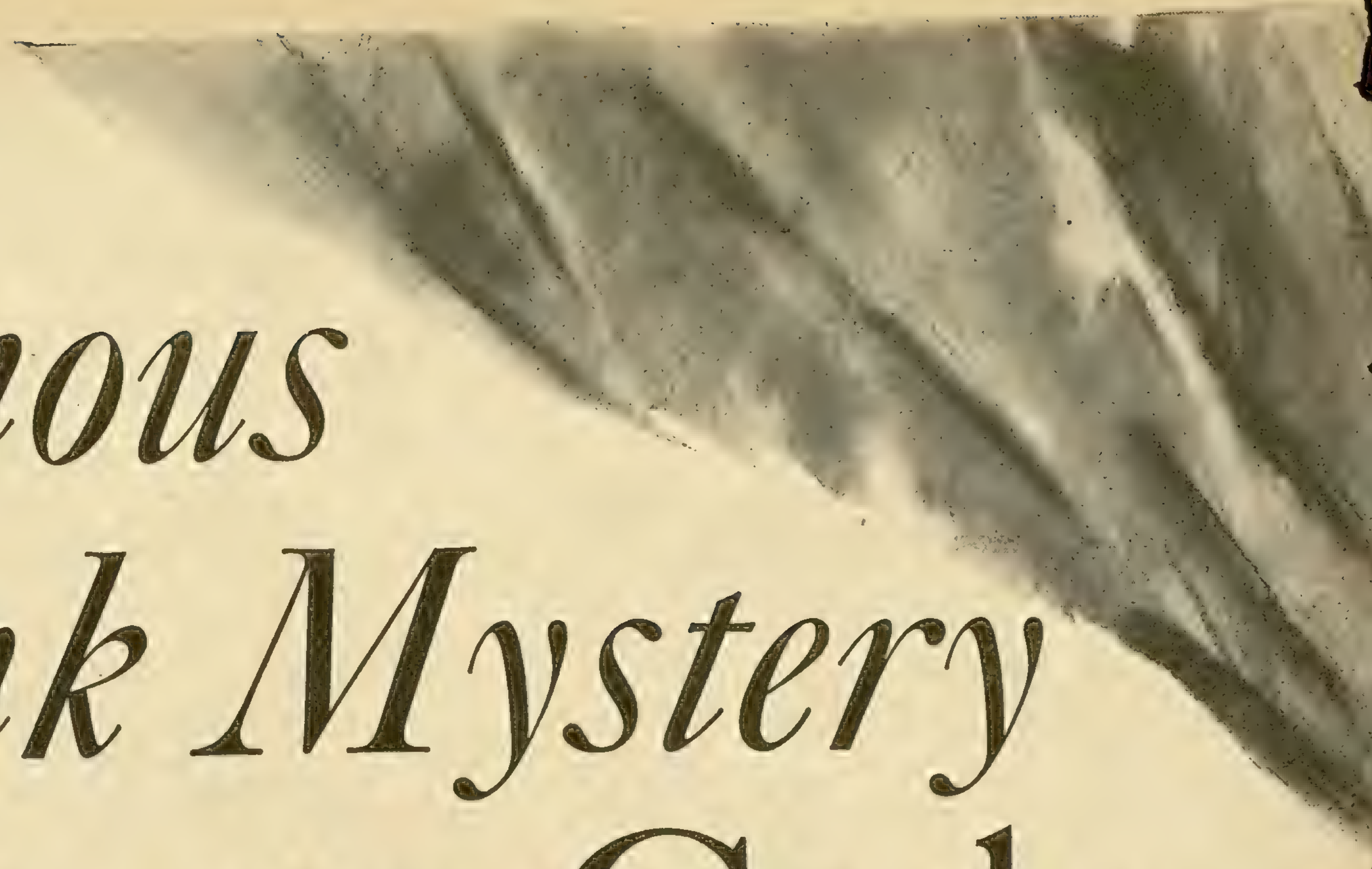
Do you know that—

Following the hit of Frankenstein, Boris Karloff has been signed by Universal?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Champ, Street Scene, Bad Girl.

★★★—Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton, An American Tragedy, Young as You Feel, The Common Law, Bought, Sporting Blood, Laughing Sinners, Forbidden Adventure, Night Nurse, Smart Money.



The Famous Trunk Mystery of Monte Carlo

The Inside Story of the Gould Hammer Tragedy

As told by ALICE WILLIAMSON, *an Intended Victim*

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: "There is nothing new in crime," said Sherlock Holmes. "It has all been done before." The truth of his observation will be strikingly apparent when features of the murder case, celebrated in its time, which Mrs. Williamson recalls in this article are compared with features of a double murder which shocked the world last October, and for which, at this writing, Mrs. Ruth Judd of Phoenix, Arizona, is awaiting trial. In the murderers' attempts to dispose of their victims' bodies by dismembering them and packing them in trunks, and in the manner in which the crimes came to light when the trunks had to be opened, the so-called Ruth Judd case exactly parallels the murder at Monte Carlo, and a gruesome bit of history repeats itself.

Mrs. Williamson and her late husband, who were themselves marked down for slaughter, were well known to the reading public as C. N. and A. M. Williamson, co-authors of The Lightning Conductor and other best-selling fiction. C. N. was English; A. M. is, by birth, a Virginian.

LIKE the poor, they are always with us—criminals at Monte Carlo. Yet there is less crime there than anywhere else. The police from the four quarters of the globe watch Monte Carlo. If you want to commit a crime in Monaco you must be an amateur; for, if you have done the smallest thing to attract the attention of the police, Monte Carlo is the place to avoid. Only those who don't know Monaco say that the police are a joke. They are the best and most severe in Europe.

Sir Vere and Lady Gould were amateurs. They arrived late one spring, as long ago as 1907, soon after my husband and I made acquaintance with the Riviera. We took a chalet at Cap Martin, but we were at Monte Carlo often and knew everyone.

"Have you met Sir Vere and Lady Gould?" an enchanting lady asked us one day. Little did she dream—little did we dream—that a few weeks later she and her husband, my husband and I would be marked down as possible victims by Sir Vere and Lady Gould.

The name of the enchanting lady was Mrs. Darling-Barker, and a darling she was. So was her husband, a retired captain of the British army. She was a cousin of the (then) Duke of Richmond, and related to most of the dukes, marquises, and earls of England.

The Darling-Barkers had lost their money and had pawned quantities of historic silver, gold plate, and magnificent jewels. But about the time of the Goulds' arrival they had a fortune left them. They redeemed their treasures and imprudently had trunks of valuables sent from England to their lonely villa above Cap Martin.

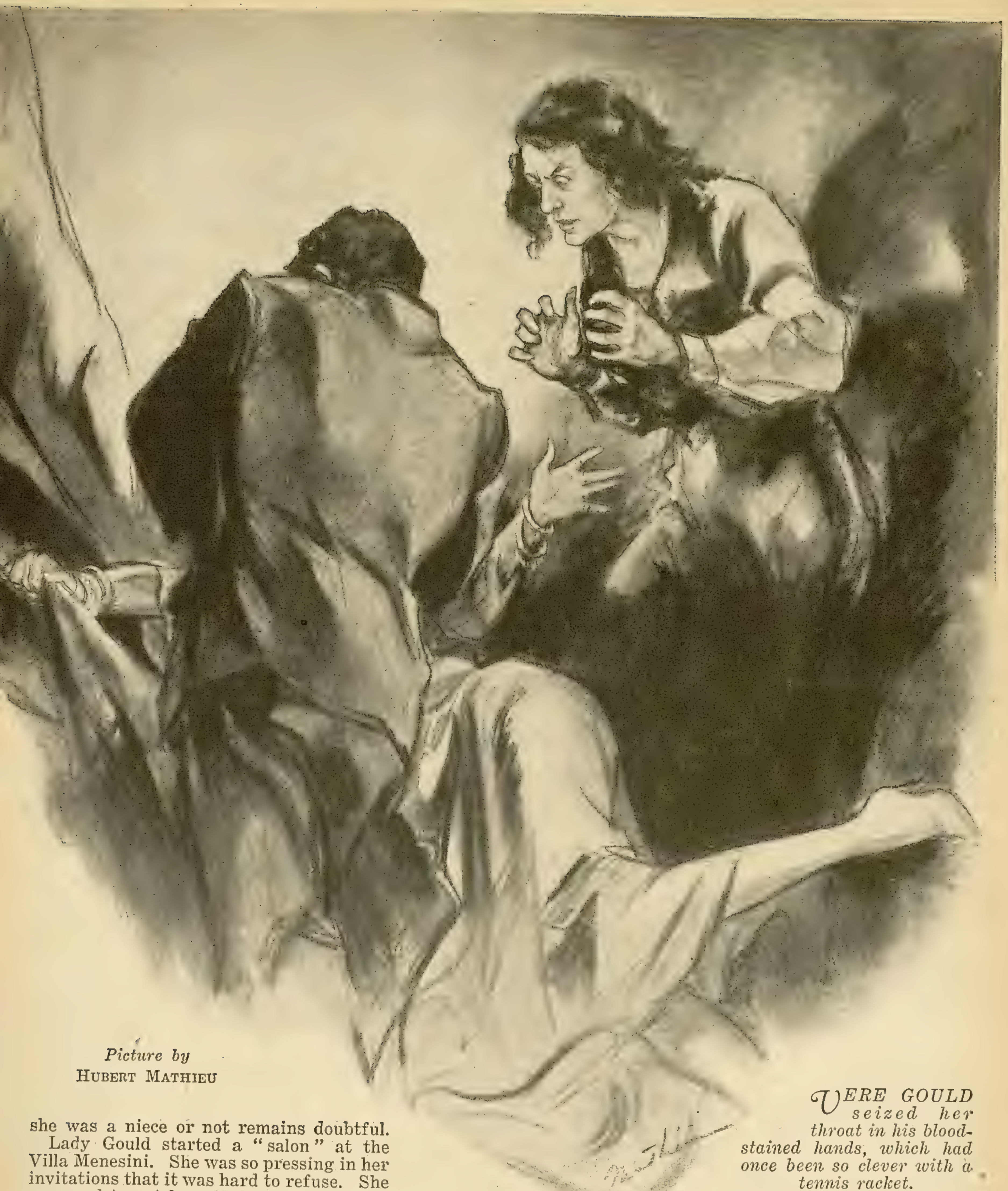
We hadn't met Sir Vere and Lady Gould. Mrs. Darling-Barker was anxious that we should, as in his youth Sir Vere had been a famous tennis player in Ireland and she had known him well.

"It's many years ago, and he's changed," she apologized. "But he has charm, though I'm afraid he's been a *little* dissipated. He was *so* handsome once! His wife is a French Canadian, and my Canadian friends tell me she was the blue-ribbon dressmaker of Montreal. Made fame and fortune. Wouldn't dress any woman who wasn't beautiful or distinguished. She's a *wee* bit common, not quite worthy of Vere. Still, here they are, and I want everybody to be nice to them."

Sir Vere and Lady Gould chose an apartment in the Villa Menesini, near the Casino, with a view of the sea.

People who had known the Goulds in Ireland wondered how Vere came to be *Sir* Vere, because he had an elder brother, supposed to be living in Australia. Sir Vere, who was tall and debonair, with a charming voice, explained that his brother had died without sons, and there was not yet time for the death and his own inheritance of the title to have appeared in the Red Book.

This was believable. His old friends rallied round him—though no one liked his wife, a stout woman with a short neck and small, piercing eyes. She was too eager to make herself popular; and though she was extremely vital, there was something sinister about her expression. To attract young people they had brought with them a very pretty girl, timid, with sweet manners and a wistful glance. "My niece," Lady Gould introduced her. Whether



Picture by
HUBERT MATHIEU

VERE GOULD seized her throat in his blood-stained hands, which had once been so clever with a tennis racket.

she was a niece or not remains doubtful.

Lady Gould started a "salon" at the Villa Menesini. She was so pressing in her invitations that it was hard to refuse. She managed to get herself, her husband, and her niece asked everywhere, too; at least, to the villas of people supposed to be rich. The mornings Lady Gould and Sir Vere spent in the Casino, gambling on a system which they had come to test.

Wherever we went we met them, with the pretty niece, who generally wore Alice blue. She looked so sad that we imagined an unhappy love affair; and somehow we got to know them fairly well.

As the weather grew warmer, stout, short Lady Gould and tall Sir Vere took to coming to our chalet; and scarcely a day passed that Lady Gould didn't spend hours at the Darling-Barkers' villa. The latter became bored by the constant visits, but they were kind-hearted.

When Sir Vere was sober he kept his Irish wit, though one fancied that he was bossed by his masterful wife.

One day toward the end of June, when we were planning to return to England, Lady Gould called at the chalet.

"I've had an inspiration!" she said. "You must have lots of valuable things which you leave with your servants or put into the bank. Now, we've a wonderful safe in our flat, which was one reason we took it. I have jewels of my own! We could keep anything for you, without danger or expensive storage. We'll stay

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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soaks beard soft in a jiffy . . . soothes, protects

YOU'LL get as much kick out of shaving with this new, thick, extra-moist lather, as you would out of sinking a 30-foot putt. For it soothes and protects the skin—gives the speediest, smoothest, best-feeling shave you ever had.

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With a few strokes of the brush Lifebuoy Shaving Cream whips up into a big, creamy lather that absorbs water like a dried out sand trap. Laboratory tests show that it holds 52% more moisture than ordinary lather. This drenching lather soaks the stiffness out of wiry whiskers in a jiffy. That's what makes light work for your razor—that's what gives you clean, close shaves without slice or pull or irritating razor-digs.

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Lather up with Lifebuoy for your next shave. Feel the difference. See how smoothly and evenly the blade strokes through your lather-softened whiskers—how easy and comfortable your face feels all through the shave—how cool, soothed and refreshed it feels after.

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or write for a free 12-day trial tube to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. G-1, Cambridge, Mass.

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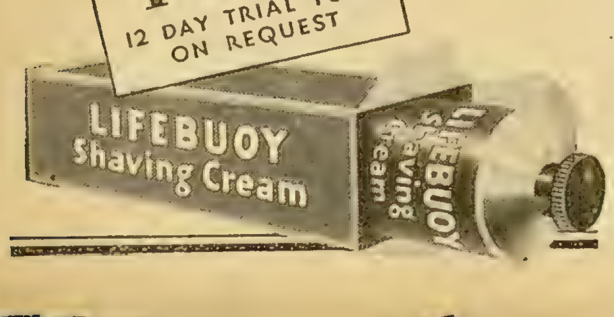

THE FAMOUS TRUNK MYSTERY OF MONTE CARLO
Continued from page twenty-seven

at the Villa Menesini all summer."

I thanked the lady and answered that we had nothing of value at the chalet.

"What about jewels?" Lady Gould asked.

"I've only a string of pearls and a few rings which I always wear," I said.

She became silent, but presently inquired how we intended to go home.

"You've no automobile with you this year," she remarked, "but we are hiring a large one to make a tour for my niece's health. How would you like to go with us as far as Lyon?"

"Why, I thought you told me you were staying all summer!" I exclaimed.

"So we are," replied Lady Gould quickly. "This would be a short trip. We'd be back in a week, and should *love* your company. You needn't even share expenses."

I explained that our tickets were bought to England. And from that instant the Goulds lost interest in us, transferring all their attentions to the Darling-Barkers.

Time went on, and Sir Vere and Lady Gould were growing desperate for lack of money. As the summer dragged along they didn't appear to gamble any more; yet they were at the Casino each day, striving after new acquaintances, often succeeding on the strength of their title and Sir Vere's charm. At last everyone of importance was leaving the Riviera, and the Goulds' chief remaining friends were the Darling-Barkers and a Swedish (or possibly Danish) lady who called herself a countess—Mme. Levin.

Mrs. Darling-Barker didn't go about wearing many jewels, but it was no secret that there were thousands of pounds' worth in the villa, to say nothing of silver and gold plate.

The countess, on the contrary, was draped with jewelry. She wore all she had: a diamond collar, graduated ropes of pearls, heavy bracelets crusted with rubies and emeralds, and rings on every finger. The Goulds were intimate with her and borrowed money now and then, but they were still faithful to the Darling-Barkers.

ON one visit to the villa, Lady Gould had the same "inspiration" she had had for us.

"Are you going home to England?" she inquired.

The Darling-Barkers were not sure. They were the type of pleasant, vague people who never make fixed plans until the last moment.

"Well, my dear," said Lady Gould, "we're hiring a splendid car for a tour through Italy. We'd love to have you with us. And you can store your things in that steel safe of ours. It's the most modern kind there is—can't be broken open! It will save you money and red tape."

Mrs. Darling-Barker had felt kindly toward Lady Gould; but in the last few days an unpleasant suspicion had entered her head. She was careless in leaving pieces of jewelry scattered on her dressing table. She had missed a ring and a safety pin with a diamond monogram. The two French-Italian servants had been with her the whole season. She had faith in their honesty. But the only other person who had entered the bedroom, besides her husband and herself, was Lady Gould.

Now and then she had wondered: "Could Lady Gould be a thief?"

WITH this thought in her mind, she treated the invitation diplomatically; otherwise she might have accepted.

"How kind of you!" she exclaimed. "It would have been nice storing our things in your flat, but we've sent them to Smith's Bank at Monte. But I'll ask my husband what he thinks of the Italian tour. It seems to me it would be fun."

As she spoke she watched the woman's face as she had never watched it before. It darkened.

Next day at the Casino, Lady Gould said casually: "We can't hire the car we wanted. Somebody else has been ahead of us. I'm afraid we can't go to Italy, after all. We shall have to stay, no matter how hot it gets."

Mrs. Darling-Barker was certain then that Lady Gould—she couldn't believe Sir Vere guilty—had meant to steal the valuables if they'd been confided to the safe in the flat. But there was a blacker plot than burglary in the brain of the French Canadian.

The Darling-Barkers' refusal happened on a Thursday. On Friday Mrs. Darling-Barker was told about the change of decision for an Italian tour. On the Sunday following, the 4th of August, Countess Levin was invited to tea, "just by ourselves," with Sir Vere and Lady Gould.

She was a lonely woman, with no friends at Monte, and, she said, no relatives in her own country.

Twice the Goulds had borrowed money of her. They owed her two thousand francs, and when she had dunned them they had put her off, saying they expected a remittance.

"Do come," Lady Gould insisted, when Countess Levin hesitated, fearing another attempt to borrow. "We shall have the money by the last post Saturday. We'll pay you back all we borrowed. Besides, I'll make you Vere's favorite cocktail. It will be cold as ice, much nicer than tea."

"Very well, I'll come," said the countess.

The invitation was for four o'clock, and she was prompt in showing herself at the prettily furnished flat.

Lady Gould welcomed her guest and placed her, with a caressing pat on the shoulder, at a tea table temptingly spread. The countess's chair had its back turned to an alcove covered with curtains.

"Where's Sir Vere?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, he'll be here soon," said Lady Gould. "He's gone to see a friend who promised to change a five-*mille* note, so we can pay you."

"And where's the pretty niece?" inquired the countess.

"She was feeling the heat, so we sent her into the hills yesterday," Lady Gould explained.

Madame preferred the cocktail to tea. She began to sip the cold drink and crumble a macaroon.

Then, from behind the curtain covering the alcove, appeared an arm, a hand, wielding a huge hammer. Down with all its force fell the hammer on the countess's head. By rights she should have been killed instantly; but she had refused to remove her hat, as her hostess had begged her to do. She wore a wig and was sensitive about it.

The hammer blow half stunned her, but she was saved by hat and wig. She fell, and with her the tea table; but she remained partly conscious. Such a struggle for life can seldom have been put up by a woman.

Hearing her groans, the wretched Vere Gould staggered from behind the curtain.

"Oh, God, what shall we do?" he gurgled.

He was very drunk, or fear of his ferocious wife would not have induced him to kill a woman.

"Do? You've got to finish her. She mustn't leave this room alive," Thérèse commanded. "If she comes to herself she'll scream. Be quick and get it over!"

"I can't! I can't!" Vere whimpered.

HIS wife snatched the hammer from his ice-cold hands, tore off the countess's hat, and rained blows on the uncovered head.

Then began a desperate fight between the two women. Pain and terror brought Mme. Levin fully back to consciousness. She opened her lips to scream, and crawled toward the window. Thérèse covered the half-dead woman's mouth; and then, seeing his wife's dilemma, Vere Gould came to her rescue. He seized the hammer and beat the countess over the head. But her vitality was amazing. She fought like a tigress. Thérèse peeled off her wig, leaving unprotected the sparse graying hair. Vere struck again and again. The victim would not die. The gay little sitting room became a shambles. The two thought they were dealing with a creature more than human. They were frightened, aghast at her strength. At last even the terrible Thérèse was close to collapse.

"Take her by the throat," she gasped. "That's the way. Strangle her!"

Moaning in horror at the task, Vere Gould seized her throat in his bloodstained hands, which had once been so clever with a tennis racket.

Thérèse saw that the victim's struggles lessened, and tottered to the win-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE FAMOUS TRUNK MYSTERY OF MONTE CARLO
Continued from page twenty-nine

dow, which had been closed in preparation for the scene. Dripping with perspiration, she leaned over the small balcony.

Beneath sat the concierge, fanning herself.

"It's so hot, I'm stifling," Lady Gould said to her, as she looked up.

The concierge told afterward in court that she had heard a few sounds in the Goulds' apartment, noises as if pieces of furniture were falling. But as the pair often scolded each other, she had thought nothing of it. They were simply having one of their scenes! Besides, the voice of madame was calm. No one could have guessed that she'd come out to breathe in the midst of committing a murder! Nor had the concierge seen the countess go to the apartment. So far as she knew, the Goulds were spending Sunday afternoon alone.

"But yes, madame, it is hot," she agreed. "Yet, what would you? It is Monte Carlo in August!"

They talked for a few minutes, until Lady Gould had steeled herself to return to the awful scene.

She must have thanked her patron the devil when she saw that the countess was dead.

"You made me do this!" Vere Gould groaned. "You are more fiend than woman."

"Be careful," answered Thérèse. "I have poisoned one husband—I can poison another."

She had confided to the man a secret of her youth; or, rather, she had used it as a threat.

When a young girl, and pretty in her way, she had been French governess to a child in an English family living in India. A brother, a young officer, had come to pay a visit, and had fallen in love with the French girl, who spared no effort to win him. Against his relatives' advice he had married her, and she, who came of a humble family, imagined that she had made a great match. But she found that instead of being well off the boy had nothing save his pay as a lieutenant. He died suddenly before they had been married a year.

IT was not until Thérèse was married to Vere Gould that she told him about her first husband's death. She knew that, weak and ruined in character though he might be, it wouldn't be in his code to give his wife away for a murder committed thirty years before. She was able to taunt him with marrying her for money. Probably he had, though she had been the huntress. With her ferocious nature she had changed the pleasant-natured Irishman into a coward. He feared her as he would fear a deadly reptile. . . .

The next item on the program was to strip the dead woman of her jewels. When Lady Gould had collected necklaces, brooches, bracelets, and rings, she told herself that the thing had been worth while.

If she and her husband could have killed us on the way to Lyon in an automobile some dark night, and hidden our bodies after robbing them, the loot would have been small. The Darling-Barkers would have been the ideal victims, as their possessions were worth a fortune. But when that plan failed, the murder of the lonely countess was the next best thing.

Now that they had her jewels, her body must be disposed of. Together the Goulds carried the heavy weight into the bathroom, where they stripped off all clothing. This Lady Gould threw into a trunk which she dragged from a storeroom.

THEN the pair laid the body in the bath, and spent the whole night in cutting it up with a huge carving knife—a more difficult task than Thérèse had imagined.

By dawn the ghastly work was finished, and the pieces were placed with the clothing in the trunk. To Vere Gould's despair, however, there was not room for the head.

"You'll have to carry it in a kit bag, when we get out of this," said Thérèse, and her husband made no answer. He knew that she would force him to obey.

On Monday morning Lady Gould went to a shop she knew where second-hand jewelry was bought. She explained that she'd lost money at the Casino and had decided to sell her valuables.

"But, madame," said the jeweler, "these stones are false. The gold settings are fine, and must have held genuine jewels. If you haven't disposed of them yourself, someone else has done so without your knowledge. The gold I can buy according to weight, and these imitation pearls are so pretty I will allow you a couple of hundred francs for them."

There must have been death in the heart of Thérèse Gould as she returned to her drunken husband in the bloodstained flat with this devastating news!

They had saved a little money, however, had borrowed a small sum from the Darling-Barkers, and had found several thousand francs in the purse of the countess. Altogether they had enough to get them to Australia, where they decided to travel by the first ship from Marseilles. After that, Thérèse might set up a dressmaking business again.

But in Australia they would lose the advantage of their title; for the truth was that the baronet, Vere Gould's elder brother, had not died, as Thérèse had announced on arriving at Monte Carlo. They would be simply Mr. and Mrs. Vere Gould in Australia, and penniless.

Meanwhile they were safe in their flat for a day or two, so long as nobody saw the inside of it. They had discharged their servant before the crime, and Lady Gould and her niece had been doing the housework. Their rent was paid till the end of August. Thus they were free to take the key with them, and nobody would enter.

They reached the railway station at Marseilles without alarming incident. They had several pieces of luggage, and all were piled by a railway porter on a truck. Then he happened to notice that a reddish liquid was oozing from one of the trunks.

"Monsieur, there is something strange here," said he.

For once Vere Gould was sober, and he had the wit to say, "Oh, I shot some game in Italy. I'm taking it on board ship. Let us go, please. We have no time to waste."

The porter, polite yet determined, would not yield.

"I regret, monsieur, but I cannot let this luggage leave without consulting the station master. If anything were wrong, I would get the blame unless I took that precaution."

The Goulds pretended to laugh, pretended to be angry, even offered to bribe the porter. But he was unbribable. He summoned the *chef de gare* and pointed out the oozing drops of red. The station master insisted on having the trunk opened.

The Goulds protested, mentioned their title and status. All in vain! They knew that the game was up, and if a train had happened to be coming into the station at the time, perhaps they would have thrown themselves on the track. As it was, the porter was bidden to wheel the truck off the platform into the station master's private quarters. The Goulds had to follow. If they had not gone voluntarily they would have been forced.

BUT even while she surrendered her keys and Vere was relieved of the kit bag, the woman's brain busily wove a scheme. She knew that her husband would let her do the talking.

First the stained trunk was opened by order of the station master, then the kit bag. A group of French gendarmes gathered round the guilty ones. Their ship's tickets were taken from them, their names and addresses discovered. Everything seemed to be known save the identity of the murdered woman.

"*We* didn't kill her," declared Thérèse. "I'll tell you who she was and the little we know of her. Although the woman was old, she had a lover, a young man whom she adored. For her sake we received him in our apartment when she came to us. He is an American named Parker. That is all we can tell about him, except that he's good-looking, with the air of a gentleman.

"Well, she visited us on Sunday. She was to have tea. Parker had promised to bring her, but had broken his word. 'Please leave the door of your apartment open, so that he can come in without troubling you to answer the bell. You have no servant,' she said.

"We did as she asked. Suddenly Parker rushed in and, snatching a hammer from inside his coat, without one word battered the countess to death. My husband and I are not young—we were prostrated. Before we could stop Parker, he dashed out, slamming the door behind him.

"What were we to do? There lay the countess, our room a mass of bloodstains. We were sure to be suspected. Perhaps we were wrong, but we hoped to save ourselves by cutting up the body, since she was dead and beyond our help—then escaping to Australia. We intended on the first dark night to throw the trunk and kit bag overboard."

It was an absurd story; but she stuck to it, and Vere Gould backed her up.

The two were returned to Monaco and placed in the prison on the Rock.

Murders at Monaco are tried by French justice. It was soon discovered by the Monte Carlo police that there was no such person as Parker; Mme. Levin had had no lover; and, after cross-examination which lasted for days, the Goulds broke down and confessed.

At first "Sir" Vere was chivalrous. He took the blame on himself; said he had quarreled with the countess over money and killed her while his wife was outside on the balcony talking with the concierge. But later he was

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HURRIED days and sleepless nights! Short tempers . . . restlessness . . . young men look haggard and feel old. Women see new lines in their faces. Nine out of ten nervous and easily upset.

Some or all of these things may apply to *you*—and to nearly everyone! Millions are suffering from some form of the same trouble—BANKRUPT NERVES! The cause? Simply the way we live, the pressure of modern living—and the food we eat, food which lacks elements absolutely essential to sound, strong steady nerves. These elements are known as "the Vitamin B Complex."

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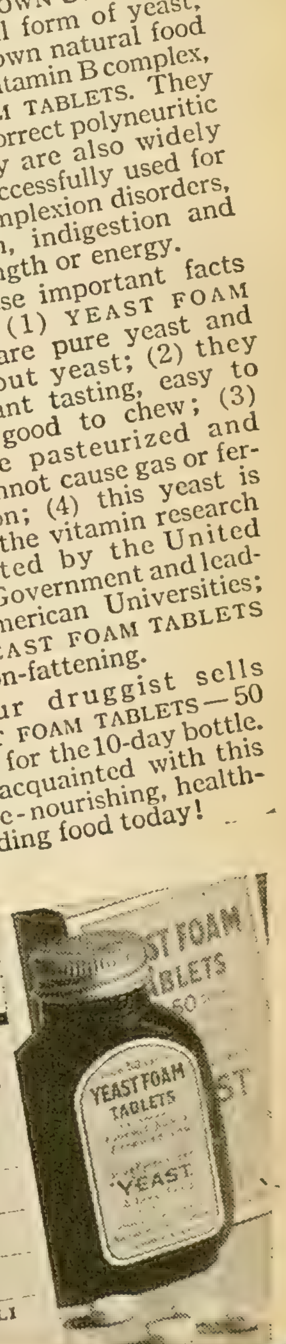
RICHEST KNOWN SOURCE OF "B". The ideal form of yeast, the richest known natural food source of the Vitamin B complex, is YEAST FOAM TABLETS. They prevent and correct polyneuritic nerves. They are also widely and most successfully used for skin and complexion disorders, constipation, indigestion and lack of strength or energy.

Bear these important facts in mind: (1) YEAST FOAM TABLETS are pure yeast and nothing but yeast; (2) they are pleasant tasting, easy to swallow, good to chew; (3) they are pasteurized and hence cannot cause gas or fermentation; (4) this yeast is used in the vitamin research conducted by the United States Government and leading American Universities; (5) YEAST FOAM TABLETS are non-fattening.

Your druggist sells YEAST FOAM TABLETS—50 cents for the 10-day bottle. Get acquainted with this nerve-nourishing, health-building food today!

NOTE: *If your nervous trouble is in an advanced stage, see your doctor. He knows the truth of the above statements and the benefits of prescribing* YEAST FOAM TABLETS *for the nervous condition described. But in any case, follow his advice.*



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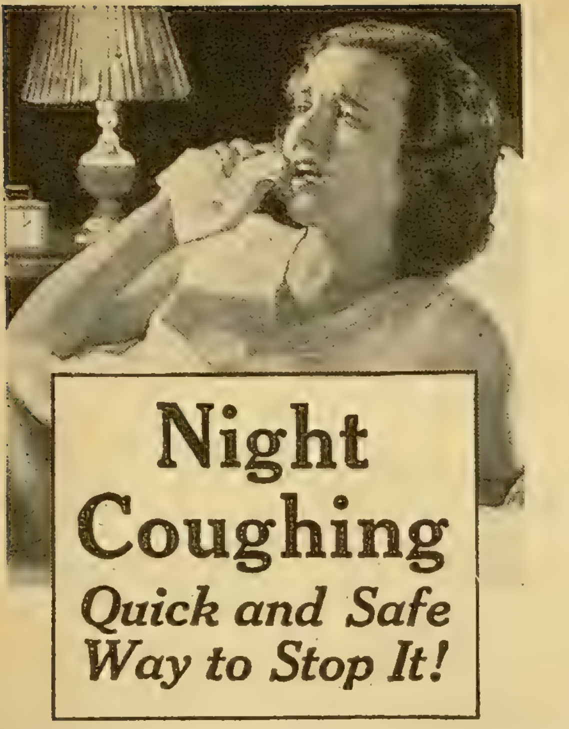

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[THE FAMOUS TRUNK MYSTERY OF MONTE CARLO
Continued from page thirty-one]

goaded into giving her away. The Darling-Barkers, who had been on the point of leaving for England, were detained as witnesses.

After a long trial the Goulds were condemned to life imprisonment in New Caledonia, which was the same as a sentence of death. They deserved their fate; but, unfortunately, they were not the only ones to suffer.

The niece was found in Italy, and though she vowed that she had no knowledge of her aunt's character, her Italian fiancé thought he had the right to jilt the relative of such a couple. The girl was taken ill, lost her mind, and was put in an asylum in the south of France.

Soon she was lucky enough to die. But there were others who suffered. The distress they endured, the strain of going to the court in the heat of summer, killed the Darling-Barkers.

A charming and popular man in Mentone, M. de Borring, who had been aid-de-camp to various traveling or exiled kings and princes, was appointed by the London Daily Mail to report the proceedings. He was pleased with the chance to make a good deal of money.

He walked up the road to the Rock each day in the burning sun of August, and toward the end of the trial he was stricken with sunstroke. Within a few weeks he was dead. And the Goulds died in New Caledonia.

No one wanted the once charming apartment in the Villa Menesini, and this was a loss to the proprietor. He had the murder room redecorated, and installed a new bath in the place of the one where Mme. Levin had been chopped to pieces. The flat was advertised for a ridiculously low price. Still, as the new season came, it remained empty, until the owner had an inspiration. He gave it free for the whole season to a couple of ladies of light virtue, who couldn't afford to refuse such an offer. Next a pretty American woman we knew, widow of a French count, was persuaded to take the apartment for a small rent.

"How *can* you bear it?" I asked, when I met her one day in the Casino.

"Why not?" she answered my question with another, and added: "The place is redecorated and there's a beautiful new bath. I don't believe in ghosts."

Each season the rent rose a little higher; and now, I imagine, there are few who could tell you in which apartment of the Villa Menesini the most sensational murder of Monte Carlo was committed.

Memories are very short on the Riviera.

THE END

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Atlanta.
2—Saul.
3—A kind of turnip.
4—1889.
5—Franz Schubert.
6—A creed.
7—The School for Scandal.
8—Lake Superior.
9—In Lexington, Virginia.
10—The bank at one's right hand when facing downstream.
11—Florida.
12—1920.
13—Hamlet, Act 2, Scene 2.
14—Wool fat or wool grease.
15—Bobolink.
16—A riding whip.
17—Those in the neck.
18—A large marine turtle of the Atlantic Ocean.
19—Liberal giving; a liberal gift.
20—The maker of an affidavit.

FOUR O'CLOCK

(Reading time: 5 min. 50 sec.)

A Short Short Story

By

McCREADY HUSTON

"WHAT you mean is, Craig can't get well."

Jessie Dawson didn't say it. The words formed themselves in her mind as, riven with fear, she stood before Dr. Stevens and listened while he explained the operation he was going to perform on her husband at four o'clock.

He had come all the way from the hospital to tell her. So she said that was good of him and was dumb about her conviction.

He had just said, "Jessie, we have to recognize that seventy-five in every hundred don't pull through what Craig's got."

Ten minutes before, in this room, Ursula Norcross had said to her:

"It is ten to one he won't live. I am going to the hospital. If he is going to die I am going to have an hour with him. You must have known for a long time that I have the right."

When Dr. Stevens was gone Jessie walked stiffly to a chair and sat staring out at the street. There was nothing to do till half past four. Ursula would be there till they gave him the hypodermic to prepare him for the ether.

Until today Jessie had never seen Ursula off the stage—the kind that knows what it wants and takes it.

Jessie looked at Craig's old piano. He hadn't used it much lately. Not for a year. Not since he had placed the song that had made him. He had gone downtown then, to a studio; and had sold all those old songs out of the trunk. Then he had been asked to do the score for a revue—with Ursula Norcross in it.

With success this woman had come sweeping in. She was beautiful; her clothes were right. But Ursula didn't love Craig; Jessie could tell that. She loved herself.

Suppose he got well and married her. Ursula would never sit and read a book while Craig worked and tried chords, and marked, and crossed out, and sang. Imagine Ursula Norcross listening to Craig singing his own stuff!

Craig had made a good name so far. Good work; nothing forced or hurried; nothing like the things he would have to do if he ever made himself a hack for this Ursula.

He had been all right up till now. . . . Seventy-five died. Jessie stirred in her chair under the power of a thought. If he were to be one of the seventy-five it had not been so bad. He had arrived. If he got well and divorced her and went with Ursula—that was no end for Craig Dawson after what he had done at that old piano.

The light drained away outside, though it was mid-afternoon, giving up against a yellowish fog.

Married four years. Craig had not even believed he could write songs that would be sung and applauded. It was Jessie who had held the possibility before him, taking the threadbare years. . . .

Jessie dismissed her taxi at the gates of the hospital grounds. The distance to be walked this way was enough to let you come into the hospital feeling gradually.

She hurried past the grilled windows of the office, making for the elevator. The boy knew her, for she had ridden with him for five weeks. He smiled and said, "Mrs. Dawson." He did not look at her any differently. That might mean nothing had happened.

If Craig's door was closed she would ask one of the floor nurses to go in and speak to Miss Larsen. Miss Larsen had been on the case from the beginning.

The door was standing wide open.

You could take a deep breath and walk right up to it, and there was Miss Larsen making the empty bed. So . . . he was still on the operating table. Jessie leaned against the jamb.

"How soon will they be bringing him back?"

Miss Larsen smoothed out a wrinkle that nobody else could have seen. She was getting the bed ready for her patient and no nonsense from wives. When she was good and ready she turned and contemplated Jessie.

"In five minutes or so," she replied. "You should have come earlier. He kept asking for you."

She looked at the bed again, then added absently:

"You always came; every afternoon. This afternoon—of all times to miss!"

Jessie felt that she must sit or fall down, so she crossed to the straight chair beside the bed.

"Why didn't you telephone me, then?" she asked faintly.

"Mr. Dawson wouldn't let me. He said you didn't know about the operation. You would be alarmed. He said, 'Don't call her; she will be here; she always comes.'"

Miss Larsen wasn't satisfied with the level of the window shade. With her back to Jessie she went on:

"A Miss Norcross sent a basket of lilies of the valley, pink roses, and sweet peas. He wouldn't have them in the room. He made me send them down to the children's surgical. He said he wished he had one of those chrysanthemums, the bronze ones, you brought last week."

At the end of her preparations, Miss Larsen stood looking at the woman in the chair.

"Miss Norcross came pretty soon. Mr. Dawson wouldn't see her. When I went to the door he asked, 'Is that Jessie?' When I said, 'No, it's Miss Norcross,' he turned his head and said, 'Send her away.'"

Miss Larsen came nearer.

"Came time to get him ready," she went on, "and he said, 'Well, this is the first time Jessie has missed, and maybe it's better, as I've got to go under again.' After a minute he said, 'I wish I had one of those chrysanthemums. They make me feel Jessie is here. I'd like to have one to hold on to,' he said."

MEN in white suits were at the door with that long, narrow cot on rubber wheels. Miss Larsen was away from Jessie instantly—in charge. Her patient was back. Jessie shrank away, flattening herself against the wall, watching them move him to the bed, hearing him breathe.

The orderlies finished and were leaving, when one of them laid something on the foot of the bed.

It was a bronze chrysanthemum.

Jessie managed to cross to Miss Larsen. Seizing that white linen arm, she indicated the blossom.

"Tell me—tell me—" She choked.

Hilda Larsen actually paused in her easing of her unconscious patient; actually smiled.

"I went down the corridor till I found a nurse on a case where there were some chrysanthemums. I borrowed one. Then, after Mr. Dawson had his hypo and was drowsing off, I put it into his hand. I guess I just let him think you had sent some. He closed his fingers on it. He tried to lift it to his face and couldn't. He just said something about 'Jessie.'"

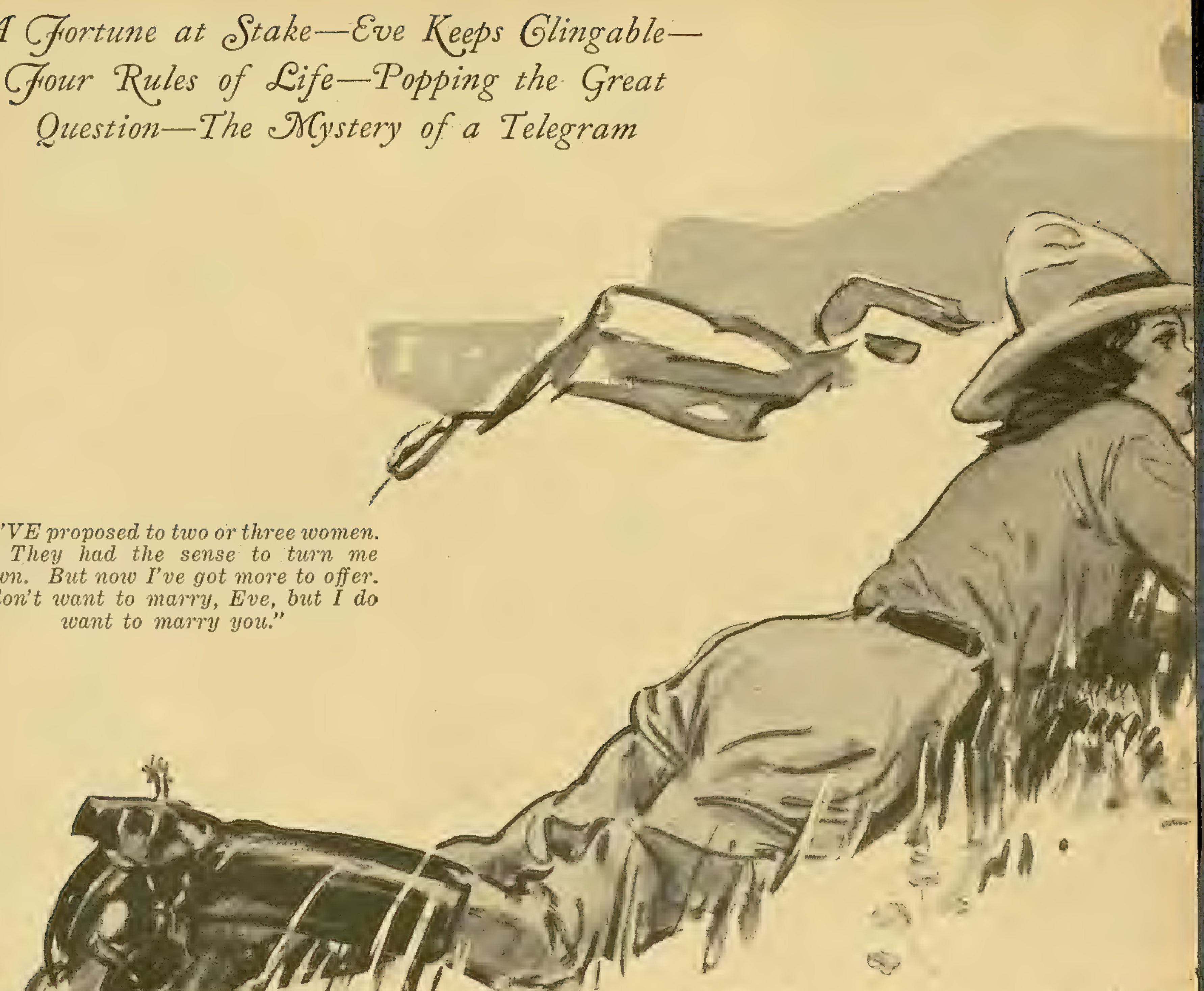
Doctors were at the door, come to see how Craig was standing what they had done. Jessie steadied herself on Dr. Stevens' arm.

"Doctor," she whispered, "you said twenty-five out of every hundred got well. That's what you said. I mean, that's what you meant, wasn't it?"

THE END

A Fortune at Stake—Eve Keeps Clingable—Four Rules of Life—Popping the Great Question—The Mystery of a Telegram

"I'VE proposed to two or three women. They had the sense to turn me down. But now I've got more to offer. I don't want to marry, Eve, but I do want to marry you."



Six

(Reading time: 36 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIS is a romance of restless hearts in Reno. Eve McIntyre Ogden, arriving at Better Luck Ranch, out from Reno, to divorce Russell Ogden, was assigned to a bungalow with Sally Marjoribanks, another divorce seeker. Eve, calling herself Mrs. McIntyre, made startling discoveries: Sally intended to marry Russell, who was her banker, Russell was about to fail, and Sally and her friends, Thurston Proctor and Lorimer Sturges, proposed to save him. Eve's final shock was Sturges' calling her Mrs. Ogden!

PART FOUR—GROPING TOWARD HAPPINESS

LORIMER STURGES was silhouetted against the open door, with his face in the shadow, so that Eve, peering at him fearfully, could not tell whether he came as friend or enemy. She sat up. "Come in," she said as steadily as she could manage.

"You don't look so fit," said her caller. "Anything serious?"

"One of those headaches that lay you low."

"I used to have them. Please lie back and be comfortable."

"You had something to talk to me about?"

"Yes. May I sit down?"

"Oh, do," said Eve. Her voice sounded tired. He knew she was Mrs. Ogden, not Mrs. McIntyre. What next?

"I'll have to put you under the rose, first," he began. "If Mrs. Marjoribanks should come in, we'll change the subject."

"What subject?" Eve demanded.

"My curiosity has been aroused by a coincidence
began slowly. "You are the wife of young Ogden in the
delphia banking firm? Russell?"

Eve swallowed, nodded assent.

"It was none of my business that you are known here as
McIntyre," he went on. "But in view of Mrs.—of a pro
that I join a syndicate to bolster up your husband's firm, I
I have a right to an explanation."

"Of what?"

"Of why Mrs. Marjoribanks did not see fit to mentio
you were Russell Ogden's wife."

"Why didn't you ask her? Probably she didn't menti
because she didn't know it."

"Now, really!" he demurred, in polite disbelief.

Eve's anger was rising. "I am here to divorce my hus
Mr. Sturges," she said. "He happens to be fairly promin
Philadelphia, which makes us fair game for the sensat
press. I was told by a competent lawyer that I had a pe
right to register at this ranch under my maiden name
keep my identity to myself until I had been here six week

eeks

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by
JAY BARNUM

ed my suit. After that—" She broke off. "So far as I ow, you and Mrs. Sanford and my attorney in Reno are the ly— I am bitterly disappointed in Mrs. Sanford."

"Why?"

"Of course she told you who I was."

"My dear young lady, no one told me. I recognized you. I ve one of those memories that retain faces."

"Where did you ever see me before?"

"When you were married—about three years ago, wasn't " Eve nodded. "Your picture was in the Philadelphia pers. I noticed you particularly for two reasons. You were, I may say so, an uncommonly attractive girl, even in a newsper photograph. And then my father knew your father well. ey were allies in Central American politics years ago.

"When Russell Ogden's name came up this morning, I placed u. I couldn't be sure I was right until I had seen you again, t the name McIntyre, coupled with—"

"I understand that. But I don't see what you are driving at."

"I don't mean to imply anything—dubious. Certainly not a daughter of Roger McIntyre. But put yourself in my place. ave been asked to raise five million dollars. Some of it will be my friends' money. And where that much money is involved, nothing can be taken for granted. What seemed peculiar to me about an otherwise straightforward proposal was that Mrs. Marjoribanks said nothing about your being Ogden's wife."

"And you think we are playing some sort of deep game?"

"Well, look at it from my angle. You arrived with Mrs. Marjoribanks, and you are living with her here—"

Eve's eyes flashed. "I met her for the first time on the station platform in Reno. We did come on the same train, but I hadn't seen her, even at meals. I don't know by what right you come here to quiz me as though I were a criminal—a confidence woman—particularly after what you have just said about my father—"

"Please, Mrs. Ogden—" He got to his feet.

"PLEASE call me Mrs. McIntyre. If I choose to use that name here, you have no right to— If you are a friend of my father — Unfortunately, he's not here to defend me!" She was blazing. No tears now.

"Please!" He begged. "You haven't been accused of anything!"

"Why should I be? I had no part in any plan to get money from you. I have no interest in my husband's financial affairs. I left him two years ago because our marriage had turned out to be a dismal failure. Since then I have returned the checks his lawyers sent me once a month. I have enough to live on, and I don't want any of his money. Of course, I shouldn't like to see him lose all of it, because, like you, he makes a god of it."

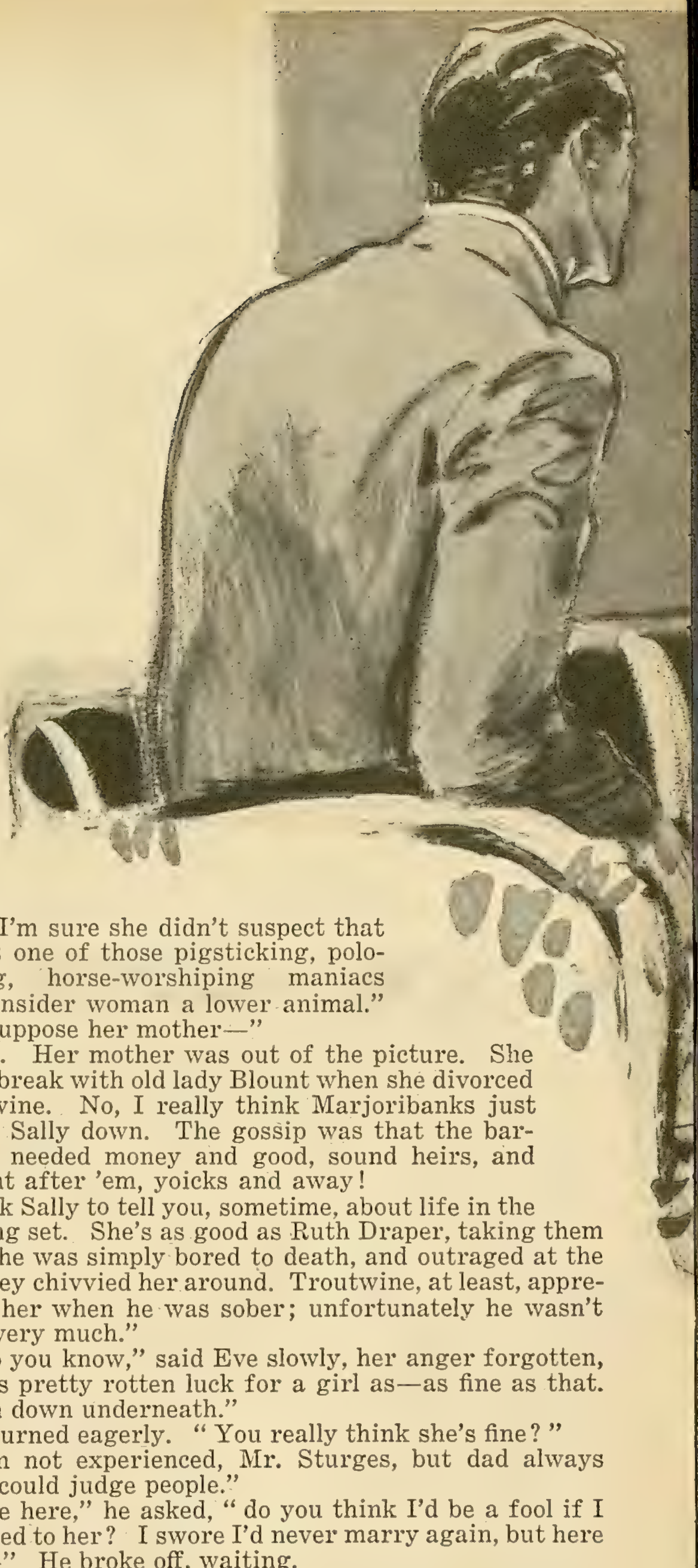
"Aren't you a little hasty in judging me?" he objected. "I am interested in this deal for two reasons: First, because Mrs. Marjoribanks has admitted to me that all her money is tied up in the Ogden bank, and I am interested in her. Second, because I can buy in—a syndicate can buy in—at rock bottom and profit by the inevitable rise in security values and the profits of an old and reliable firm of investment bankers. If it can be done for so little money—"

"And Mrs. Marjoribanks' motives?" Eve demanded.

"The desire to save her money, of course. If the firm fails, she stands to lose most of her capital. And understand this: she didn't propose that I interest myself in saving it. I proposed it." His calmness was maddening.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page thirty-five



"How did you find out about it, if she didn't?"

"Purely through chance. We were playing roulette all night—she is a real addict. This morning, out at the—ah, hot springs—where we had gone with—ah, a party of friends—I took her to task for plunging so heavily. She had lost about twelve thousand dollars, and I asked her if she could afford it. She said that twelve thousand more didn't mean anything to a woman who was about to be a pauper anyway, and I asked her to explain. We had a long, frank talk. It ended by my proposing to investigate the matter and see what I could do."

Eve had to smile. "I see," she said frostily. "It was your idea. Did she make any agreement about herself and Russell? But perhaps I shouldn't ask that."

"I don't understand. You mean that he had suggested she should try to arrange a loan out here? That sounds a bit fantastic, Mrs.—Miss McIntyre."

"That wasn't what I meant, but never mind. Did you read his letter to her?"

"No. She had destroyed it."

"When?"

"Why, she tore it up and scattered it along the road while Proctor was driving her out to the Willows to meet me for dinner. Ogden had told her to destroy it."

"DID Mr. Proctor read the letter?"

"She said he did. I haven't had a chance to talk to him about it. I understood he was here with you—that was one reason for my intruding here. He left us last evening and rushed back here to keep a dinner engagement with you, I believe. He'd just bought a car to run around in—we were teasing him about it—"

"We had a dinner engagement, yes. My being ill—"

"Naturally. Do you know where he is now?"

"He went out with Mrs. Marjoribanks, just before you came in, to the office to telephone—long distance, he said—"

He started toward the door, hesitated. "Do you know any reason why I shouldn't go into this?"

She didn't reply.

"You don't have to answer, of course," he added apologetically.

"I don't intend to take any responsibility by answering."

"If you don't approve, I think you should be fair enough to say why."

She reflected, spoke with caution: "I know no reason why you shouldn't go into this as a matter of business. As a matter of sentiment—well, you'll have to take care of yourself."

"I don't understand."

"You didn't know Mrs. Marjoribanks before you came here—"

"No. But I knew quite a lot about her. She is well connected in Philadelphia. Her mother married her off when she was twenty to Tommy Troutwine, and she's lived abroad most of the time since. Did you know Tommy? No; of course, you're too young. He killed himself in the Pyrenees, three years ago—drove a car off a cliff. He was no loss to society. Not vicious; just spoiled."

"I thought she said she divorced him," Eve put in.

"She did. In Paris that spring. He had settled a million on her, and he left her another million in his will, in trust with the Ogden firm. Meanwhile she'd married this Major Marjoribanks. You didn't know the major, I suppose?"

Eve shook her head.

"He's the very perfect pattern of an English military gent with horses on the brain. Shaves with saddle soap, I believe, and wears spurs to bed. The type of sporting Englishman who's really a psychopathic case. Disappointed in humanity and prefers horses. That's the major. Nephew of a baronet—very good old title. The uncle who's the incumbent never got off a horse long enough to marry."

"But why," demanded Eve innocently, "did she marry into a family like that?"

"Well, the major is a very handsome and charming man. I'm sure she didn't suspect that he was one of those pigsticking, polo-playing, horse-worshiping maniacs who consider woman a lower animal."

"I suppose her mother—"

"No. Her mother was out of the picture. She had to break with old lady Blount when she divorced Troutwine. No, I really think Marjoribanks just hunted Sally down. The gossip was that the baronetcy needed money and good, sound heirs, and he went after 'em, yoicks and away!

"Ask Sally to tell you, sometime, about life in the sporting set. She's as good as Ruth Draper, taking them off. She was simply bored to death, and outraged at the way they chivvied her around. Troutwine, at least, appreciated her when he was sober; unfortunately he wasn't sober very much."

"Do you know," said Eve slowly, her anger forgotten, "that's pretty rotten luck for a girl as—as fine as that. I mean down underneath."

He turned eagerly. "You really think she's fine?"

"I'm not experienced, Mr. Sturges, but dad always said I could judge people."

"See here," he asked, "do you think I'd be a fool if I proposed to her? I swore I'd never marry again, but here I am—" He broke off, waiting.

"I DON'T think you'd be a fool, if you're sure of your own mind," Eve replied slowly. "But don't let yourself get hurt if you—if you find you can't have her."

"I've never met a woman before—" He didn't finish the thought.

"Every man in love thinks that, doesn't he?"

"Possibly. But I mean it. Anyone can see she's exceptional. And in some ways she's—she's magnificent." He said it under his breath, then changed the subject.

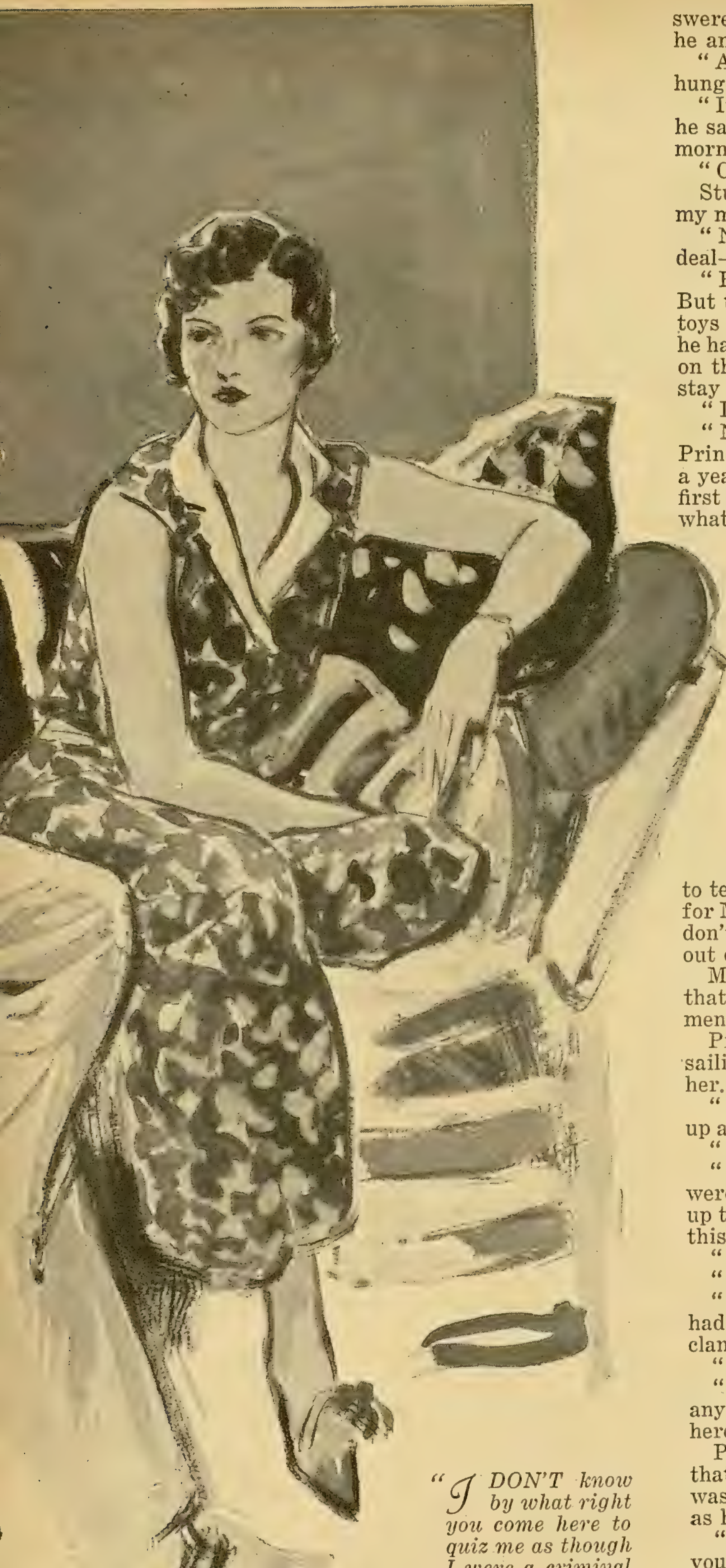
"Look here, do I gamble or do I play safe? What do you say?"

"I won't gamble with five million dollars," said Eve. "Particularly when it's not my money."

"Your father would."

"When he's asked to professionally he will, if his judgment—"

"I'm asking for your judgment."



"I DON'T know by what right you come here to quiz me as though I were a criminal—a confidence woman—"

"I don't advise you not to, if you investigate first—"

He laughed. "I've made up my mind to investigate, anyway. May I use your telephone?"

He asked to be connected with Mr. Proctor, who answered promptly. Sally was with Thurston, in the cabin he and Sturges shared.

"Ask her to wait there; I'll be right over." Sturges hung up.

"I'm going to ask him to take charge of this business," he said to Eve. "He'll have to take a plane East in the morning. I can't leave here for another five weeks."

"Can you trust his judgment?"

Sturges was amazed. "Do you know anything about my man Thursday?" he demanded.

"No. Only he seems rather young for such a big deal—"

"He would, to you. He's still young about women. But that boy supports a gas yacht and a fleet of sailing toys on the pin money he picks up. Judgment? Hell, he hasn't any! It's genius! Why, he knew enough to get on the bear side of the market in October, 1929! And stay there!"

"I thought he inherited his money," Eve said timidly.

"Not he. He made it. Why, even when we were in Princeton he used to clean up fifteen or twenty thousand a year on the market. He's uncanny. He borrowed the first five thousand from his dad, and now he's worth twice what the old man ever was—and he's never gone broke."

"My heavens!" said Eve. "I thought he was just a nice, big boy."

"So he is. With a nice, big head on him. Well, Eve—do you mind if I call you Eve? Then my tongue won't slip and call you—what was the name?" He grinned.

"The name is—Eve. Now trot along and don't take any wooden nickels."

He lifted her hand to his lips, and walked out, very trim, very handsome, a knight going to the rescue of his lady—or whose lady?

The new Eve was getting along. The third man in a day who had kissed her hand! Where had she got that phrase about the wooden nickels? Oh, yes—Joe Williams. She must get Joe Williams to teach her to ride. She picked up the telephone, asked for Mr. Proctor, got him. "This is Eve," she said. "Why don't you have dinner with me here? I'm not up to going out quite yet. . . . Seven o'clock? Fine."

Mrs. Sanford, telephoned next, thought it enchanting that Eve should have dinner in with one of her young men. Leave the menu to her, she said.

Proctor was charming. He talked about his boyhood, sailing, cruising. He was impersonal, almost shy with her. She was so happy she could have purred.

"I promised Sally to leave at nine," he said, getting up at a quarter past.

"Where is she?"

"She was eating here, with Sturges. I suppose they were writing all over Mrs. Sanford's tablecloth, figuring up the profits. The three of us are going to try to swing this without any outside help. Hog it all."

"How much are you going to risk?" Eve demanded.

"Me? Nothing I can't spare."

"Promise me something, will you?" The skeleton that had been rattling in the closet all evening had come clanking out.

"Anything."

"Promise me that you won't say one word about me to anyone in the East. I don't want anyone to know I'm out here."

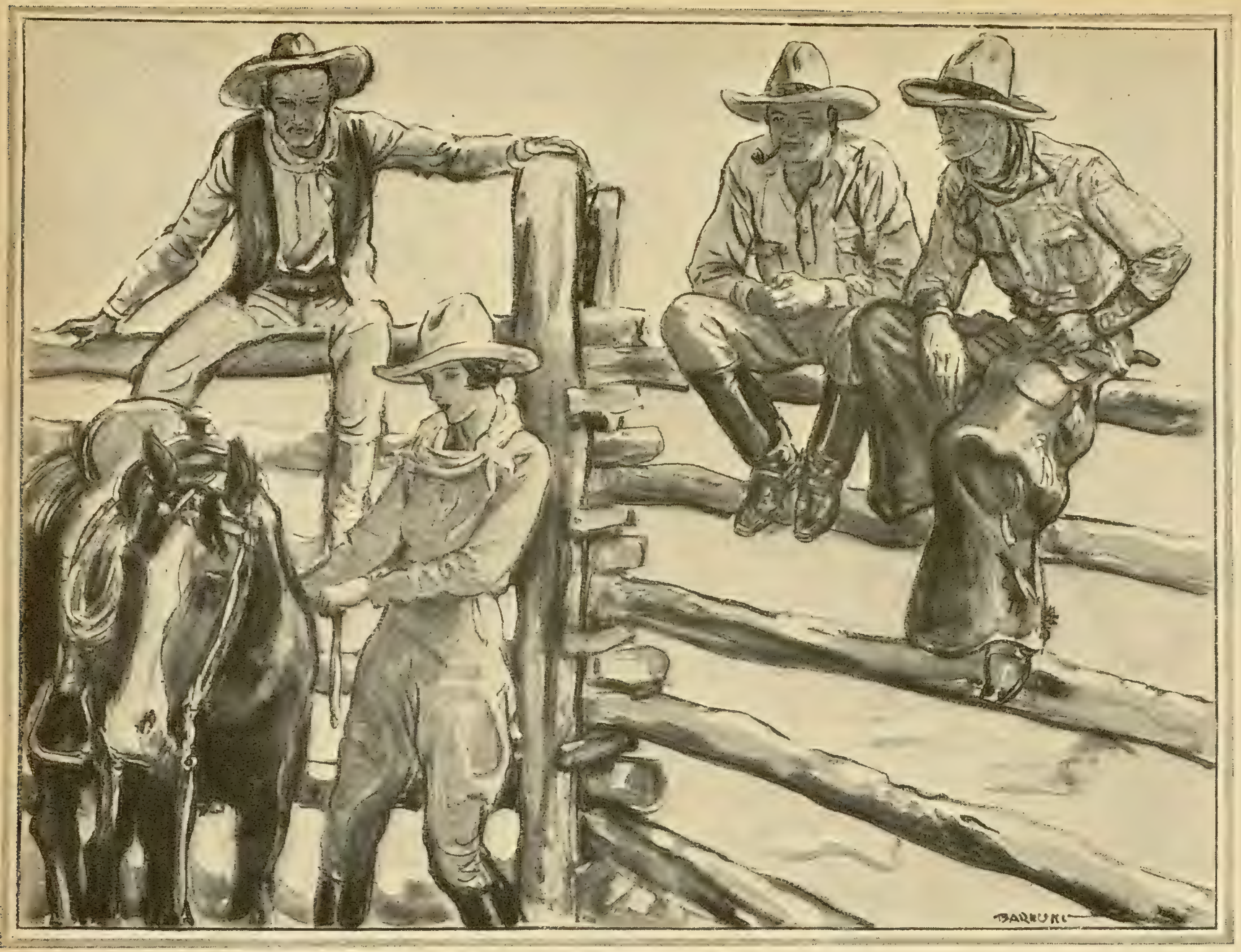
Probably he was thinking her a vain little fool, to fear that anyone he knew would know her or care that she was in Reno. But he was quite solemn about promising, as he had been sweet and solemn all evening. He said:

"I'm not telling anyone about you. I'm going to keep you to myself as long as I can. I'll be back in two weeks—or sooner, if I can make it. You take care of yourself, Eve."

"I'm going to learn to ride while you're gone. I'm tired of being a Victorian relic."

He frowned. "All right," he said. "But, for heaven's sake, don't get horsy, will you? Why does a woman who is about perfect always have to try to improve herself, anyway?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



In two weeks she was pronounced proficient by the board of examiners.

SIX WEEKS
Continued from page thirty-seven

Eve laughed, pleased. " You leave it to me. You'd get awfully bored with a woman who went around fainting in speakeasies. I won't get so big and strong in two weeks that I won't need a man to cling to now and then."

" That's the ticket. Keep clingable. By the way, I bought a roadster yesterday to take you riding in. Here're the keys; you use it while I'm away. It's in the ranch garage. Williams will take care of it for you."

" That's sweet of you, but I don't want to drive anyone else's car, really."

He flushed. " It's not anyone else's car. It's yours. Now don't be a—a goose. Your cue is to curtsy and say, ' Oh, sir! How kind of you to think of me! ' "

SHE curtsied. She said it, gushing like a Gish. He laid the keys, tied together with a pink string, in her palm and kissed the tips of her fingers.

" At this point I exit, tripping over my sword," he said. " Good-by, Eve. You sit on your hands until I get back." He went out hurriedly. Outside he met Sally. They talked, low-voiced. Eve heard their nonchalant good-bys presently. Sally rapped, came in.

" I'm going out with Mr. Sturges, unless you need me, darling," she announced.

" I'm perfectly all right now," said Eve dreamily from the divan. And it was true, except for one persistent note of alarm: Thurston would see a great deal of Ruddy Ogden. Well, if he found out, he found out. Put it out of mind. Going to be grown up and hard. Like Sally. Hard but charming.

When Sally came out of the dressing room, resplendent in a black satin evening gown that looked from the waist up as though it had been brushed on her by an artist sparing of paint, Eve was in her nightgown and mules.

" Will you keep Tommy for me again? He's asleep in my dressing room. We're going to play Monte Carlo golf again," Sally explained, " so don't keep the light in the window burning for the lost lamb. Perhaps I should stay at home with you."

" Absolutely not. I'm all well. Good luck, and be a good girl! "

She pulled Sally's face down and kissed her on the cheek, closed the door after her. She was asleep almost at once. Emotionally, Eve was more nearly exhausted than she had realized. She woke up once with a nightmare, lay awake in the darkness that comes just before dawn, fighting phantoms. Sally wasn't in her bed. Eve drifted off again.

When she awoke once more it was full daylight. Seven o'clock. Sally was in and asleep.

She got up, showered, put on her new jodhpurs and a polo shirt, the short boots she had never worn before, tiptoed past Sally with a grim look on her small face, crunched up the gravel path to the dining room, went in, and faced a dozen staring strangers and Rush Taylor. He beckoned her over to his table.

" Hooray! " he said. " This is a break. I'm taking my waistline for a ride this morning. You come along."

She sat down at the small table opposite him. " Sorry," she said. " I've got to learn to ride first. I haven't since I was fourteen."

" Williams is your man," he said. " Joe Williams. Patience of Job. Wonder if you'd mind my helping? "

" I'm afraid I should," she said crisply. " I'll take my first social ride with you when I graduate. I'd be self-conscious with a gallery."

Then and there began a new chapter for the new Eve.

After the hectic events of her first three days in Reno, it was incredible to have nothing seem so important as sticking in a cow saddle when the horse trotted around the dude ring, nothing so worth while as a gleam of pleasure in the cool gray eye of Professor Williams. An hour, mornings, the first three days, on a patient, self-effacing horse; thereafter she rode two hours a day, always inside the inclosure.

Rush Taylor comforted her with a cavalry song:

"I'm just a recruit, sir,
A green young galoot, sir,
And I haven't yet learned to ride.
I bounce off the cantle
And eat off the mantel,
For I have a sore backside."

In two weeks she was pronounced proficient by the board of examiners, which comprised Professor Williams, the Mormon ranch foreman, Mr. Dan'l Lindsay, Rush Taylor, and the tall, lean, grizzled Yankee business man who was Jonathan Sanford. They sat on the barred gate and watched her saddle her own horse, mount, dismount, make the horse walk, trot, single-foot, canter, and run.

She had acquired, in succession, a white felt sombrero that cost twenty dollars, a red-and-yellow silk handkerchief that cost twelve and a half at a Reno branch of a Fifth Avenue shop, two pairs of tailored whipcord breeches to replace the jodhpurs the clerk in New York had mistakenly recommended for ranch wear. Other dude ladies wore jodhpurs, but Professor Williams was not tolerant of them on Eve.

"YOU'RE goin' to make a real rider," he said. "Haven't you got some reg'lar pants in place of them tea-party pyjamas?"

In vain Eve protested that wild, fierce tribesmen in the hills of northern India had devised the jodhpur pants; that they were not effeminate at all.

"All right, ma'am. S'pose I come out in one of them white-skirt outfits like them fellers wear for Sunday, or in one of them nothin'-much-before-and-half-of-that-behind things like this here St. Gandhi wears? Would you say I was crazy or what? Now them tennis-racket pants may be he-man stuff in India, but you take a woman wears 'em on a ranch, and like as not she'll fall off a horse tryin' to powder her nose."

A tailor in Reno made her socially acceptable to Joe in two days.

"I never see a woman looked better in pants, Miz Mac," Joe admitted.

"Thank you, professor," she said demurely.

"Miz Mac," he said, "down where I come from a perfessor is one of two things: a school-teacher or a piano player in a honkatonk. I don't aim to convey I'm either one."

She never called him professor again, except privately to Rush Taylor.

In two weeks Eve had acquired a slight swagger and the habit of carrying a quirt and flicking at her boots with it. She talked with a west Texas drawl, according to the amused Mr. Taylor. That gentleman proved to be almost as good a rider as Joe.

"How did a man born in Brooklyn ever learn to ride so well?" Eve asked Joe.

"He's got a ranch up in Canada. Fourteen thousand acres in the High River country. He wants me to work for him up there if I get tired of it here. He's just a natural with horses, but, then, so are you. I dunno what does it; thinkin' like a horse, maybe, and readin' their minds. Some says it's in the hands and some says it's in the knees, but I think it's in the head. If you ain't got it, you can't fool a horse, and you'll never be no kind of a hand for ridin'. They ain't no *argament* about that."

When Eve was allowed to ride outside the home pasture, Rush Taylor suggested that they look over Reno afternoons and evenings.

"It's a holy show," he assured her. "You shouldn't miss it. Now that this horse matter is settled, suppose you let me show you the sights?"

"What sights are there?"

"Well, there are about sixty speakeasies—"

"I was in one. It looked like one in Philadelphia or Washington, even to the mural decorations. What else?"

"Well, there's the gambling hells and the swell joints."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The girl above is in the Great Beauty Contest of Life! Everywhere—eyes looking at her! In a tenth of a second opinions are formed. How wonderful to have a clean, natural loveliness!

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CAMAY THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
will help you win!

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SIX WEEKS
Continued from page thirty-nine

"I was in a place called the Cascabel with Sally and her two gentlemen the first night. There was gambling, and a queer mixed crowd not having much real fun. I'd like to see the place called the Willows, but Sally and Lorimer are taking me there tomorrow night. I was going to ask you to go with us; they suggested it."

"The Willows bores me, but I'll go anywhere with you, Eve. That place is just fancier than the others. I always go away mad from a place like that; most Americans are such asses when they try to act sophisticated."

"Well, what does that leave that I haven't seen?" Eve pursued coolly. "I haven't been to the hot springs, but I've never had a hangover, nor am I— I went to the courthouse all by my little self and listened to a couple of divorce cases that took three minutes and made me feel ashamed to be a party to such a farce. I looked at the rouge on the courthouse pillar where they kiss it, and at the Truckee from the bridge where they throw their wedding rings into it. I was told that a lot of sentimental women buy rings for a dollar to throw away, and keep the real ones.

"I had the usual interview with a cynical lawyer, who informed me that I was charging 'extreme cruelty' and that it was all arranged with my lawyer back home, and all I had to do was pay him one thousand dollars and I'd be a free woman on or about the sixteenth of July, and the hearing would be in chambers, and we'd have a dress rehearsal so I'd know the answers; and Mrs. Sanford has agreed to appear and testify that I'll have been in Washoe County forty-two days, and then I'll lie and say I live in Reno and intend to reside here, even if I have my ticket home in my purse—and that's all for me, thank you, Rush."

"Have you been up the Geiger Grade? Have you seen Virginia City? Have you been to Pyramid Lake, or Winnemucca, or over to Calneva, or Lake Tahoe?"

"Now you're talking. I'll go any time you say. I still love mountain scenery, even though I was brought up in mountains that make these look like anthills."

They went, in Proctor's little car. Taylor protested at recounting the histories of these places.

"There's a Britannica at the ranch," he told her. "You can read the article on Nevada, the one on Reno, and the one on the Comstock lode. You'll know all I do."

BUT he was willing enough to talk about his conclusions on divorce.

"Sixteen couples out of every hundred get divorces in this country, and for about sixteen hundred reasons," he said. "A divorce is something you can buy, if you've got the price. Some people need 'em, some deserve 'em; others just want 'em. I read everything in the Reno library on divorce before you came and I don't know any more than I did, except that the divorce rate is increasing three times as fast as the population.

"I don't think it does most of 'em any good, and I don't think it does the country as a whole any harm. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear of a citizen just by enforcing monogamy on him. If two people have the social talent to live with each other and get along and are well mated, they'll stay together and be the backbone of the nation. The rest are misfits, and it doesn't matter to anyone but themselves and their relatives and friends if they change partners every six months, provided they can afford it.

"I think divorce ought to be made cheaper for the poor—that's my only uplifting conclusion. Outside of that, I think each case has to be judged on its own merits. There should be uniform, liberal divorce laws in all states—not a federal law—and that would mean the end of Reno as a heart resort.

"You can get up an awful sweat about too-free divorce here and not any in South Carolina, and what's the country coming to, and the sanctity of the great American home—but you can get just as indignant about war or prohibition or taxes or misgovernment or the world's economic follies.

"The original mistake is in assuming that there's any sense, logic, or consistency in the conduct of civilization. It's a weird mess. There are only four basic rules of life, Eve: get food, shelter, propagate, and try to survive. The rest—I give up. It's too complex, and people haven't sense enough to run the show they've got together. It'll blow up, the survivors will go back to the four fundamentals, and it'll take another two thousand years to produce another set of unsolvable human problems called a civilization. Reno's not important; I'm not important; you're not important, except to deluded males like me. I'm glad to see you low-rate all this Reno whoopee business that the morons back East read about in the subway. It's no more significant than Broadway or Coney Island, except that it does make temporary fools of repressed women blowing off steam."

THEY went to the most famous of the gambling road houses. The one surprise in it for Eve was that Rush Taylor could dance so well. As for the famous resort: it looked like a corn-belt Ritz-Carlton; the food was good but not superb; the dance music good but not different; the process of gambling appeared to be much less exciting than the talking pictures made it out to be. Cecil De Mille could have made it seem glamorous, perhaps, by careful casting and costuming, but the scene lacked direction as it was. Eve got away at two o'clock with Rush, not at all unwilling. She had lost a hundred dollars at this and that game, which was just what she had set aside.

"You're a cool one," he said, as they came out and walked to the car.

"I'm practical," said Eve. "It doesn't amuse me to lose, and if you gamble you lose and get nothing for it but a headache."

"There's a Scotsman for you," Taylor railed.

"No. It's more being the daughter of an engineer, I suppose. He taught me to take things to pieces. I sat and figured out the odds at roulette, for instance; the bank has to win if you play long enough."

"Well, you might as well say that a horse will throw and kill you if you ride long enough. And yet you're a nut about riding."

"Oh, Rush, hush it. Drive, will you, and let me go to sleep on your shoulder. I've got to ride at nine in the morning. I'm getting like the major, I think—despairing of humans and turning to horses for company."

On the Fourth of July Eve and Rush rode up the back road into the Washoe Mountains, Eve on a white-footed biscuit mare, the personal property of Joe Williams, and Taylor on a roan gelding stout enough to carry his two hundred pounds handily. After six uphill miles, they dismounted in a gulch where the grass grew lush, to let the horses rest. Rush picketed them, lighted a pipe, and stretched out on a sunny bank, his head in the shade. Eve lay beside him, her shirt open at the throat, soaking in the afternoon sunshine and the peace of this place. They hadn't spoken since they halted. Presently Taylor knocked out his pipe on a rock, pocketed it.

"Eve," he said, under cover of his hat brim. "I ought to be getting out of here."

"Oh, why?" Eve said, distressed. "You're such a pleasant habit!"

"I usually get up to Alberta about the first of July. There are some things I should see about—and I finished my job here two weeks ago."

"And you were having such a lazy good time that you stayed," Eve said lightly. She could sense what was coming and was trying to ward it off.

"I stayed because I didn't want to leave while you're here."

No, she couldn't dodge it. She tilted her hat over her eyes.

"I've proposed to two or three women, all before I was thirty," Taylor went on slowly. "They had the sense to turn me down. But I'm forty-two now, and I've got more to offer. I don't mean money, though there's plenty of that. I could quit writing tomorrow and never worry. I don't want to marry, Eve, but I do want to marry you, if you'll have me."

Eve cast a sidelong glance at him under the brim of her hat. She couldn't see anything but his wide, kindly mouth, his big homely chin and jaw, and one tanned cheek. Her left hand found his big right fist, clenched in the grass beside her.

"Rush," she said, "you don't know how you honor me. You're one of the best friends I've ever had. But I hadn't ever considered marrying you."

The horses, cropping grass near by, made sounds like musketry fire. A bee hummed around her head angrily.

"Did I speak too soon?"

She patted his hand, still clenched. "I'm just not in a marrying mood, dear."

"I'm a cautious man, and I thought I was a confirmed bachelor, Eve. But I can't let you get away without telling you—"

"Rush," she interrupted, "have I led you on? I wouldn't have—"

"Of course you haven't, honey. I'm not the kind of egotist who blames a woman—for—his own delusions. But you haven't answered."

"I don't want to, Rush. But the only decent thing to do is to say no, and have it over with." She hoped he wouldn't want to know why; she doubted if she could give a logical reason.

"There's no good asking why," he said, still under the hat. Then he sat up, faced her. Tears came into her eyes when she saw his face, but she wouldn't look away.

"You're sure? That's all I want to know."

She nodded miserably.

"You're not the kind of girl who changes her mind," he said slowly. "You're too honest with yourself." He got to his feet, held out his hand to help her up. "I'm pulling out on the plane for Frisco tomorrow," he said. "Not in a huff, you understand, but just because it won't do to stick around."

EVE sat down on a big boulder, and considered what she could say to comfort him.

"Don't look so damn' pathetic, will you? I'm not so brave, myself," he said. He leaned against a rock, facing her. "Look here," he demanded. "Are you still in love with your husband?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Because if you're not, you'd better be looking around for a man."

That annoyed Eve. "Rush, that's the first banal thing you ever said to me!"

"It may be banal, but it's honest. You're a very normal woman, Eve; you were well named. Now laugh at me and call me sentimental if you want to, but I've been studying men and women for a long time; it's my business. If you're not a natural-born wife and mother, then I've been taking money under false pretenses for years."

Eve studied the toe of her right boot. "The trouble is," she said, "that I married a man who didn't see me as I am, at all, and he didn't want children."

"You lived with him a year, you told me. But you didn't say what broke it up. Other women?"

She nodded. "I suppose so. He drank a lot, and left me alone when he was carousing around. On business, of course." She laughed shortly. "I thought I was a uniquely injured and cheated woman, but I find Reno's full of us."

"Well, darling, when you get your divorce, you say to yourself: I'm a young woman. I'm made to be a happy wife and mother. I'm going to look for a man who'll appreciate those traits in me, and I'm going to marry him and stick to him. I'm going to be his mistress and his mother and his mate— Lord, I'm talking like a Harold Wright hero, but I mean it. The eternal verities are not in such good repute today among smart people, but you watch them come back into style. The shock this country's going through is making a lot of people cut

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Don't work with nerves on edge or try all day to forget some nagging pain that aspirin will end in a jiffy! Genuine aspirin can do you no harm; just be sure that it is genuine Bayer Aspirin with Bayer on the box and on each tablet.

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Take Bayer Aspirin for *any* ache or pain, and take enough to *end* it. It can't harm you.

BAYER ASPIRIN

SIX WEEKS

Continued from page forty-one

down on the cocktails and the wise cracks and go back to the eternal verities. Women are designed to be mothers, Eve—all but the freaks—and men to be fathers and providers. The only ones who are sticking to that instinctively are the peasants and the morons. If we're going to put off the collapse of this civilization, we've got to get the superior people back into the business of raising superior children, or the whole works will go to the low-grades. You breed cattle and horses, as I do, and you'll know what I mean. Just let me turn my blooded stock loose to be individualists and roam where fancy takes them, and they'll revert to scrubs, as sure as God made little apples."

"So I ought to get married and have babies?"

"Exactly. It happens to be the one thing you ought to do to make yourself happy."

"I'M allowed to be in love with the man?" Eve asked impudently.

"Why not? But you should pick him out, with all your mother wit, for something besides his curly hair or his romantic line."

"Speaking for yourself, John?"

He flushed, and she was sorry she had said it.

"No," he said slowly. "I'm not your type. You are mine, but I'm not yours. Twenty years is too much difference. When you're in the roaring forties, I'll be an old bore of sixty-odd with the gout. You pick a man about thirty who's cut his eye teeth and has the ability to make money without thinking it's the be-all and end-all of existence. Money's indispensable in this present set-up; the lack of money is the root of evil."

"Rush, you're a darling," she said. "But doesn't all this apply equally to you? Shouldn't you find a nice woman about—about thirty or so, and marry her?"

"I should," he admitted gloomily. "Suppose you find one for me. I don't meet the right kind of women; I meet only literary freaks and lion hunters. I'll never find a woman to compare with you."

"You're a fraud," said Eve, chuckling. "You don't really want to find one. You proposed to me because you knew you were perfectly safe."

"Now you're turning literary on me. It's time to go home. Very special supper, and fireworks afterward."

Eve got up. While Taylor was coiling the mare's picket rope and fastening it with the latigo strap below the saddle horn, she studied him with an appreciative eye, even a little pang of jealousy. Suppose he married some prunes and prisms person, or a mercenary woman who could pretend to be a home body long enough to hook him?

He went over and untied his own horse, coiled the neck rope and tied it up.

Eve said: "It's going to be pretty deadly here without you sitting on the corral fence, and dispensing wisdom about divorce and marriage across the table, and shaking up those wonderful messes you call cocktails. I've had a very pussy-cat sort of life these four weeks, Rush. I'll —honestly, I'm in a panic. Couldn't you stay another two weeks and see me through?"

"Do you really want me—"

"No, darling. It would be selfish, and it might—" She couldn't finish that; it sounded vain.

"It might be cruelty to animals, you mean. Well, it might. No, I've got to get up to my place and get in the hay and contract for more. The Indians say it's going to be an early winter. You'd love that country, Eve."

Eve reflected, with regret, that she probably would. But the humane thing was to let Rush get away and busy with fundamental things like hay and cattle.

"I think I'll go out to China," she said. "I haven't seen dad in nearly three years, and then only for a week in New York, between steamers."

"Well, don't go marrying a man you meet on a boat," Taylor admonished. "Salt water is worse than champagne. I nearly married a girl once after five days on a ship."

Eve exploded in a gale of laughter, and let the mare have her head. When Rush caught up with her where the trail widened into a road, her eyes were still dancing. But back at the ranch, she lounged in the biggest chair in Taylor's cabin, forlorn that this must be the last time he would make one of those idiotic mixtures which he named after they were mixed, the last time to hear his sarcastic comments on men and women and marriage. He made obscure things so clear.

"THIS here now concoction will be known as the Mother Eve," he said, pouring something tawny into a rock-crystal glass. "It's sweet and simple but it packs a wallop." They drank in silence. "What say we step out? Farewell fling for old man Taylor in Reno," he suggested.

"Rush, I'd rather eat at our little twosome table and talk to you in peace this last night," she said.

"And have me bawling in my soup," he growled. But it pleased him, plainly.

His table talk had never been more brilliant. He convulsed Eve with racy views of Reno.

He walked back to Number Nine with her after the fireworks in the plaza. He wouldn't go in.

"I'd rather be hard-boiled," he said, "and get it over with. I've got to pack. I'll be getting away on the early plane for Frisco in the morning and—I won't see you for some time. Of course, I want to sit up all night and look at you, but that would be ghastly. Good-by, Eve. If you marry the wrong man, I'll turn up with a shotgun. I expect I'll be turning up, anyway."

"Of course you will," she said. Her eyes were brimming suddenly. She kissed him gravely.

"If you need any bears killed, honey, you let me know. I'll come arunning." He released her brusquely, strode back up the gravel path. She watched him pass lighted windows and doors until the screen door of Number Five slammed behind him.

The stars seemed as near as ever, and that was very near in this high, clean land, but they were cold and

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baleful, glowering down upon this insect in riding boots who had the effrontery to demand happiness in a relentless universe. She shivered, went in, lighted a fire, undressed wearily, soaked her weary muscles in a hot bath, made her bed, crawled in, lay awake.

Why couldn't she have fallen in love with this big, gentle, quizzical squire, instead of waiting for a young knight to come riding all plumed and perfumed with romance and peril?

The telephone rang. She reached the instrument without getting out of bed.

"Teleglam for Missy McIntyre and teleglam for Missy Molchbank."

"Send them over, please. Just put them under the door."

THE telegrams came in the yellow ranch envelopes used for messages telephoned out from the Reno telegraph office. Eve's, copied in a round, schoolboy hand, was not addressed, except on the envelope, but the boy had, at least, dated it "Pittsburgh, July 3d, 10:23 P. M." It was from Thurston Proctor. It said:

THIS TURNS OUT TO BE EVEN BIGGER THAN MY LAST LETTER INDICATED STOP CAME OUT HERE TO PASS THE HAT AS WE NEEDED ABOUT TWICE AS MUCH AS ANTICIPATED STOP EXPECT TO BE THERE FOR YOUR GRADUATION ANYWAY STOP RUSSELL SENDS HIS LOVE STOP I HAVE NOT SAID A WORD BUT YOU WILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF THAT JAM WITHOUT ANY HELP FROM ME T P

Eve read the message a second, a third time. She couldn't make sense of it, although each sentence, taken separately, was plain enough. She had had no letter from Thurston, although jovial telegrams and flowers had come frequently.

"Russell sends his love." Russell had given her away. "Expect to be there for your graduation"—her day in court. "You will have to get out of that jam without any help from me." If he was through with her, why didn't he say so? But, of course, he wouldn't, in a telegram he knew would be relayed through the ranch office. She sat there perhaps five minutes with her hand on the telephone, without picking it up.

Rush Taylor—he might be disappointed in her, but he would help her. Then she put the telephone back on the table.

"You've got to kill your own bear, Eve," she said, half aloud.

She lighted the bed lamp, got up, put on her warmest dressing gown, built up the fire, picked up the tail-thumping Tommy Tucker, and sat down in the Sleepy Hollow chair with the sleepy Scottie on her knees. No matter what hour Sally Marjoribanks came in, she'd kill the first bear by telling the truth to Sally!

Can Eve force herself to keep her resolution? When you follow her into next week's installment you'll see her meet a crisis full of excitement and danger.

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Don't risk your job with aching muscles!

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Many people can't; and in most cases it's entirely unnecessary. For all those ailing muscles need is *double-acting relief.* Simply douse on Absorbine Jr., and as you massage it in, you can actually feel a flow of fresh, warm blood—easing into the congested muscles—easing out the impurities—easing out the pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief.

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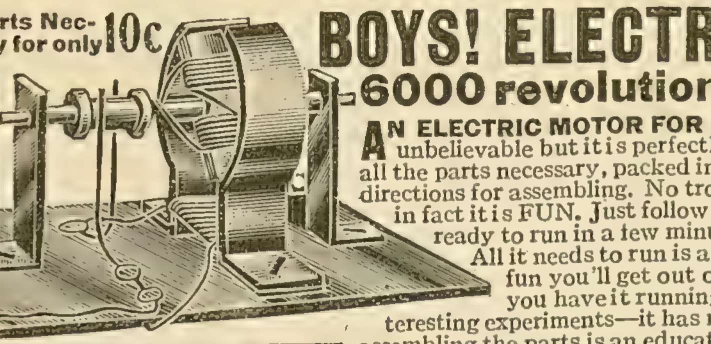

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6000 revolutions per minute

AN ELECTRIC MOTOR FOR ONLY 10 CENTS. It sounds almost unbelievable but it is perfectly true. For ONLY 10 cents we send all the parts necessary, packed in a neat box, together with full printed directions for assembling. No trouble at all putting the parts together, in fact it is FUN. Just follow a few simple instructions and motor is ready to run in a few minutes. And OH, BOY! Isn't it speedy! All it needs to run is a No. 6 or similar dry battery. As to the fun you'll get out of it, you won't have it an hour before you have it running and performing many novel and interesting experiments—it has more power than you'd think. Besides, assembling the parts is an education in itself for any boy.

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Vox

If You'd Only Consulted a Señorita Instead of a Book!

LYNN, MASS.—For the lova Pete! Why can't writers give us stories without foreign words in them? The latest yarn to get my goat was "The High Places," by Conrad Richter. I tried to read it with Liberty in one hand and a Spanish dictionary in the other. And who wouldn't need a dictionary, with such expressions as the following in it? *Cuidado! pino real, esposo, calabozo, juez de paz, enchilada, banquete, santas, rico Americano, muchacho, también.*

OF ALL !!*@☆ THAT'S THE WORST!
DICTIONARY
Liberty
AJB

As I say, I tried reading it with a dictionary, and then I got so peeved I threw both the dictionary and Liberty to the floor.—*An Angry Male.*

For Mr. Vanderbilt

AMBRIDGE, PA.—If only fifty per cent of the facts (or accusations, if you please) are true that Mr. Vanderbilt set down about his rich and ultra-rich friends of "democracy-loving" America, I commend him for his frankness and honesty.

Indeed, he has performed a service by unmasking certain dollar patriots who in time of war made billions by working for one dollar a year, and who in time of great stress and economic calamity hide under the camouflage of depressed securities—which they unloaded in 1929 at peak prices—hoarding the gold, in case the worst should happen.

Articles like "How Society Is Meeting the Depression" should serve the common people of America as eye-openers.—*Thomas R. Supe.*

Taxing Business Talent

WARREN, R. I.—Concerning your editorial, "Choking the Life Out of Business With the Income Tax"—well, let us see:

1. In the regular course of events a man with an income has money to pay a tax.
2. What assurance have you got that any man would apply a saved income tax to business expansion?
3. Your theory is not borne out by the fact that there are billions of tax-free securities, while industry labors eight weeks per year to pay its tax, which it cannot escape.—*E. L. Burlingame.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Want to take this opportunity of commending you highly on your editorial, "Choking the Life Out of Business With the Income Tax." To me it was an absolutely true statement of facts.

Am far from being in the class that this affects, yet am one who feels that the constructive, progressive type of business man and his enterprises should be protected and neither he nor his business torn down. It is such business men, with their brains and strength and will to build, who give the masses their positions.—*A. L. Scott.*

You've Suggested Plenty

BURBANK, CALIF.—Is prohibition all wet, or am I?

Nothing would create more demand for new products and give more work to the unemployed than having the saloons back again. Think of the brewers, truck drivers, and bartenders that would have jobs again. Drunken drivers would have the garages working overtime repairing automobiles. Think of the new lamp-posts that would have to be made!

Harry Jay Nickels

Neglected wives would start buying rolling-pins again. Factories would start up replacing broken dishes and furniture. Hospitals would have to put on extra nurses.

And, besides, what a help to humanity it would be if we could have real wine and beer to drink and use the bootleg stuff they are now making for paint remover, fly spray, and to exterminate cockroaches!

If all this wouldn't help I don't know what else to suggest.—*Harry Jay Nickels.*

Your Troubles Are Over Now

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Will you kindly tell Mr. Robert W. Chambers to please end his story, "Whistling Cat," as I don't think I'll be able to last much longer if he keeps continuing it. I lie awake wondering what will come next. It's driving me nuts! Do the readers a good turn and print the rest of the story in the next Liberty, even if it takes the whole magazine.—*Bud Smith.*

Ha! Ha! Yourself

EDMONTON, ALTA., CAN.—Get a load of this. Hearing my girl so frequently refer to your publication as a model magazine, I looked the word up.

Imagine my amusement on finding the following: "Model. A small imitation of the real thing."

Ha! Ha!—"*Tommy*" *W. H. B.*

From the Streets to the Soil

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Liberty's back-to-the-land panacea might have worked out all right a hundred years ago, when a family produced almost everything it needed right on the farm. That was the day of spinning wheels, and meat raised, slaughtered, and cured right at home. But, under present conditions, Liberty's plan wouldn't work unless we could grow shoes, farm implements, and ready-to-wear garments on trees.

And, while we're about it, we ought to have a tree that grows money, too; for taxes, etc., must be met.—*Anti-Back-to-the-Farm.*

ALBANY, N. Y.—Allow me to commend Liberty's editors for their efforts to bring about a back-to-the-land movement on the part of the cities' unemployed.

A lot of the money raised by relief campaigns will have to be used for direct relief: the purchase and distribution of food and clothing. But if some of those who will be helped in this way had been put back on farms they would now be wholly, or almost wholly, self-supporting.—*F. Thompson.*

Can't We Accept It for Him?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I'm a constant movie-goer, and in order to find out what to see and what to stay away from I read a perfect slew of movie reviews.

I must say that, among all those reviews, Frederick James Smith's stand out. There are a few other reviewers as good as Mr. Smith, but not many.

When we come to the end of a year we like to look back and think of the films we enjoyed most.

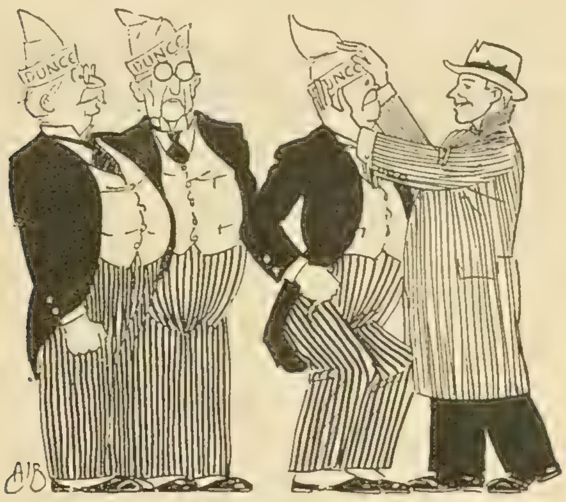
MOVIE MEDAL
AJB

That's why I particularly liked Mr. Smith's "Picture Postscripts of 1931"—his summary of the outstanding features of the year. If Mr. Smith will only come to Indianapolis we'll see that one of the prettiest girls of the town hands him out a medal for knowing his onions and his movies.—*Elisa.*

Pop

"The Reparations Myth"

DES MOINES, IOWA—"The Reparations Myth," by Chester T. Crowell, was interesting—that article in which he stated that it is not only economically impossible for the victor to collect full reparations from the vanquished, but that it has heretofore been considered too dangerous for the men in office to explain the reasons for the above so-called economic fact to the people. So they preferred to continue kidding us into believing we were going to collect for our losses in the war.



So it is economically impossible to collect full reparations from the defeated, is it? I'll bet old William Hohenzollern II would have found a way to get around that law, had he been given the chance!

However, my principal thought is that even though our average citizen may not be as smart as the men in power, at least he should be given the opportunity of learning the economic facts, and not be misled. Most of us are neither imbeciles nor morons, and, I believe, can be sold any idea that sounds reasonable. Why, then, need our public servants fear the difficulties of explaining the truth about our public affairs?

In this connection, the big shots that have been running the world's affairs are not so smart or things would not be in their present shape.—*E. O. Thorwaldson.*

UTICA, N. Y.—"The Reparations Myth," by Chester T. Crowell, was a masterly summary of certain mighty problems—a summary understandable by those of us of only moderate grasp; clear, precise, pertinent, and potent.—*George W. Browning, Sr.*

Answering the Critics of "A Cup of Water"

POMPTON LAKES, N. J.—It is an awesome thing to live unsuspected until the age of fifty-odd, and then to be unmasked as an Arch-Plagiarist. There's a certain macabre distinction, though, in having filched one story from such a huge array of sources. I think that is unique.

But Liberty doesn't yet know the full extent of my sin. The editors cite a story by Mr. Kummer (whose work, I'm ashamed to say, I've not read) and an old-time School Reader and a poem. But, during the past three days, I have had a letter from one Koenig inclosing a story which appeared years ago in The Argosy and called "The Last Drink of Pulque."

It tells of a gringo who asked his Mexican captor for a swig of pulque and who secured a promise he might live till it was all drunk, and who then threw it away.

Yesterday another reader told me of seeing my story in a book, in some library, when he was a boy. And presumably other counties remain to be heard from.

Now for the real source of my yarn: In 1893-94, when I was wandering around Syria, my dragoman, David Jamal, told me—as a truth, not a fiction yarn—of the capture of Ali Diab, the *badawi* d'Artagnan, by the *pashalik* cavalry; and of Ali Diab's saving his own life by luring the Bey into an oath that no harm should befall him until a cup of water be drunk by him to the dregs; and of his throwing the water on the sand.

Never elsewhere have I chanced upon the incident.

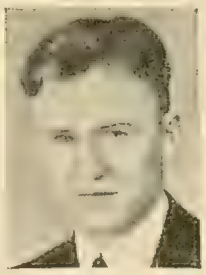
As it was told me as a real happening, I used it as basis of the short short story, "A Cup of Water."

That's where I got the plot. Nor have I read or heard the yarn elsewhere.—*Albert Payson Terhune.*

Why, Leonard!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You owe me five cents. "Twenty Questions" was missing from one issue of Liberty.

Either send me five cents at once, or have forty questions and answers in your next issue.


Leonard L. Tokle

I really enjoy your low publication at times, but I explain to my highbrow friends that I buy it only because I get a kick out of trying to answer "Twenty Questions" each week. If you ever decide to leave out the question-and-answer section permanently, I'll have to sneak back of the furnace to do my reading.—*Leonard L. Tokle.*

P.S.—The inclosed photograph shows how I felt after missing your questions.

Rehashing "To the Ladies!"

DENVER, COLO.—Are mere men allowed to express an opinion on your feminine feature, "To the Ladies!"? If so, I'd like to say that it's like hash—a little of everything.

Personally, I'm fond of hash!—*Walter.*

Off a Seaman's Chest

PORTLAND, ORE.—What kind of a sailor is Captain William Outerson? No doubt he is of the "iron men and wooden ships" age—but, at that, I don't like his seamanship.

As a sailor in the merchant service I'd like to ask a few questions as to his story, "Sheath Knife."

1. What was the third mate doing on deck, bossing the crew?

Merrill L. Robran

2. I've always thought that the third mate was on the 8 to 12 watch—not on duty before dawn.

3. Also, the second mate had no business on deck, as he is on the 12 to 4 watch always.

4. According to my schooling there's no such thing as a point on the "port beam"—it's either forward or aft of the beam.

5. It's the bosun's job to supervise the washing of decks, etc.

Oh, there were plenty of holes in his story. Now, maybe I'm wrong, as I have only been going to sea for ten years. Anyway, I think he's full of sea water. —*Merrill L. Robran.*

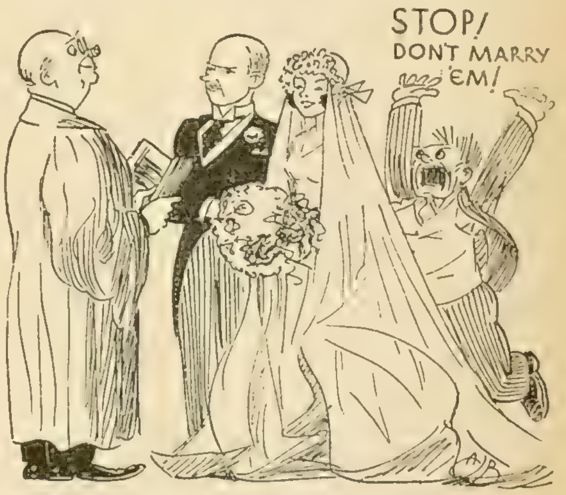
Uh-huh, and They Get It

TACOMA, WASH.—What do some of these chumps expect for a nickel—a magazine?—*Soapy Smith and Jack Lynn.*

Simple, Isn't It?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I read Margaret Moulton's two articles, "Why We Put Our Husbands in Jail" and "Why Our Wives Put Us in Jail."

The alimony law is a hundred years old, made to protect defenseless women. All this happened before the suffrage campaign. Margaret Moulton's articles make it even clearer than it was before that there ought to be a law protecting men from alimony queens and women's whims.



The only way out I see is, just don't marry; be a bachelor and stay one.—*E. Pfeiffen.*

MARY Had a

And She Also Had a Heart

By

JACKSON V. SCHOLZ

(*Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.*)

"YOU think, live, and dream engines!" said Mary furiously. "And if there was any way of cooking them nice and tender, you'd eat the darn' things!"

Sam considered this seriously. "No-o-o," he decided at last, "I think not. To me they're almost like human beings. I'd feel like a cannibal. And besides, a Diesel engine, if treated with reasonable consideration, never loses its temper and says silly things."

"Like a woman?"

"Like a woman."

Mary pushed down the shoulder straps of her bathing suit to insure an even tan.

"I'm *not* subdued," she stated positively. "And if necessary I'll fight it all out with you again. Do you love me, or don't you?"

"I do," said Sam. "I love every one of your hundred and thirteen pounds. I love your ruby lips, your pearly teeth, your pug nose—"

"It's not!"

"It starts to be—your raven locks, and your terrible disposition. Do you love me?"

"Of course. If I didn't how could I put up with both you and your engines?"

"Then what's all the shouting about?"

"I want to get married."

Sam tossed a handful of sand at the scuttling, ghostly shape of a sand crab. Tiny vertical lines deepened between his brows, and his sensitive lips compressed. There was a hint of stubbornness in the angle of his jaw. He gazed for some moments at the small two-passenger flying boat, dancing at anchor fifty yards from shore, as though the graceful little craft were somehow to blame for a situation which was not to his liking.

"So do I," he said at last. "We've discussed all that."

"Well?" The word had the sound of an ultimatum.

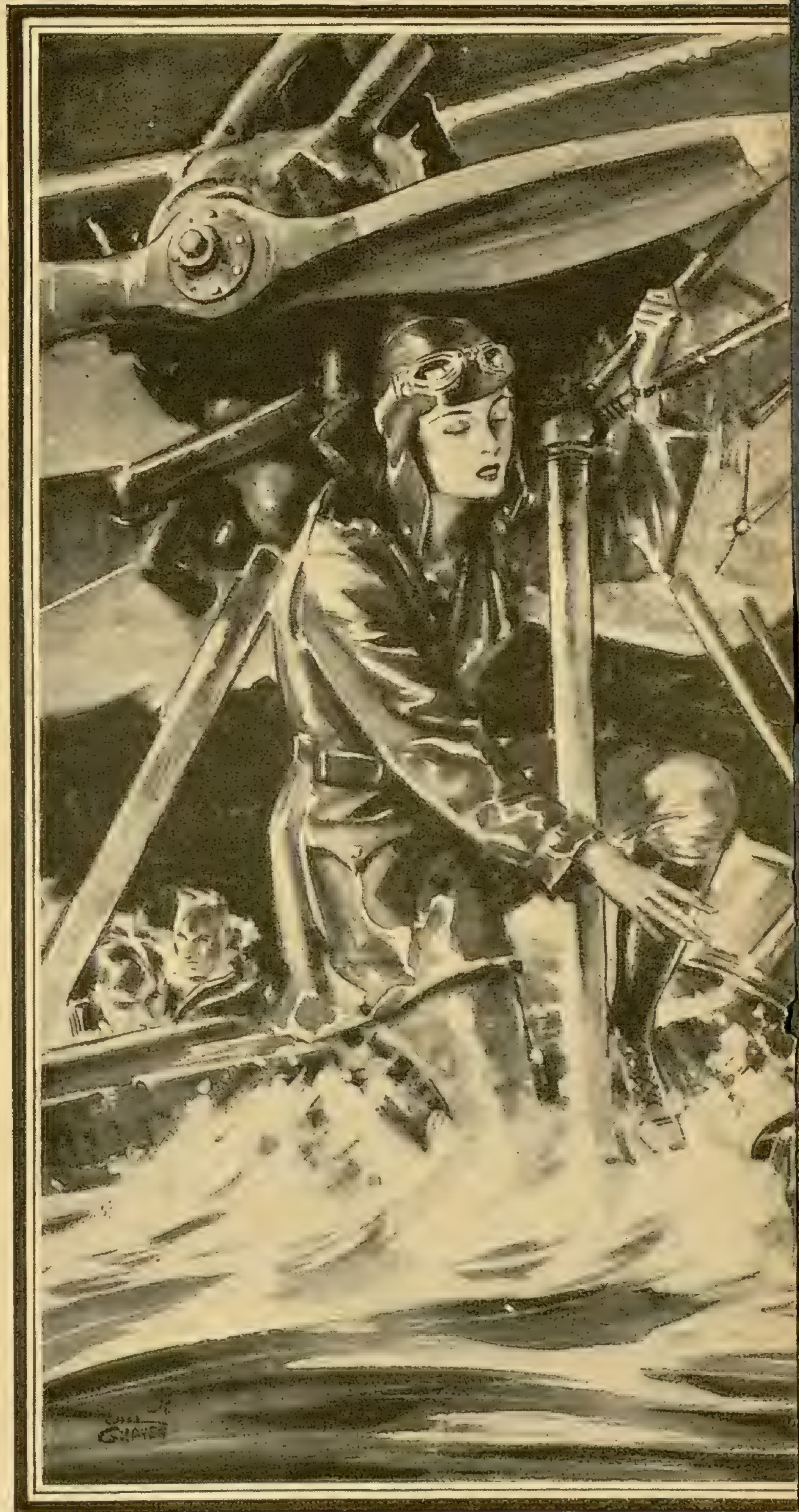
"It's better to wait," he said patiently. "I have two more years as a submarine commander, and then I'll leave the navy and step into the good job that's waiting for me. I can support you then. I can't now."

"Other junior-grade lieutenants are supporting wives and raising families right here in Honolulu. And you're getting diving pay besides."

"They all have a tough time making the ends meet, and a lot of them are up to their necks in debt."

"Sam, are you a snob?"

He smiled with quiet amusement and shook his head. "Hardly. The navy takes that out of a person. These men are my classmates, shipmates, and friends. I've never known a higher standard of living than I'm enjoying at present, and some of the best times I've ever had have been in the homes of these folks. They strike a fair average of happiness, I think—with the usual number of exceptions, good and bad. And the bad exceptions are those wherein one or both parties, without a sense of humor, try to lower their standard of living and get along on a sailor's pay."



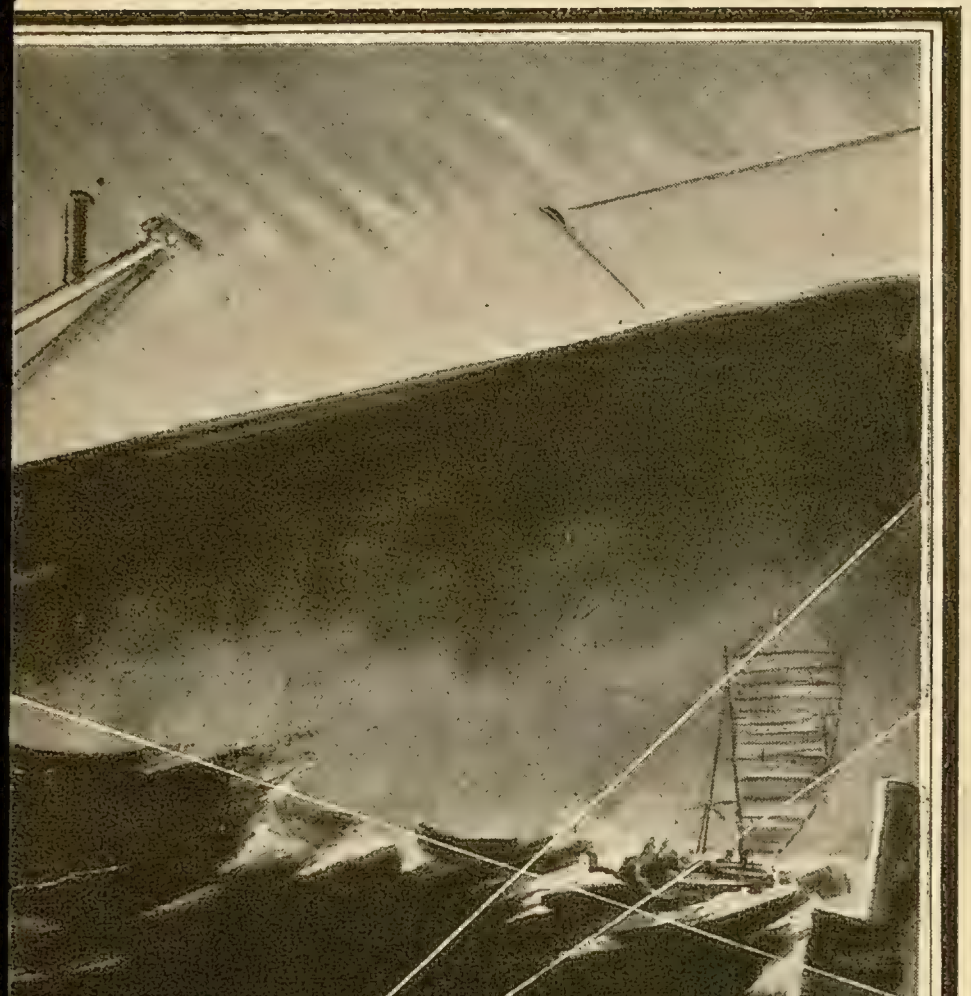
It was evident to Sam that she had been crying

"Which makes *me* the snob."

"I don't mean that," he hastened to correct her. "I only mean, Mary, that you've had everything you've wanted all your life." He gestured significantly toward the flying boat. "Your idea of the navy has, quite natu-

SEAPLANE

Pictures by
WILL GRAVEN



e had obviously made no attempt to disguise this.

rally, been formed through your brother Tom, who has enough money to buy a battleship if he wants one, and who has given you everything you've ever wished for."

"He's my half brother. His grandfather left it to him."

"Which is beside the point. Would you be willing to chuck it all and scrimp along on my salary for a couple of years, wondering where the next gallon of *okolehao* or the next case of ginger ale was coming from?"

Mary considered this, and shook her head. "No, I wouldn't," she admitted frankly. "But I'd do it."

"We'd be gambling with our happiness," Sam pointed out inflexibly. "Hadn't you rather wait until I could support you fairly comfortably, rather than move now into a four-room bungalow, do all your own work, give up your seaplane, and pay fifteen dollars for your dresses instead of a hundred and fifty?"

A barely perceptible quiver ran through Mary's body. Her gaze flicked for an instant in Sam's direction, then fastened unseeingly upon the far horizon of the ocean.

Finally she turned and faced him squarely. There was a ruthless, searching quality to the gray depths of her eyes. She arose swiftly to her feet.

"Shall we go?" she suggested. "It's getting rather late."

Sam was slightly bewildered by the sudden change. "But we haven't settled this thing yet," he persisted.

"I thought we had." Her voice was tired. "Come, let's go."

"But, Mary, listen! We—"

"Stop it!" She whirled upon him fiercely. "If you say any more I shall surely hate you! And I'm not so sure that I don't now!"

SHE ran to the water, waded through the low surf, pulled herself aboard the plane, and slipped into her flying suit. Sam followed, thoroughly befogged, his mathematically efficient mind balking mightily at this problem in higher metaphysics. He climbed in beside Mary, donned his dungarees, weighed and stowed the anchor, then cranked the motor. Mary taxied about a bit to warm the motor, then nosed the little craft into the wind and gave it the gun. It wallowed through the gentle swells, drenching them both with spray, then finally lifted to its step and took the air toward the towering, jagged cliffs beyond which lay the city of Honolulu.

Mary cleared the peaks with a good five hundred feet to spare, fighting the breath-taking bumps with a touch of true flying genius, and a short time later placed the little craft upon the smooth waters of Pearl Harbor and taxied up to the concrete apron. Her brother, with the authority of two and a half stripes and a pair of gold wings, had arranged for her to keep her ship at the flying base.

They left the plane, crossed by launch to the mainland, and Mary drove Sam around to the submarine base, both maintaining a stubborn silence.

"Have I got a date with you tonight?" Sam asked as he stepped from the car.

"You ought to know. You made it."

"I mean," he said patiently, "would you like to have me keep it?"

"You might as well. The Dillons are expecting us."

"I'll have to leave early. I'm making my full-power run tomorrow."

"Leave whenever you wish," she said indifferently.

The gears clashed, the rear wheels spun, and the roadster leaped away, leaving Sam watching it with worried, puzzled eyes as it sped between the upright torpedoes which flanked the gate.

At the Dillons' party, Sam drank more than he had intended to. It seemed the easiest way to offset the disagreeable sullen sensation that Mary's persistent strangeness aroused in him. He decided to settle the matter once for all, to have a show-down, to demand an explana-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARY HAD A SEAPLANE
Continued from page forty-seven]

tion. But Mary, seemingly sensing this, avoided him successfully throughout the evening.

He watched her dance with various men, and found difficulty in keeping his hands from the throat of a certain civilian, named Beal, who was holding her tighter than Sam thought necessary.

He was conscious of glances shot in his direction, for it was obvious enough that he and Mary had had a falling out of some sort. Fortunately no one mentioned it aloud until later in the evening, when the man Beal, whom Sam had never liked anyway, leered at Sam across the top of a glass.

"Y'oughta kiss an' make up," said he. "Mary's too nifty a girl to snoot. 'F ya don' want 'er, why not turn 'er over to me? We'd get along fine. I—"

But Sam interrupted him at this point by taking the glass gently from his fingers; and, before the other could muster his thoughts to inquire the reason, Sam, with an air of deep secrecy, led him through the door out on to the broad porch and from thence on to the lawn.

He then kicked his victim in the seat of the pants by way of warning, after which he knocked him down—and felt a lot better.

Sam was not aware that his assault and battery had been witnessed until he heard a startled squawk from the porch, followed by the slam of the screen door, which was evidence enough that the witness, whoever she was, had rushed in to spread the tidings.

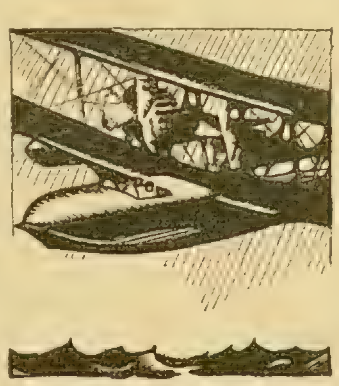
Sam was surrounded, therefore, upon his entrance, by an excited bunch of questioners whom he refused to answer. Mary was pale with silent fury.

"You'd better let her come home with Kitty and me, Sam," her brother suggested a short time later. "Mary's pretty upset for some reason or other, although I personally want to thank you for smacking that guy. He's been bothering her all evening."

"I'm sorry, Tom. I've made a four-point-O boob of myself tonight. I'll hike along now."

"Forget it, fella. Kitty and I had lots of scraps before we finally took the leap. You'll both be all right tomorrow. Good luck on your full-power run. So long!"

But the start of the run upon the following day was delayed by a loose bearing in one of the engines. It was five o'clock in the afternoon before the sweating, oil-smeared chief announced the Diesels to be running smoothly. Sam gave the order to shove off, and the submarine started upon its grueling trip wherein, once a year, the engines and the motors are tested to a reasonable limit of their capacity.



THE first stage of the run is twenty hours upon the surface at engine-cruising speed. Then a five-hour dive at motor-cruising speed, followed by another surface run of four hours at top engine speed. A crash dive is next, with an hour's submersion at top motor speed. Then, if everything has held together up to that point, the run is over and the submarine comes home rejoicing.

It is a credit to a skipper to bring an R-boat through a full-power run with everything intact; but this was not the uppermost thought in Sam's mind as he started the monotonous twenty-hour grind.

He was thinking principally of Mary, and twelve hours —deducting eight hours for sleep between his watches— should be sufficient time to arrive at a conclusion. But this was not the case. The best he could do was to assume that Mary's anger arose from the fact that she resented his suggestion of waiting a couple of years. But that solution was far from waterproof, because she had never acted like that when they had discussed the matter on previous occasions.

He had almost completed his five-hour dive late the following day. The junior officers and the crew were stepping lightly and giving lots of elbow room to their usually mild-tempered skipper, who was gradually developing an ornery streak of temperament.

Sam was at the periscope, slowly turning the tube for a 360-degree look. Suddenly he stopped, focused rapidly, then swore a couple of good nautical oaths.

The second officer was immediately at his side. "What do you see, cap'n?"

"Take a look!" Sam snapped. "A seaplane's down with a dead stick!"

The second officer squinted through the aperture, and grunted acknowledgment. "Isn't it—isn't it—uh—"

"It is!" said Sam sourly. "She's sore at me and is probably doing it on purpose."

"Will you pick her up?"

"What?" Sam exploded. "And break my run? Hell, no! Someone else'll see her. Carry on!"

But no one else did see her. For an hour Sam cruised back and forth upon his course, fuming audibly as the swift tropic dusk began to fall, and as the small plane, urged by an offshore breeze, drifted slowly out to sea. With his five-hour dive still uncompleted, he snapped an order to blow the tanks, and watched the depth gauge creep to zero.

BY delicate maneuvering he brought the nose of the submarine to the fragile hull of the flying boat, where Mary was able to clamber to the diving planes of the submarine, and from there to the deck. A line was made fast and the airplane was taken in tow. Mary climbed to the narrow bridge, and the tactful quartermaster requested and was granted permission to go below. The torpedo-room hatch popped open and several of the crew came out and loafed on the deck.

Mary was the first to speak:

"I suppose you believe that I broke your full-power run on purpose."

"What difference does it make?" said Sam, with more bitterness than he actually felt. "It's broken."

"I'm sorry," she said simply. "My gas line clogged. I couldn't clear it."

Sam glanced at her sharply. There was a weariness in her tone, and in the slender lines of her figure as she leaned with her elbows resting upon the rail, staring into the gathering darkness.

"I was a fool last night," he said at last, for the sake of argument. "I lost my head. I'd like to apologize."

There was a long silence.

"I am the one," she said, "who should apologize, not you. But an apology seems so futile and silly. It's a serious thing, Sam, to suddenly awake and find yourself to be a contemptible little fraud."

"Mary!"

"Please, Sam. Let me finish. I believed I was in love with you—believed it thoroughly —and I was terribly, terribly proud to be capable of an emotion of that sort. I believed it until you kept forcing me to consider the things I didn't want to. I was a coward—afraid to face them. And when I finally did, I hated you!"

"But, Mary—" Sam was groping helplessly.

"I hated you because you made me hate myself!" she said fiercely. "I realized that you were right—that I was too spoiled, too mean, too selfish to want to live without the things that I'm accustomed to. So I took it out on you. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. No woman likes to learn that she's contemptible, and she certainly doesn't thank the person who points it out. At least I'm honest."

"Then you don't—love me?" The words cost Sam an effort.

"As much as I ever did," she answered quickly. "Apparently I love myself more than I do you, or I'd never consider these petty other things. I'm not proud of it, but we've got to face it."

"You mean *I've* got to face it," Sam said bleakly. "I haven't changed."

"I mean we both must," she insisted. "I don't love anyone else, and I probably never will. Do you think it's easy for me to look ahead, to face a future without any hope of actually loving anyone more than I do myself?"

"You could learn to," Sam urged gently. "Marry me.

Marry me tomorrow. You'll find that all your silly ideas amount to nothing."

"I—I wouldn't dare. I'm afraid!"

Sam laughed a trifle wildly.

"It isn't funny," she reproved.

"It is if you have a sense of humor," he said bitterly. "Yesterday you were anxious to get married, and I, like a jackass, was afraid. I actually talked you out of it. And now my brilliant argument is coming back to hit me like a boomerang. Don't you think that's funny?"

"No!"

"And today I'm the one who is talking matrimony and you're the one who is afraid. Are we both crazy?"

"I'm horribly sane, and horribly unhappy."

"Then you won't marry me?"

"Oh, Sam, my dear, I can't! Not right away."

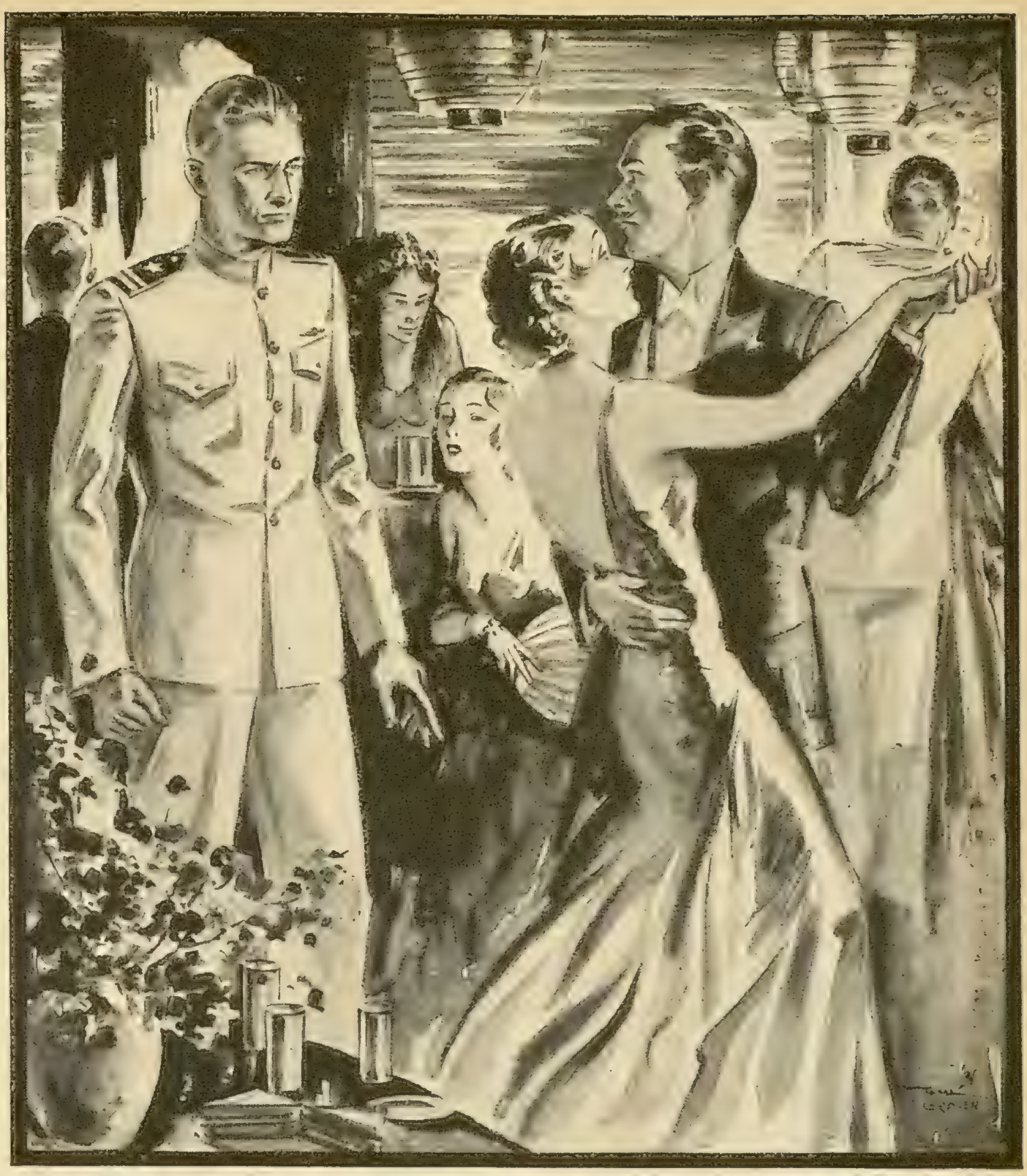
"You mean we're through."

"Sam!"

"YOU said yourself that we'd better face it, Mary. You said that you were afraid—afraid of yourself. I'll admit that it was my original suggestion to delay our marriage. But I was thinking only of your comfort. I never actually doubted your ability to go through with it."

"I'm sorry," she said tartly, "to disillusion you. But I believe you're being a bit dramatic. There's no reason why we shouldn't see each other. I thought—"

"You thought we could compromise," he cut in. There was a brittle quality to his tone. "You thought that I'd be glad to hang around, to be on hand in case you changed your mind again."


He watched her dance, and found difficulty in keeping his hands from the throat of a certain civilian.

"You're being nasty."

"I'm not trying to," he said more gently. "I appreciate your frankness, Mary, and I think it was sporting of you to tell me. I know it's tough for you, and—and I believe you can guess how badly it hurts me. But, frankly, I don't want to be hurt any more than I have been, and each time that I was with you, after this, I'd go through it all again. It's asking too much."

"I—I won't ask it, then." Her face was averted and the words were scarcely above a whisper. Sam believed she was crying, but it was too dark, now, to tell for sure, and the head and shoulders of the quartermaster appeared at that moment through the round hatch of the conning tower. They were approaching the entrance to the channel.

"Shall I take it in, sir?"

"No; I'll do it." And then, as an afterthought, "Stand by."

Sam called an order down the speaking tube to have the steering shifted from the central control chamber to the electrical device upon the bridge. He welcomed the delicate task of navigating the narrow waterway. It gave him the excuse to keep his eyes grimly ahead, and the presence of the sailor forbade further discussion on an unpleasant subject.

Sam suffered the following week. He plumbed a depth of misery which he had not believed existed. He held long, fierce controversies within his mind.

There were times when he cursed himself for the stand he had taken, times when it seemed that he would go insane without the touch of her hand or the flash of her smile. And there were other, lucid moments when he commended his decision.

Three separate times he started for Honolulu; but each time he turned his car before it reached the outer gate. He circulated between his boat, the executive offices, and the old battleship Chicago, which had been converted into quarters for the submarine officers.

He became surly and uncommunicative, driving his crew unmercifully. Nothing satisfied him except perfection, and that was hard to find.

HE set out again upon his full-power run and completed it successfully, learning thereby that cruising served as a temporary narcotic to his ragged nerves. There was something soothing about the infinite, placid stretch of ocean and the salty breeze. There was solitude in the frequent dives, renunciation of the entire world in those hushed, silent trips below the surface of the sea.

At such times Sam liked to remain alone in the conning tower, staring through the small glass port into the translucent greenness of the water, watching the bubbles come hurtling back from the gun mount and superstructure.

He was standing here, one day, when his far-away thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a call from below. He glanced down through the hatch and saw the second officer beckoning urgently. Sam hurried down the ladder into the central control chamber with its myriad valves, gauges, and levers.

The second officer surrendered his position at the periscope. "A seaplane has just landed alongside, sir."

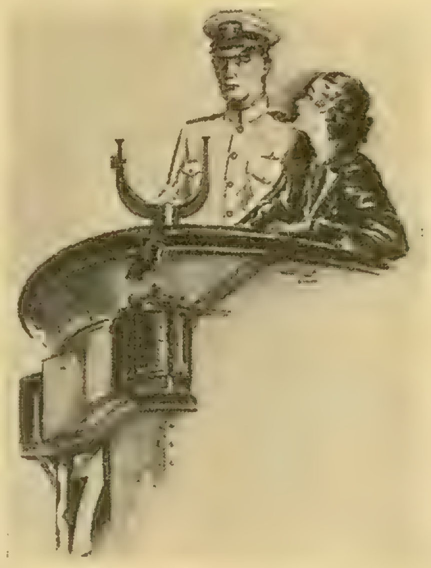
Sam placed his eye to the lens, turned the tube an inch or so, then froze to attention. His first reaction was a breathless tumbling of his heart, because it was the first time he had seen Mary in eight long days. She was taxiing along, regulating her speed to that of the peri-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

MARY HAD A SEAPLANE
Continued from page forty-nine

scope. But it was her frantic gestures that snapped Sam from his trance and transformed him once more into the submarine commander with thirty lives in his keeping. He leaped from the periscope, barking orders.

In a matter of seconds the torpedo compartment and the forward battery compartment had been cleared and the clamps thrown home on the water-tight doors between. The steering wheel was being thrown hard over, the tanks were being blown, a man was standing by at the conning-tower hatch, and the radio operator was crouched at his instrument. The fragile boat struck with a horrible, grinding impact. The nose lurched into the air, and for a sickening moment the craft threatened to roll completely over. Men were thrown into panicky, cursing heaps in the crowded control chamber. But when the boat, with a shudder, righted itself, Sam brought order from the chaos through the sheer savagery of his commands.



The depth gauge told that the submarine had reached the surface, and frantic shouts from the conning tower informed him that the hatch was open, although the dangerous tilting of the deck meant tons of water pouring into the forward compartments.

Then came the deadly gas, released from the batteries as salt water mixed with the acid. Man after man Sam sent scuttling up the ladder, calling them by name to prevent them from fighting for the chance to leave the death trap. Vaguely Sam wondered if there would be time for him. His fist crashed to the face of a sailor unwilling to await his turn.

The deck was tilting to a dangerous angle. It trembled now and then as it settled swiftly. Footing was difficult. The gas was rising, reaching choking fingers toward his throat. Three more men! Sam drove the officers aloft, then yanked the half-conscious radio man from his booth and sent him up. His own chance now! A grisly nightmare of awful effort as his feet groped for the oily, slippery rungs.

THE ascent was interminable. He was dizzy, half strangled from the fumes below; but strong hands met him in the conning tower and lifted him toward other hands which dragged him through the hatch.

The air revived him. He drew long, grateful lungfuls. He heard a voice say, "She's going down! We've got to swim for it!" And then he found himself in the water.

A strong swimmer on each side supported and headed him toward what remained of Mary's flying boat. Sam stared in amazement to note that the hull had almost entirely disappeared and that the craft was being kept afloat by the buoyancy of the lower wing, which was resting upon the water. All about the wing were the members of the crew, keeping themselves afloat until help arrived. They hooked Sam's arm about a strut. "Is everybody here?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, every one of them. Sparks said he got through an S O S, so they'll be out after us pretty soon."

"Good! Where's—" But he raised his eyes and saw her at that moment. She was sitting cross-legged upon the lower wing beneath the engine, regarding him.

It was evident to Sam that she had been crying. She had obviously made no attempt to disguise this. But it was the expression in her eyes that caught and held his attention.

It was an expression of exquisite satisfaction and contentment. She smiled at Sam, and Sam thrilled to the soles of his water-filled shoes as he read her strictly confidential message. He was quite unconscious of the R-23's last plunge.

THE navy planes were first on the scene. Then came the speed boats, roaring along in smothers of spray.

Sam and Mary had the hooded cockpit of a captain's barge all to themselves on the homeward trip.

"You—you saved a lot of lives today," he began awkwardly.

"I was lucky to be there," she said simply. "It was a water-logged fishing sampan floating just below the surface. I could see it from the air, but of course you couldn't see it from the periscope. And, besides, it was your quick work that saved the men. They said so themselves."

Sam hastily changed the subject, because it wasn't what he wanted to talk about, anyway. "How did your plane happen to sink?" he asked.

"I pounded a hole in the bottom with a wrench."

"Huh?"

"Of course. I could see that there wouldn't be enough surface for all the men to get a hold. The hull was much too slippery; but the lower wing was just the thing."

"That took brains and nerve," said Sam with a touch of pride. "But your plane is gone."

Mary laughed. "Who cares? Do you?"

Sam tried to frame an answer, but Mary slipped into the willing circle of his arm. "Oh, Sam, we've been such fools!"

Sam grunted an affirmative.

"I've missed you so!" she cried softly, her face pressed against his shoulder. "I came out today just in the hope of waving to you. But—but when I waited through a thousand lifetimes for you to come out of that awful submarine, I knew then that I—I didn't want to live unless you did come out!"

"There, there, dear! It's all right now. We've both been foolish, but it's an easy thing to remedy."

"Oh, Sam! When?"

"Tomorrow if you say so."

"It's a long time off, but maybe I can wait."

THE END

Solution of Last Week's Yardleygram

"I HAVE the solution to the inscription," Russell finally told his instructor. "I first wrote in vertical columns the letters of the alphabet immediately following each letter of the cipher. I then searched the horizontal lines for words. I discovered that the first word is in line 1, that the second is in line 2, that the third is in line 1, and so on. Here is the work sheet showing my method."

GDQDJGCLZQHNMEPYFYKZMCNPGLACUNMZSCJMU
*here*khd*marion* fqzgz l*and* oqhmbd *von* atdknv
lie *graham* *prince* *buelow*

"Prince von Buelow, then, was an impostor," Russell concluded.

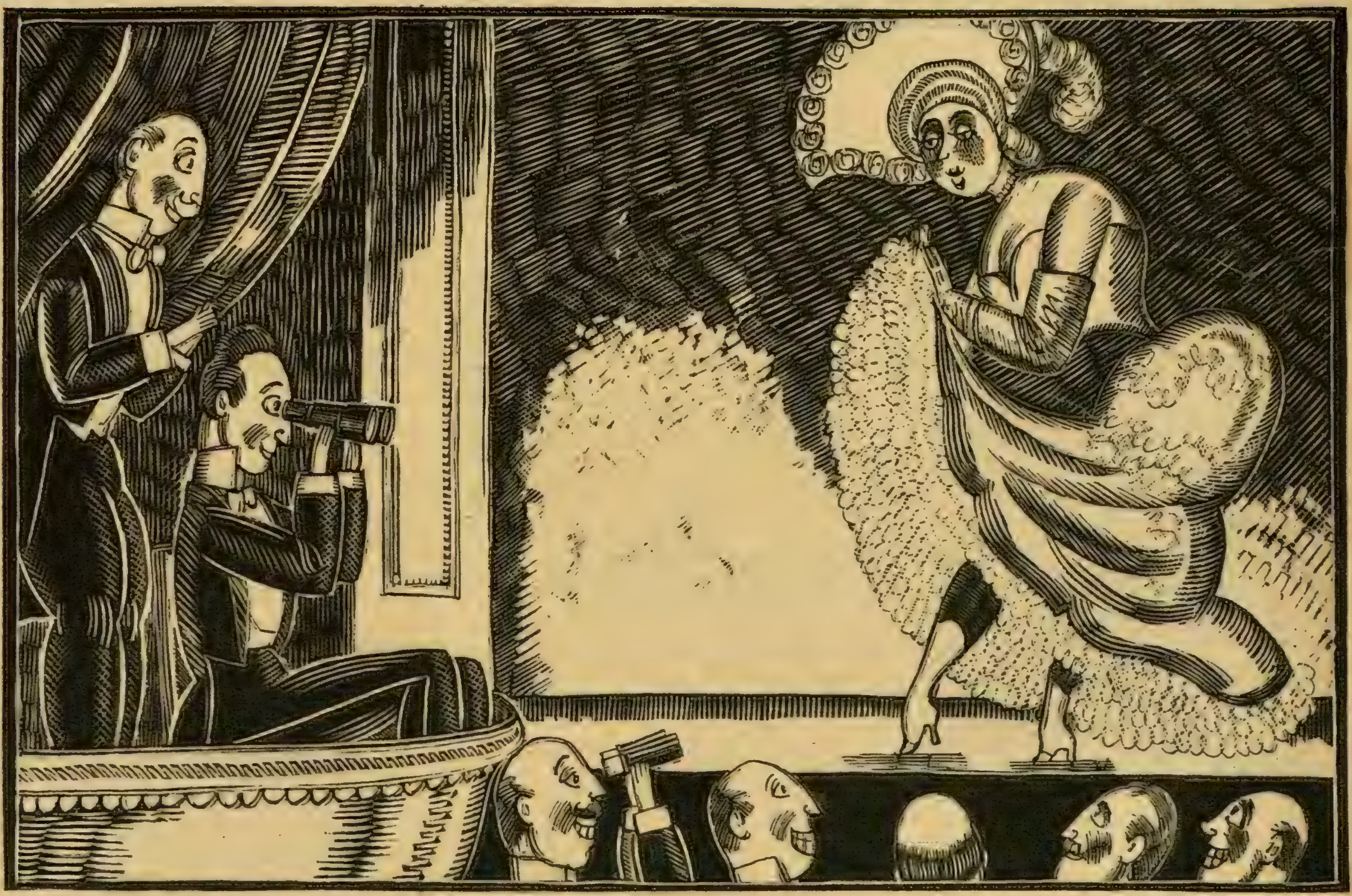
"Yes. Disguised as Major Riddle, he had taken the latter's confidential position at the White House. Papers that were later found in his office clearly revealed the ramifications of his communication with important spies."

"But what became of the real Major Riddle?"

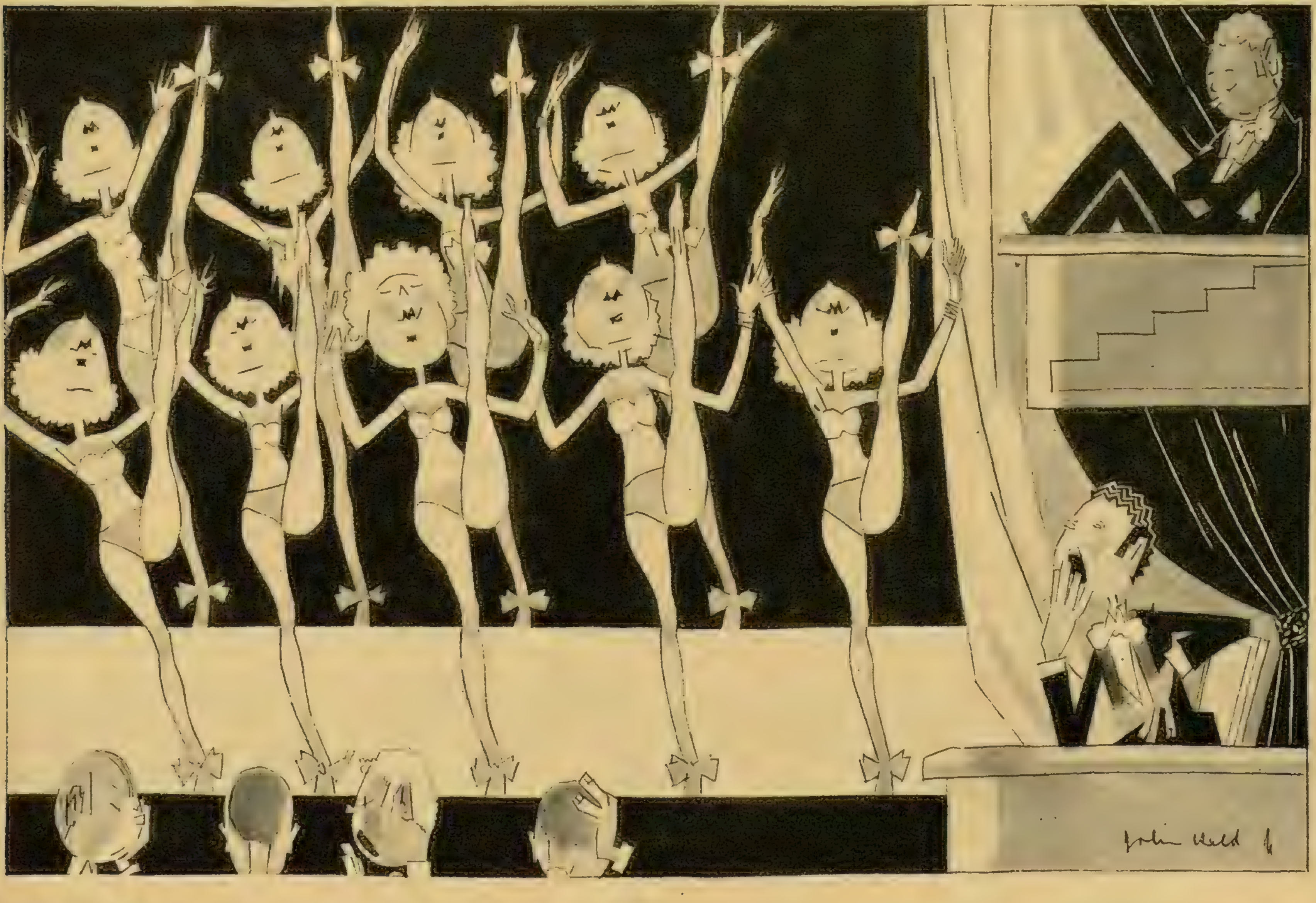
"Not long thereafter the seas washed his body on the sands of Virginia Beach. He had been dead for over a month, shot through the heart."

ANOTHER YARDLEYGRAM WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



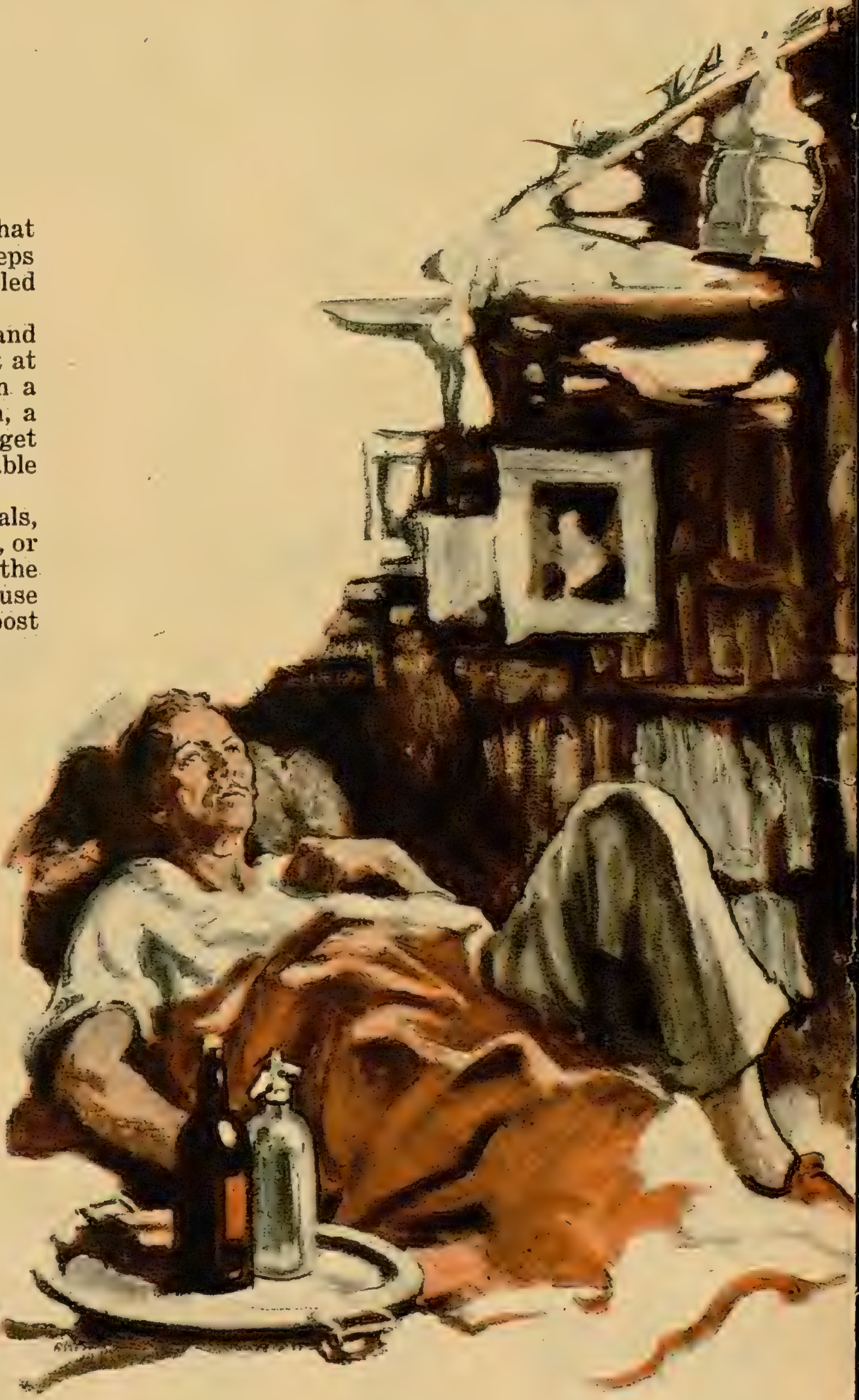
The Ankle—and the sensation its showing caused in the older days



The Modern Ankle—its importance today is of no importance

M'Sus the Myst

The Story of a Man Who Died Twice



(Reading time: 10 minutes 45 seconds.)

A LOT of things happen in Africa. The spell of that country is stronger than any drug, and she keeps her secrets well; but many years ago I stumbled across one of them.

I'd landed in Durban with an English return ticket and sixty pounds in my pocket. Most of the money went at once on the purchase of a horse, astride which, with a revolver that I didn't know how to use, a toothbrush, a comb, and a clean shirt, I started riding north. I forget what happened to that horse, but I was lent innumerable others.

Eventually, sleeping in police camps and native kraals, sometimes escorted by a friendly chief, a Boer farmer, or a contingent of local troopers, I found myself on the banks of the Blood River—so called, I believe, because of the tragedy of Isandhwana, where a British outpost was slaughtered by Zulus.

A mounted policeman had insisted on accompanying me from the last post, and I remember we had some difficulty in fording the river. The shadows were lengthening as we clambered up the valley under the sinister cone of Isandhwana.

"There's a missionary somewhere in this direction," volunteered the policeman. "We'll have to camp with him tonight."

For another hour we picked our way between boulders and gaunt gray bushes which snatched at us with inch-long thorns. Just before sunset we reached the mission station, a couple of mud huts in a grove of thick-leaved *m'pane* trees. A long young man in khaki came out to meet us. He was polite, but obviously uneasy. With his hand on my horse's neck, he looked across at the trooper.

"I don't know that I ought to let you stay here tonight. It's full moon."

"Well, what about it?" returned my companion, preparing to dismount.

"I'm expecting trouble," said the missionary, who would have made a very good subaltern.

"What d'you mean?"

"Well, the Zulus have been decorating my 'gooseberry' bushes with some pretty significant emblems."

The eyes of the two men met, and the policeman whistled.

"So that's it, is it?"

Not far away a drum was beating. The rhythm was so monotonous that I had hardly noticed it.

"Sounds as if they were up to some mischief in the kraals," he continued. "Perhaps it is a good thing we came along. A couple of revolvers won't be amiss."

But the missionary intervened with a decisive: "I'm going to manage this alone, thank you, and there'll be no bloodshed."

"Except your own," suggested the trooper.

The long young man smiled. "I dare say I can avoid that, but you must get on before the light goes. If you do a bit of hustling you'll reach old M'Sus' place. He'll give you a shakedown and you'll be safe up there. I don't want to seem inhospitable, but—"

He turned my horse's head, and I realized that protests would be a waste of breath.

The trooper, however, flung himself out of the saddle, and for a few moments the men talked in a language I couldn't understand. Then the missionary, still smiling, succeeded in hurrying us along a trail which led upward.

"There you are," he directed at a corner. "Straight on over the shoulder and then it's easy going."

Below us in a clearing the native village was deserted. The round mud huts, roofed with thatch, looked like mushrooms. Nothing could be less sinister. But the drum, louder now and more insistent, had a curious effect on my nerves. I believe I clutched the missionary's arm. I know we both begged him to come with us, and he laughed at us, bareheaded and incredibly sunburned, so that his eyes looked lighter than his skin.

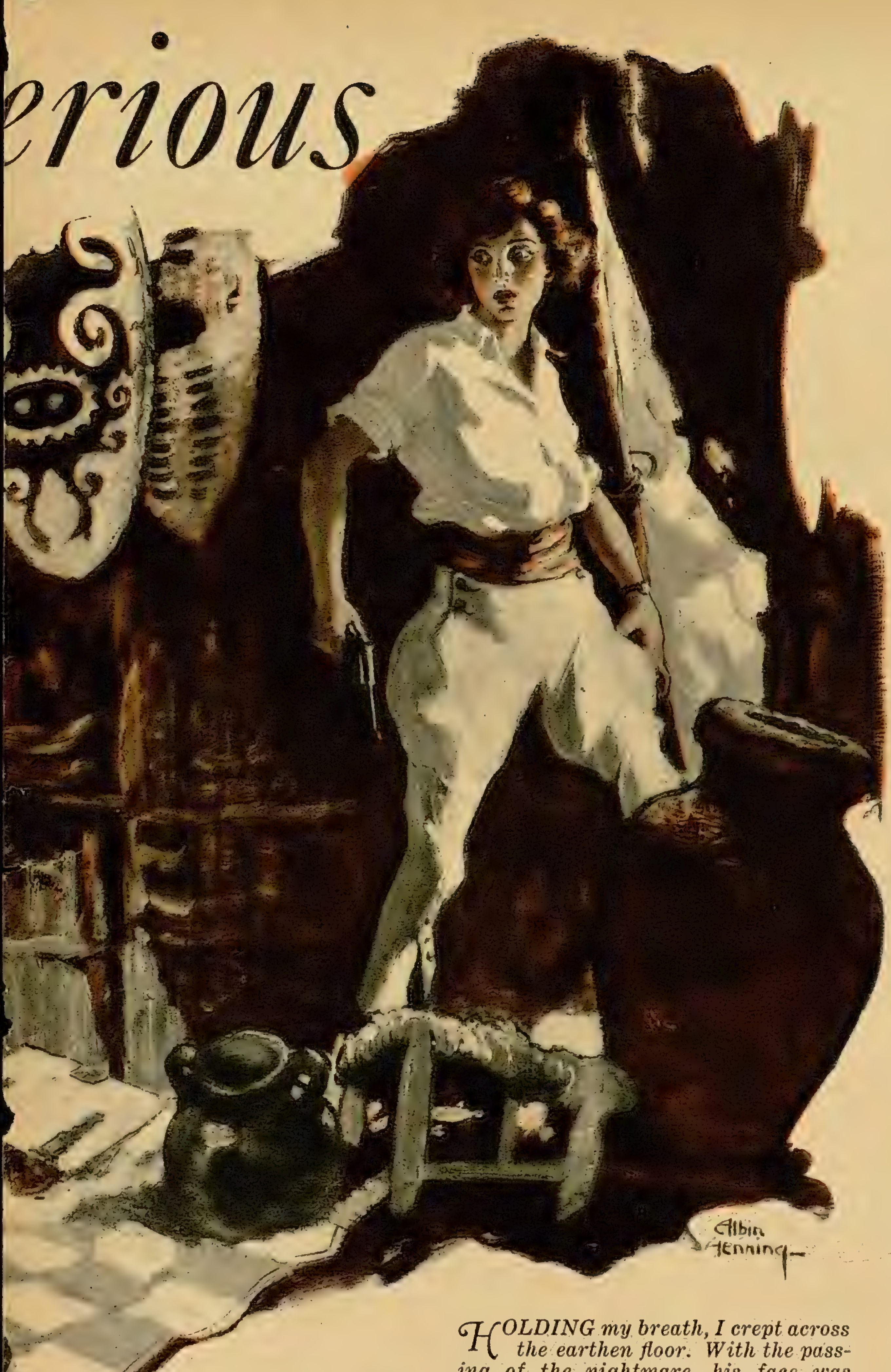
"I'll be all right. It's my job, you know. I can't run away from it."

erious

By

ROSITA FORBES

Picture by
ALBIN HENNING



HOLDING my breath, I crept across the earthen floor. With the passing of the nightmare, his face was smoothed into a curious familiarity.

The African night came so suddenly that it seemed as if a cloth had dropped over us. In the star-powdered darkness my curiosity got the better of me, and bit by bit I elicited from my reluctant companion a description of Zulu ceremonial which left nothing to the imagination.

Put crudely, it came to this. When a victim was marked down—either because he interfered with the local magician or because the kraals thought they'd had enough of civilization and were due for an orgy of sorts—he was warned by finding, spread upon a convenient bush, portions of the human anatomy, for the provision of which a girl had previously, and without any fuss at all, been dismembered.

In due course we arrived at a collection of shaky-looking huts. The trooper shouted and there was no answer. "The fellow who owns this place is a bit queer," vouchsafed the man as he dismounted. "We call him M'Sus because nobody knows his name. He's gone native all right, but what he was originally the Lord only knows."

After much stamping and knocking, a flicker of light appeared in one of the huts and a man slouched into the opening. He was so loosely built that his bones seemed to be held together by skin which hung in pouches and was accordion-pleated round every visible joint. He made us welcome, and indicated, in monosyllabic and curiously slurred English, some mats on which we could sleep. Later he produced a meal, and while we sat round a table with a broken leg I had an opportunity to study his sun-scorched face, surmounted and surrounded by a thatch of stubble, out of which wisps of hair broke with the effect of comets.

CONVERSATION flagged, and I amused myself by speculating as to the origin of our host. Something Levantine, I supposed, but his bulk was against it. A half-caste Dutchman, perhaps.

It was with a certain amount of discomfort that I received the trooper's sudden announcement: "Look here. I'll have to go back and see what's happening to that missionary chap. I can't leave him to face those devils on his own."

Of course I offered to go with him. I felt it would be much less terrifying than remaining alone with the unkempt, almost inarticulate creature who stared at me with a concentrated intensity which I found embarrassing. However, it's no use arguing with a certain kind of Englishman when his mind is made up.

Within a few minutes the trooper was pressing a tired horse down the track, and I was regarding some bedding and a none too clean pillow spread on the floor. My host produced a piece of candle and a basin full of water in which paddled a frantic cockroach. The man's movements were slow, and when he had stuck the dip upright in its own tallow he dragged himself out of the hut as if he were hampered by a burden.

I considered my lodging, which obviously had been recently inhabited by chickens. The moonlight streamed through a hole in the round mud wall, emphasizing the condition of the blankets. I had no desire to sleep in them; so, for want of something better to do, I began to rummage among a pile of oddments.

Monstrous insects scurried out of the dust, and I

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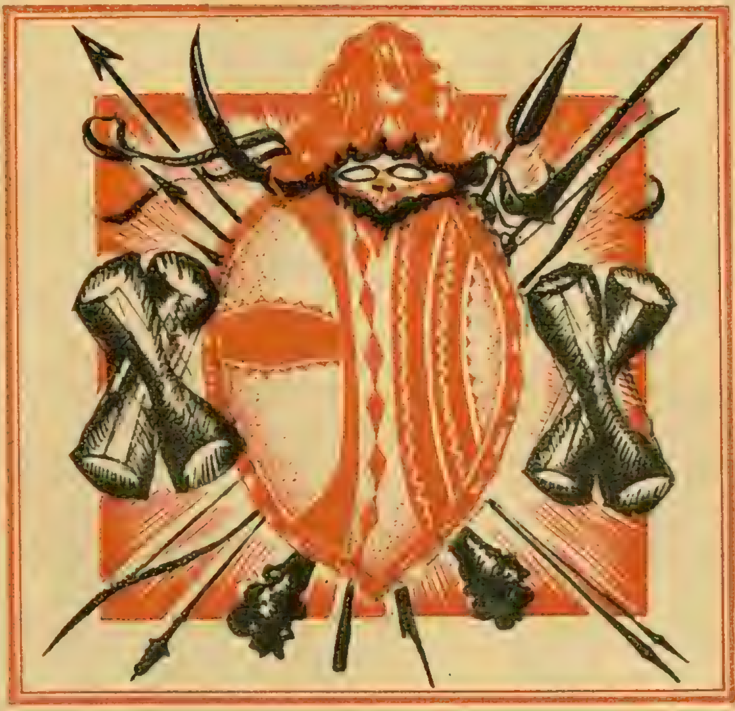
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

dropped a box which I had thought of using as a dressing table. Some yellowed photographs fell out of it. They looked as if they'd not been touched for years. As I pushed them back into the accumulated mess of sand and cockroach scales, I noticed that one was a regimental group.

It represented a dozen officers of a famous regiment, with a royal personage in the center. One of the faces seemed vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place it; and as several of those pests called "silverfishes" squirmed out of the cardboard, I put it hurriedly into the box.



Having tied up the end of the pillow so that its animal contents should not escape, I slept fitfully, and was awakened by a sound which shivered up my spine into my throat. With my knees gathered under me, I listened, and I was very much afraid.

In one of the other huts, which sprawled like fungus over half an acre, somebody was shrieking. It was a horrible noise, and my heart thudded a painful accompaniment. I was positive that the somebody was either being slowly murdered or, at least, suffering acutely from some more commonplace cause.

Gripping my revolver in fingers unnaturally cold, I crept out of the hut and forced my stockinged feet across the earth until I stood within a yard or two of the hut, from which now issued incoherent groans.

"It must be appendicitis," I assured myself by way of comfort. But those sighs and broken shrieks sounded more like dissolution. However, I dragged myself into the hut, and found that I was shaking so hard I had to lean against the wall. The father of all cockroaches scuttled over my foot; but otherwise the hut was deserted, except for a figure which heaved and shook in the farther corner.

An English voice cried out a name, and before I'd recovered from the surprise of it I found myself staring at the opposite wall, where a woman's photograph, browned at the edges and seamed with the runnels of insects, looked at me. It was a beautiful face, and the name which the sleeper muttered was an unusual one.

HOLDING my breath, but nearly deafened by the drumming in my ears, I crept across the earthen floor. The man whom I'd imagined Dutch or Levantine had turned on to his back, and with the passing of the nightmare, which judging from his yells must have been as terrifying to him as to me, his face was smoothed into a curious familiarity. I found myself trying to dissociate the essential features from the sun-blackened skin, the pouches under the eyes, and the thicket of hair.

Back in my own hut, I compared the face of the wastrel known as M'Sus with that of the youngest officer in the regimental group. I had no doubt that the two were identical; so I committed to memory the initials and double-barreled surname written under the portrait.

Sunrise brought the trooper and the missionary, the latter astride a quadruped which looked as if something had been omitted by mistake. Their night had been more eventful than mine; for the whole village had turned out with drums and spears.

"It was a good show," said the missionary, with satisfaction.

"You should have heard him talk," growled the trooper; from which I gathered that it was words—not bullets—which had finally insured their safety.

I didn't see our host that morning, though I postponed our departure till the trooper's patience broke down.

"If you're waiting for M'Sus, I'll tell you he's had the jimjams pretty badly and he's three parts soused now. That's his trouble—the bottle. He makes a living selling drink to the natives, in return for illicit ivory, feathers, and hides; but a lot of the stuff goes down his gullet! Let's be off before he raises Cain. He's an ugly customer after one of his bouts."

. . . . .

ALL this happened in June, 1914. I got back to England at the end of that madly gay season by which prewar Mayfair hoped to cheat its sense of impending disaster. And at the last great parties crammed into the final days of July I found myself unconsciously looking for a woman's face.

But I didn't see it till a year later.

By that time I was driving an ambulance in France, and passing through Paris I treated myself to a play. From the dimness of a red-upholstered box a woman watched the stage. I recognized her at once.

Fortunately, I had various acquaintances in the audience, and one of them insisted, "But you must know who she is"—following the assertion with a string of biographical details.

It appeared that she was a very famous lady, married to a Crœsus thirty years older than herself.

Looking at the porcelain delicacy of the face against the crimson curtain, I said, "I wonder why she did it?"

The man at my elbow was loquacious. "She was engaged to somebody else, I believe, and either she threw him over or he took to drink—I don't remember which—perhaps both. In any case, she's in the right place now. She'd be wasted as anything but a peeress."

"What's her Christian name?" I asked.

He told me. It was the one the man in Zululand had cried out in the nightmare.

And that's all I know about the story for certain. But, being absurdly young at the time, I used to plan a sentimental ending. I'm afraid I committed Crœsus to the grave, and I restored M'Sus to the semblance of an officer in a celebrated regiment.

I awarded him the V. C. and provided a romantic setting for the inevitable reunion.

None of this happened except in my imagination. But right at the end of the war I happened to be studying the casualty lists, and on the tragic roll I found the double-barreled name with the initials I had committed to memory four years previously in a Zulu hut.

It belonged to an Australian trooper killed in Palestine.

I learned, later on, that the man known as M'Sus had disappeared a few months after my visit; and I remembered with satisfaction the number of boats sailing between South Africa and Australia.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

That Artistic Effect

For the third time I said to my little son, "Run quickly and wash your hands for dinner."

He looked his hands over and then returned the verdict:

"Mother, they aren't really dirty—just kinda blurred."—Mrs. H. S. Hackney, 2107 Berkeley Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

* * *

He Thought Layers Should Lie

I sent my son, aged four, out to see if the chickens had gone to bed yet, as I wished to shut them up for the night. He came running back.

"They're in there, mama," he said, "but they aren't laid down yet."—Mrs. Gerald R. Grace, Basalt, Colo.

LAST CHANCE TO WIN!

$1,100 FOR A SNAPSHOT

$5,000 HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

Fourth Week's Prize Winners!

$100 FIRST PRIZE

(Above)

E. J. Hamme,
Chicago, Ill.

$10 SECOND PRIZES

Nick Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; Bill Gibson, Pleasanton, Calif.; Emil Giraud, Lake Forest, Ill.; A. C. Hemenway, Rockford, Ill.; Charles Kunzelman, Norfolk, Va.; Joseph E. Leach, Greenville, S. C.; Louis S. Michael, Springdale, Pa.; Mrs. H. M. Rock, Algoma, Wis.; Lewis Shawe, St. Paul, Minn.; Helen S. Williams, Rochester, N. Y.

$5 THIRD PRIZES

Cora E. Adair, Nevada, Mo.; F. R. Adams, Watsontown, Pa.; Cyril C. Agee, Washington, D. C.; C. W. Allen, Indianapolis, Ind.; Allan F. Barney, Chicago, Ill.; S. S. Bigler, New Philadelphia, Ohio; Ray Blain, Washington, D. C.; Eugene C. Brown, Montpelier, Idaho; Mrs. Rich A. Brown, Bellevue, Wash.; William Buford, Ft. Smith, Ark.; Jacob B. Busser, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. J. N. Cooke, Glen Rock, N. J.; P. W. Cornelius, Indianapolis, Ind.; A. H. Cox, Seattle, Wash.; G. M. Cross, Newton Center, Mass.; William S. Goenlank, New York City; August Grenert, Holyoke, Mass.; Mrs. William R. Gunby, Tampa, Fla.; J. Hardcastle, Utica, N. Y.; Leon G. Hayes, St. Louis, Mo.; Robert E. Jansen, Champaign, Ill.; Mrs. Marie Jennings, Sylvatus, Va.; Mrs. J. N. Johns, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Carl T. Julien, Greenwood, S. C.; Mrs. H. P. Kelley, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Val H. Kendall, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. W. T. Knight, Jr., Savannah, Ga.; Robert Leavitt, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. L. McArthur, Lakewood, Ohio; Glenn W. Murray, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. Hal L. Pogue, Stege, Calif.; B. M. Purrington, Bridgeton, N. J.; Wayland F. Richardson, Syracuse, N. Y.; August Smith, Toledo, Ohio; Warren Transue, Los Angeles, Calif.; Wellington Walker, Stratford, Conn.; John W. Webb, Oak Park, Ill.; Desmond Whyte, Gilbert Plains, Manitoba, Can.; Gertie Woodruff, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

THIS is the final week of the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest! You still have an excellent chance to win this week's $100 cash first prize and the $1,000 cash grand prize or any of the fifty other substantial cash awards. Get busy today!

Winners of the fourth week of this series, which closed on December 26, are announced on this page, and three of the prize snapshots are reproduced as well. Undoubtedly there's a scene somewhere about your home that will place you in the money. Find it. Snap it. Send it in!

Keep in mind the $1,000 grand prize for the best snapshot of the entire series. By winning the $100 this week you will become a candidate for the $1,000 as well. Think of it! A chance to win $1,100 for a single snapshot. The chance of a lifetime! But if you don't enter you can't win!

Although this week concludes the Home Life Snapshot Contest, each week Liberty will print the names of prize winners as rapidly as the awards are made. In the meantime, see Liberty next week for a new and diverting contest for easy-to-win cash prizes!

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize (Every Week)	$100
10 Second Prizes (Every Week) Each $10	100
40 Third Prizes (Every Week) Each $5	200
51 Prizes Weekly	$400
TOTAL FOR 10 WEEKS:	$4,000
Extra, Grand Prize for best snapshot of entire contest	$1,000
TOTAL PRIZES	$5,000

AMONG THIS WEEK'S $10 WINNERS

Above: Mrs. H. M. Rock of Algoma, Wis., proves there's money in potatoes.

Below: Comfort and content pictured by A. C. Hemenway, Rockford, Ill.

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

1—Each week for ten weeks LIBERTY will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life photographs submitted by non-professional photographers.

2—Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3—There is no restriction as regards size of prints to be submitted. Enlargements are permissible, but in the case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4—Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 19, 1931, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you automatically agree that in case of a photograph submitted by you being considered for a prize you will, upon request, supply LIBERTY Weekly with the negative from which the print was made. Such negatives will be returned if so desired.

5—Submit as many prints as you wish. Write full name and address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of LIBERTY Weekly for reproduction wherever desired.

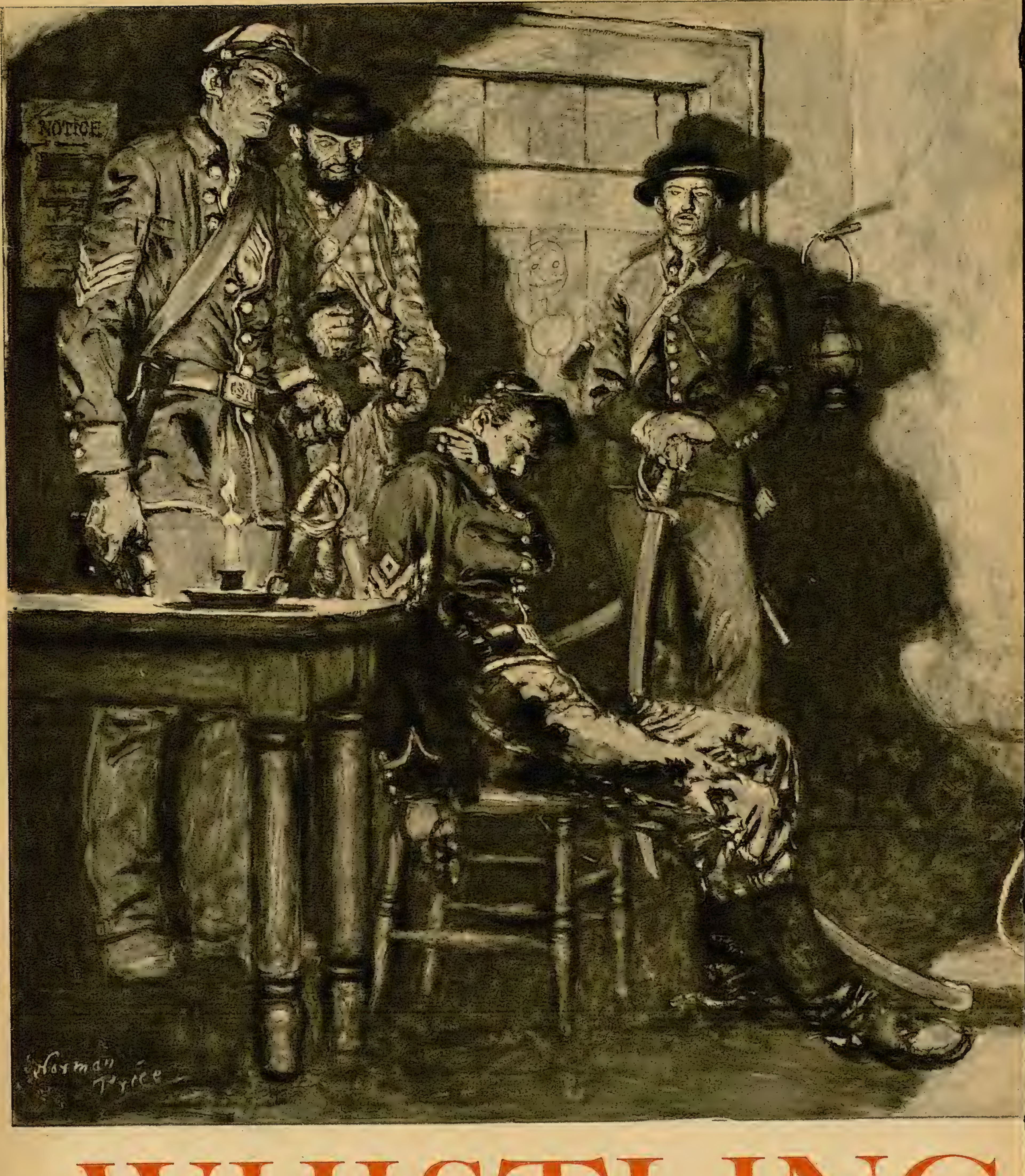
6—The first week's contest closed at 12 noon, Saturday, December 5, and succeeding contests will close at noon each Saturday following until February 6, the closing date of the final contest.

7—Quality of photography does not count, except that any photograph, to be awarded a prize, must be of sufficient clearness, in the opinion of the judges, to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person sending in the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the prize schedule appearing elsewhere on this page. In addition, a grand prize of $1,000 will be awarded to the best photograph submitted during the entire ten weeks of the contest series.

8—Announcement of winners of each contest will be published in the earliest issue of Liberty consistent with careful judging.

9—Address all entries to Home Life Contest, LIBERTY Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York City.

NEXT WEEK A HILARIOUS CONTEST FOR SERIOUS CASH MONEY



WHISTLING

By ROBERT W

(Reading time: 28 minutes 40 seconds.)

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

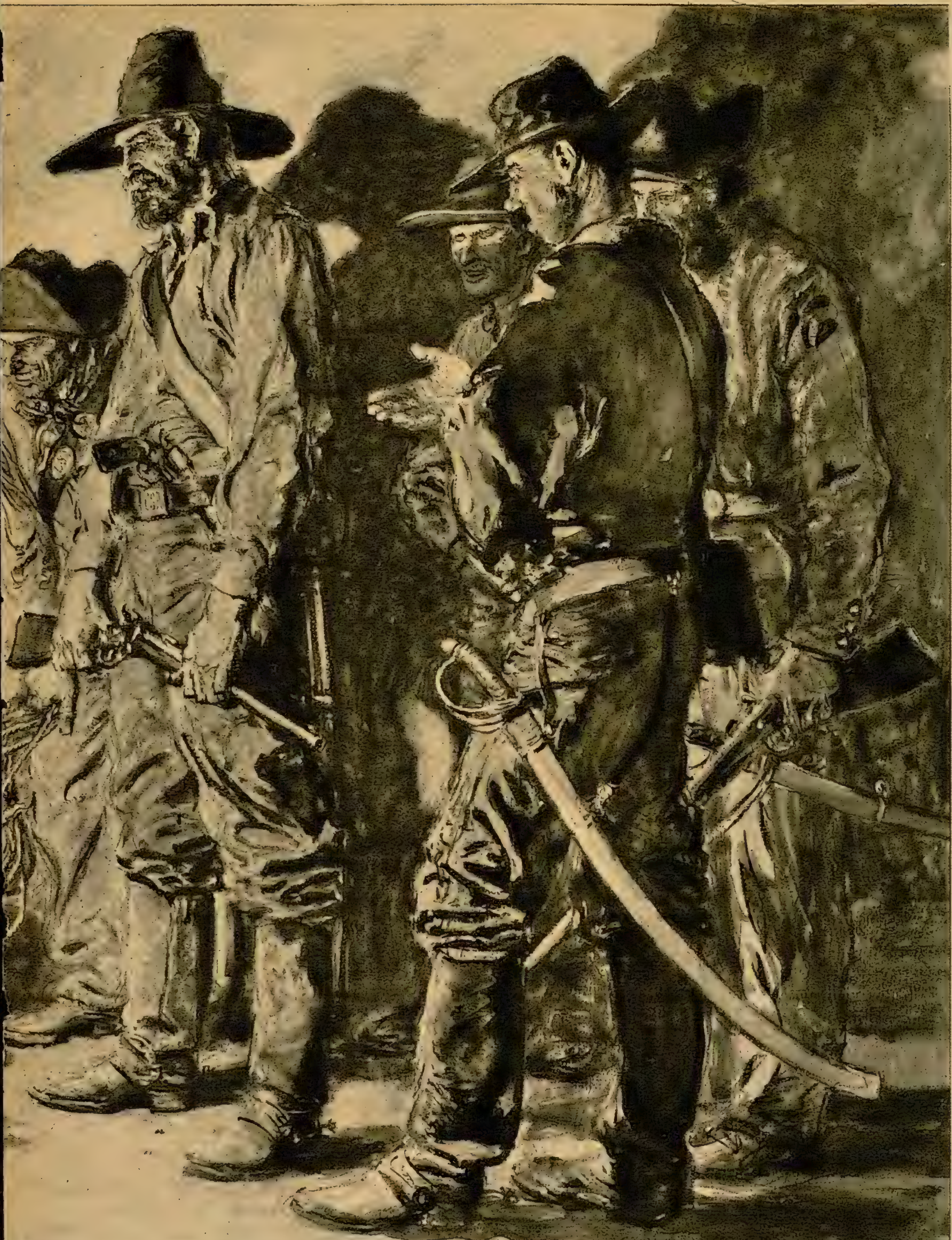
"DARLING?"

"Oh, I am so glad to hear your writing!" I replied. "Where are you?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's such a strange little village, Juan. My number is A. W. C. 2—7. Note it, please."

"I have. I thought you were at Belle Plaine."

"I was. Connie and Mrs. Camp are there. There is some sort of emergency here, so I came out in a battery wagon to a certain corps H. Q. They're fighting—I mean



Pictures by
Norman Price

Somebody said:
"Shoot him
where he sets
and get it
over with."
"No;
tote him
outside.
Ah reckon we-all
gwine sleep
hyar."

CAT

CHAMBERS

Straight Into Peril—Grim Song of Bullets—Wounded, and Worse—The Road to Love, or the Road to Death?

the pickets are at it—out yonder where it's as dark as the pit."

"Any shelling?"

"No. If that starts, H. Q. and I will run."

"I hope so. . . . Where is A. W. C. 2—7?"

"Not so far from you, darling. Oh, how I wish—*you* know."

"So do I. I expect orders any hour now. I'll look you up on the map and see if I can't ride that way when I leave here."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page fifty-seven

"That would be heavenly, darling. How are you—hungry?"

"Oh, no; rations are regular."

"Mine too. . . . Some day we'll have oranges and pineapples and guavas again—you and I."

"In Whistling Cat when the war's over."

"Yes. And your Mistec, Calixto, shall cook a red-hot chili for us! And Bandara will catch and broil for us some quail. And Pio Pacheco—he'll brew us that delicious Gypsy dish—you know—"

"Yes, I know." I could feel my lips trembling. Suddenly an overwhelming rush of homesickness engulfed me, and I knew I wanted my mother, and Iris, and Whistling Cat.

Iris, writing again, rattling at top speed:

"Good night, darling. The old man's coming. Sign off!"

The morning was intensely still.

I had had my coffee and bacon and hard bread, and was sitting by my silent instrument, watching the great velvet-black butterflies with little tails on their hind wings, which were exquisitely powdered with star-dust blue, and my thoughts wandered to the Rio Grande and to Mother, and—

Clickety-click went my armature, and the next second Caldwell was talking to me:

"Here are your orders, Maddox: Take your horse and ride southwest. Cross the river to a point halfway between Tunstall's Station and Seven Pines and try to tap the rebel telegraph where the railroad crosses the river. When you have done this, and have listened in as long as there is any information to be acquired, ride back to your station and telegraph me what you have heard.

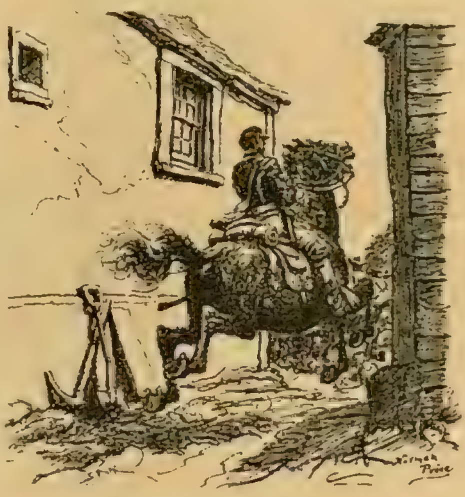
"Here is the main point: General Grant wishes to know whether General Lee is trying to throw any reënforcements into Petersburg. Get this information if you can and let us have it. If you can't get it, waste no time, but return to your station for further orders, notifying me of your safe arrival."

"Mr. Caldwell," said I, "I understand and will obey your orders. But, with all respect, sir, may I say that I had no idea that I was regarded as a telegraph scout?"

"You are not so regarded, Maddox, although you have done successful work of that nature. It was our idea that you were best suited to act for us in this emergency, and it was for this purpose that we left you at your present station. You are perfectly at liberty to decline the duty if you choose."

"I don't decline it," said I, "and shall obey orders. I wished you merely to confirm my status."

"And I repeat, you don't have to do it, Maddox. Such work always must be voluntary."



I WAS exasperated to find myself in such a position, and there was swift anger in my writing if he read it right. "Sir," I telegraphed, "I volunteer to carry out your orders and shall depart the moment I am dismissed from this magnet!"

"Thank you, Maddox. We knew you wouldn't fail us. Let us have what you can get as soon as possible."

I signed off with a slam; went out, saddled my horse, took wire and field instrument, got into the saddle, and galloped off rather recklessly, mad all through and with a hangman's rope around my neck.

I saw none of our troops anywhere until I crossed the river. Here was a scant company of cavalry, and beyond, rather far out, a few vedettes among bushes and young trees.

Very soon I came in sight of Tunstall's and the railroad, but avoided both and kept to the woods.

Finally I cut across and ventured to ride out on the railroad. Along it I prowled until I had found a break in the telegraph. Before trying to mend it I decided to hook up and see what might happen. I found, to my delight, that I could hear Petersburg!

For an hour I listened carefully to telegrams, but heard only railroad dispatches.

Then, disconnecting, I mounted and rode down the line as far as the woods; and here I cut in with fine wire; and, nearly 150 yards off the railroad, I hid in a dense thicket and listened in.

No use! I heard only commercial dispatches between Richmond and points west and south.

So I got into the saddle again and rode hard toward our own telegraph line across the river, finding and tapping it after five or six miles' gallop. Here I hooked over and called headquarters, and telegraphed to Caldwell all the news I had picked up, which exclusively concerned movements of rebel trains and shifting of merchandise and assorted stores.

He expressed himself to me in a very kind manner, and told me to return to my office, where further orders would be sent me later by Mr. Doren.

WHEN I arrived at my office I heard picket firing, to my surprise, and saw a number of orderlies standing to horse behind the house.

They told me that our cavalry pickets along the river were exchanging shots with Confederate pickets; and that our vedettes had come galloping in, reporting Confederate cavalry and some light artillery in considerable force behind the woods.

This I immediately telegraphed to Beckwith, and got a quick reply, ordering me to mount and gallop down our telegraph line and try to learn whether it was in danger of destruction and what forces threatened us.

So again I got aboard my patient horse, calling to the orderlies to mount and ride with me.

Then off we tore along the telegraph path toward the firing, which was becoming rather nearer and louder and surprisingly voluminous.

We got off our horses near an old dumping ground. I had been in too much haste on leaving, and I had no climbing spurs and only two or three feet of wire with me. As I did not wish to ground the main line and destroy communication for either Sheridan or Grant, we piled up empty hard-tack boxes to the top of the telegraph pole, and very soon I was ready to do business up there without breaking the circuit.

I could see a rebel flying battery on a bare hillside over the river, and a considerable body of cavalry. Two guns of another had been unlimbered and were firing in our direction.

So I called Beckwith and told him, and received his orders for our cavalry. As they came, I wrote them out and dropped them to the orderlies underneath, who seized them and galloped away, one after another. Bullets hailed on us now. A courier was shot out of his saddle on the way to the river; others made the run to the river and return, repeatedly, without accident.

Later, the rebel riflemen discovered me atop my boxes, and began to shoot at me. I could feel the boxes jump and hear them crack and splinter as the Minié balls drilled them. Finally their battery of two guns fired shell at us; and I didn't know whether to climb down and risk missing orders, or remain up there and take a chance. However, I had managed to connect with all our cavalry in the district and had sent them their orders. And in a few minutes a major of artillery and a dozen gunners galloped up and bellowed out to me: "Come down, you damn' fool! We're leaving!"

I came down, and we all got on to our horses and ran them hard to get out of that noisy place—and just in time, too, for shrapnel was beginning to burst and rain down through the trees and rebel horsemen were swarming across the river.

Everywhere, out of the woods by the waterside, our cavalry were retiring, and I saw two sections of mounted artillery gallop off to the eastward, the drivers flogging their teams to a dead run. An entire brigade of cavalry followed. Of course I understood the movement. Orders through Beckwith were to withdraw every battery, battalion, and regiment, and rendezvous at White House.

The orders, however, had not included me. So, when I arrived in the little village and turned down the single dusty street, I pulled in at the farmhouse where was my office, hurried to my table, tested the wire and found it working. "Beckwith," I telegraphed, "I am back in the office. What do you wish me to do?"

"Has O'Hara's regiment come in yet?"

"Not yet."

"Any infantry?"

"None so far, but I can see their dust."

"Couldn't you find the 3d Black Horse?"

"I sent an orderly with your orders. I haven't seen him since."

"Well, if he was shot, we lose O'Hara and all his men. How many orderlies have you?"

"Two."

"You had four, didn't you?"

"Yes. One of them was killed at the river; the other went to O'Hara."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll have to send the two remaining orderlies to O'Hara by different routes. Can you stop a cavalry company and draft some orderlies?"

"Too late."

"Isn't there anybody left?"

"No. I see infantry coming."

"Can you get on alone until you hear from O'Hara?"

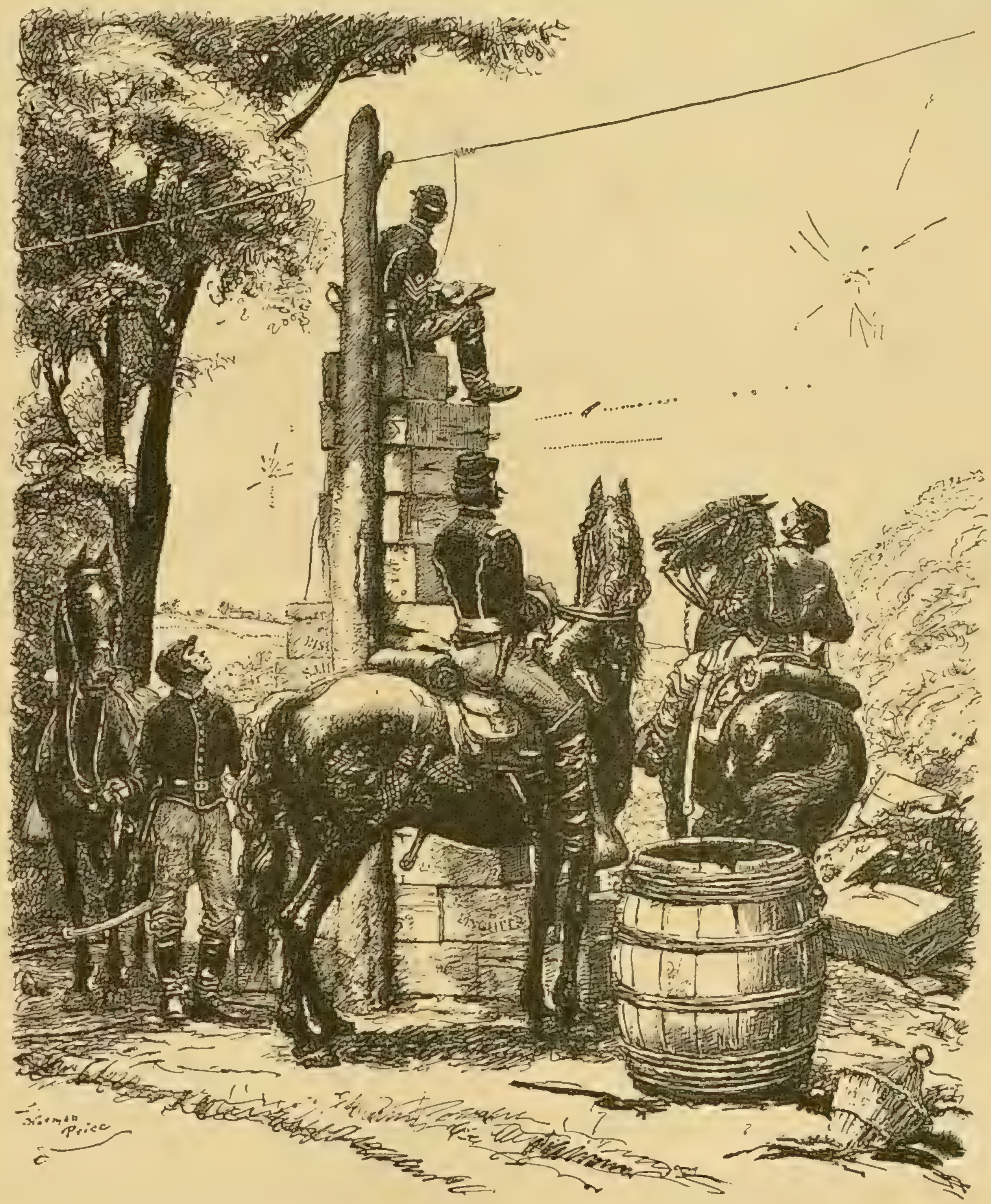
"Yes."

"Any sign of O'Hara yet?"

"None."

"Well, stay on as long as you can, Maddox."

"I'll stay the limit."



The rebel riflemen discovered me atop my boxes, and began to shoot at me.

AT that moment three of my orderlies galloped up—the three who had been sent to O'Hara. They hadn't been able to find him. Whether to send them out again or not I did not know. The combat was close to us now.

Presently I heard the distant rebel musketry. It came nearer very fast. I sent an orderly to see whether my horse was ready to mount. It was.

I then dismissed all my orderlies, telling them to ride after and join their regiments at White House. They lost no time, because as I spoke we all could hear the distant shrilling of the ominous rebel yell.

It was time I left. I pocketed my dispatches and cipher key, reached for my instrument.

And as my hand fell on it an orderly galloped up, dismounted, and rushed in panting, thrusting a telegram at me from General Thomas addressed to General Grant.

Here it was! Now I was done for!

"Light that candle!" I said to the orderly. And, when he had done so, I told him to get to horse and escape if he could. With one hand I called general headquarters; with the other I thrust my cipher key and dispatches into the candle flame until they fell in charred flakes to the floor.

I could not get general headquarters. The wire remained silent.

Out of the window I saw my horse sidling nervously away, frightened by the rebel yell.

I ran out, caught and tied him, ran back, called general headquarters again frantically, and, getting no reply, seized my instrument, ran out, yanked out the slip knot of the halter, scrambled aboard my scared nag, and started to ride for my life.

Confederate cavalry was coming like an avalanche.

I THOUGHT—if I thought at all: "They'll get my instrument!" And instinctively I wheeled my horse into the paved alley and, rising in both stirrups, lifted the instrument above my head and dashed it down upon the stones, completely wrecking it.

The yelling onset of the gray riders passed at full speed, their momentum carrying them by the alley too swiftly for them to pull up and enter, or even fire on me as they flashed by. Then I drove my spurs home, and my terrified horse bounded like a crazed wild thing through the narrow alley.

Earth and road and sky streamed by us like fire mist in a dream—I riding like a damned man and knowing no more than my horse where I was going.

Then, of a sudden, I burst in among fugitive soldiers, mounted and afoot, and all hurrying toward safety. They scattered when I arrived, rushing wildly this way and that and screaming curses at me. When I had partly collected my senses, I became aware of Federal cavalrymen galloping on either side of me, trying to clutch my bridle rein. I suppose they thought my horse was running away. He was; but I had no desire to stop him.

"What the hell—what the hell!" shouted a sergeant of cavalry, getting hold of my horse by the head and riding him off.

Then I saw they were troopers of the provost guard; and maybe I was in luck they had not fired at me.

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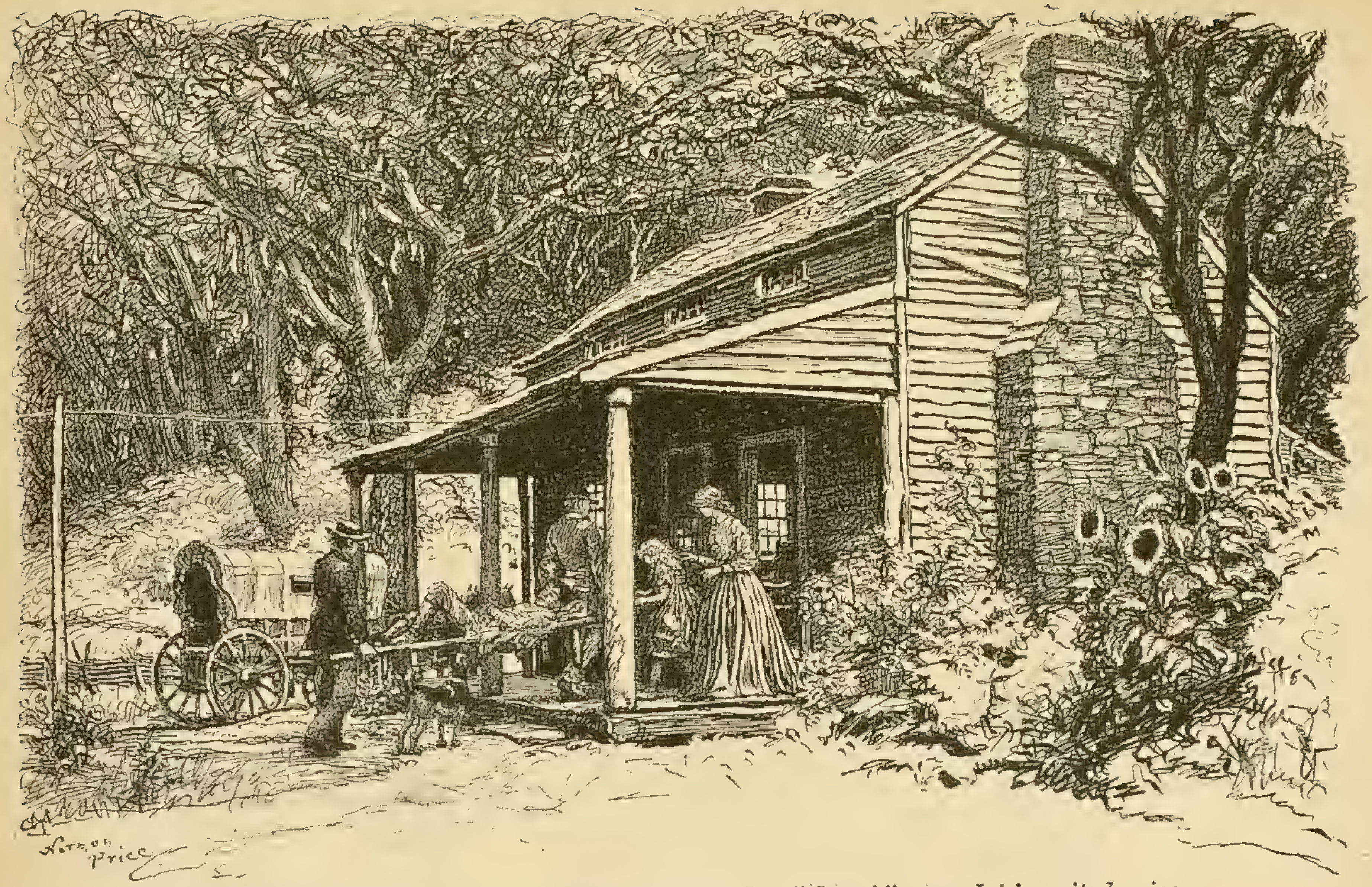

Here in the dooryard the battery wagon stopped. "Juan!" came Iris' excited voice. "Are you all right, darling?"

WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page fifty-nine

"Aw, Military Telegraph be damned!" they panted, dragging my snorting nag to a standstill. But I had my identity papers left, and they had to let me go.

Then, all of a sudden, in the dusty uproar around me I was involved with the dragoons of the provost guard again—a turbulent, plunging whirlwind of red-faced riders on foaming horses, striking with their sabers at the frantic mass of fugitives choking White House road. One of them seized my bridle and swung his saber at me, and I caught his hilt in one hand and hit him a smashing blow in the face with the other.

"Damn your soul!" I gasped. "Let me through or I'll kill you—"

"Shoot that sergeant!" shouted an officer, trying to aim at me with his revolver. But the dragoon's horse and mine were pivoting and plunging, and I clutched the rider and beat him in the face till his sword arm collapsed and he fell forward in his saddle.

Now I was fighting crazy, and I launched my horse at the capering dragoon officer, crashing into him and knocking him and his horse sprawling.

"Now, by God!" I cried, "let the Military Telegraph through!"—I don't know how the infernal rhyme was spat from my bleeding mouth—"or they'll get you into a fight and knock hell out of you, too!"

"Military Telegraph!" yelled a trooper of the provost guard. "Let the son of a slut through!"

Blind with fury, I slammed my horse around and hit him with my revolver butt—and instantly became the vortex of kicking, biting, screaming horses. One got my left boot in his teeth and tore my leg out of the stirrup; and, as I was kicking desperately to recover my box stirrup, there came a flash and roar, and a rebel shell burst among us, hurling horses and riders into mangled heaps.

Something had hit me a terrific blow on the back, knocking me flat on my horse's neck. I thought I'd die for lack of breath, and, nearly insensible, yet gasping and fighting for air, came to my senses in a field, still in the saddle; but felt my horse trembling and sinking under me. My breeches and saddle were sopping red and wet. There was blood all over me. Then, between my legs, I felt my poor horse shudder; and, under his hanging head, I heard his blood running down and spattering, a red puddle in the grass.

I could scarcely move, so paralyzed seemed my legs and back, but managed to dismount before the wretched creature sank slowly to the ground and laid his tired head across the grass. My pants were soaked, both boots sloppy. I felt little pain, only a raw, throbbing, mangled sensation. There was no use trying to take off my saddle and bridle—scarcely any use even in attempting to walk.

However, thirst and fear of capture set my uncertain legs in motion toward a group of trees where I could see sunlight glimmering on water. I don't know how long it took me to get there; I was aware of fighting to the left of me—of the thunderous rush of cavalry.

I came to with my face buried in cool wet marsh grass; and I lifted myself on one elbow and drank again from the swampy pool. Then, dragging myself to the foot of a tree, I rested my uninjured shoulder against it and looked wearily westward across the rolling landscape, where I could see our line of battle facing southwest.

II

I MUST have been asleep for a long time. Raging thirst awoke me; but my body had stiffened so and was so chilled that I could scarcely bend over to slake my thirst.

It was sunset. All the west was calm as a golden lake, and an odd stillness reigned over woods and fields.

I could see nobody moving in all that immense landscape; heard nothing, not even a bird.

All at once the terror of being made prisoner sent a shaft of pure fear through me, and the panic aroused me and brought me to my knees—to my feet—in a spasm of pain.

Every step became torture now, as I staggered northward, scarcely knowing what I was about, yet possessed by a blind terror of capture.

Somebody, in the jasmine-scented darkness, took hold of my right arm in a crushing grip, and I heard his harsh voice dinning in my ears, but couldn't seem to comprehend what he was saying.

"I'm tired," I mumbled. "Let me lie down."

Then there was candlelight; and I was in a room full of cavalrymen in gray uniforms.

Some of them kept shouting at me —or so it seemed—and their words were like a hammering on a benumbed brain.

The next thing I knew, I was gulping and coughing and spewing up raw whisky; and two men were holding me upright on my legs.

I looked about me with clearing senses, beginning to understand words and phrases.

SOMEBODY said: "Them papers show what he is—a goddam telegraph scout."

Another said: "Ah reckon this hyar Yank's a goddam spy. And we done ketched him inside our lines, ain't we?"

"Aw, let him set a spell."

Somebody jerked a chair up behind me; I managed to seat myself. Somebody said: "Shoot him where he sets and get it over with."

"No; tote him outside. Ah reckon we-all gwine sleep hyar."

"Say, Yank," said one of them, "yuh got anything to say to us? Or is yuh-all plumb dumb?"

I made some sort of sound with throat and swollen tongue—still asking for life, I suppose—and made no further effort, dully watching one of them slowly fashioning a noose from some knotted halter ropes.

One of them told another to go and select a good limb on a chinaberry tree. He went to the door and opened it, and met two coming in.

I saw them in the candlelight—a middle-sized young fellow in a hickory shirt and overalls, carrying several coils of wire and a field-telegraph instrument; the other a boy wearing a blanket roll, who limped a little as he walked.

"Hi, boys!" cried the rebel telegrapher in a lively voice. "What are you-all up to in here? You cl'ar out and let the telegraph get to work."

A soft exclamation from the ragged boy interrupted him, and he turned, following the direction of the lad's eyes, which were fastened on me.

"Well, who's your Yankee friend, Jean?" he demanded coolly. "You act like you're acquainted with him."

"It's Juan Maddox."

The boy came swiftly to where I sat; bent over to peer into my face, resting one slender hand on my shoulder. I knew her. "I'm Colt Racker," she said.

Tears filled my eyes. I nodded, closing my eyes.

Then the burly young telegrapher came over to me.

"Maddox," he said, "I'm sorry to find you here. I'm George Ellsworth."

I opened my eyes. "Hello," I whispered.

He stepped around behind me a moment, then came striding to the middle of the room.

"Shucks!" he said. "You boys can't hang Juan Maddox. He's my *friend!*"

"Yaas, what of it?" interrupted the tall cavalry sergeant in a loud voice. "We-uns done ketched him inside the lines—"

"I don't care a damn where you-all caught him!" retorted Ellsworth. "You're going to let him go!"

The cavalry sergeant drew his pistol.

"No goddam telegrapher can talk that way to me!" he shouted. "Mind yuhr own goddam business—"

"Oh, shut your head," said Ellsworth sharply, "or I'll shut it foh yuh!"

He walked up to the enraged sergeant and pointed to Jean Roque. "Do you know who that boy is, yuh damn' fool? That's Colt Racker. And that Yank yonder caught her last week. Yes, he did. And he let her go! Now, what the hell are you going to do about it?"

There was a dead silence in the room; but outside the ground vibrated with the passing of rebel cavalry.

"Jean, girl," said Ellsworth, "go get me a doc and we'll fix up Juan's back for him."

At the feminine appellation the startled eyes of the rebel troopers left me and centered on the slim tattered figure in wordless fascination.

She went out; and in a few moments a big fat ruddy medical officer came jingling into the room.

"Well, where is he, hey?" Then, noticing me, he came over.

"Yeah," he said, unslinging his haversack. "Ge' me some water. Ge' me some rags, someone—"

One of the gray troopers found a milk pan; another emptied his canteen into it; Jean Roque unslung her blanket roll and, pulling from it a clean chemise, tore it into strips. The Confederate surgeon sponged the hole in my back.

And I fainted.

III

CONSCIOUS, I found myself lying belly down on a sofa.

There was nobody in the room except George Ellsworth and Jean Roque —the latter seated on the sofa's edge beside me.

"Could I have some water?" I whispered.

Jean Roque brought it; held up my head by the forehead while I drank. "How yuh feel, Juan?" she asked softly.

"Tired."

"Yuh suah dhu. Yuh lie still."

"Am I badly hurt?"

"Shell splinter. He got it out. Yuh want I should make yuh a cup o' tea?"

"No."

Ellsworth came over to the sofa. "Old man," he said in his happy, jocular way, "I'm sure sorry you had to get it like that. You feel all right?"

"Yes."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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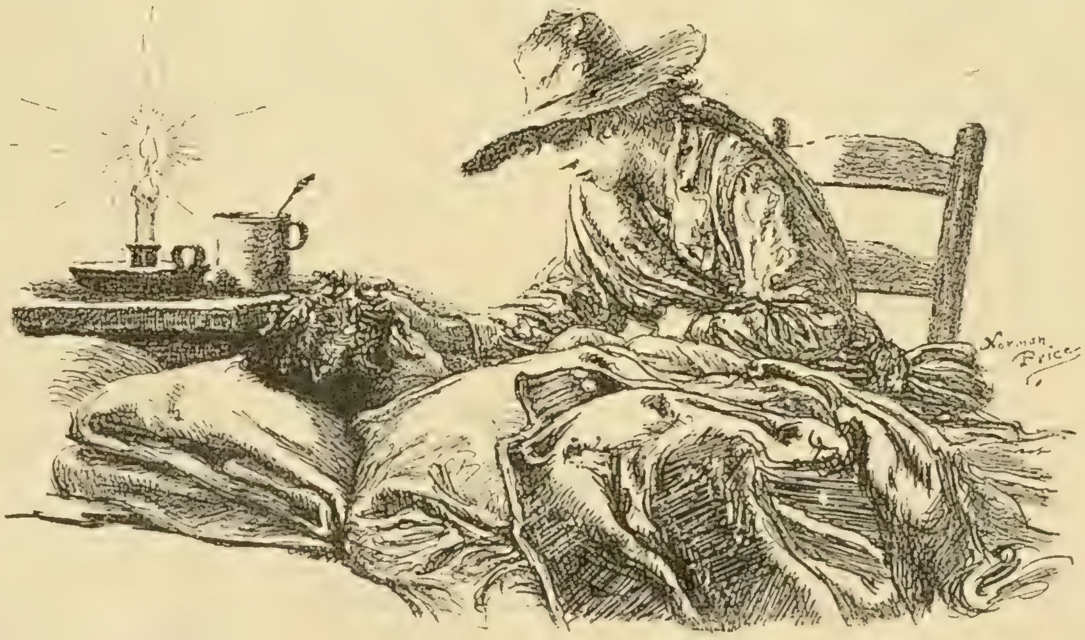
WHISTLING CAT
Continued from page sixty-one

“Jean,” he said, “it’s mos’ daylight. Put out that candle and save it.”

She extinguished the candle, gave it to him, and he gravely pocketed the stump. “May need it to eat,” he remarked, then laughed gayly at his own joke. “Say, Juan, you’ve three days’ rations in your haversack. And Jean and I haven’t eaten for forty-eight hours. . . . But I wouldn’t touch ’em till I asked you—”

“Cook them,” I whispered. But all I wanted was water; and all that hot June morning I lay in a feverish slumber.



I awoke and found Jean Roque’s delicate hand on my forehead.

It was sometime in the night again—for a candle burned—that I awoke and found Jean Roque’s delicate hand on my forehead. “Yuh awake, Juan?”

“Yes.”

“We have to say good-by now. George is taking up his instrument. . . . I want yuh should know that I am not breaking parole. . . . I thought I could get back to the valley where my folks live. But Sheridan is there and I can’t get through. So I’m going back to Richmond with our people, Juan. . . . Yuh want I should do anything foh you befo’ we go?”

“No. . . . Thank you, Jean.”

“I’m right sorry fo’ you, Juan. George got that Sam Beckwith on the wire, though, and I reckon he’ll send on an ambulance to get yuh.”

“You all are so kind!” I breathed, fumbling for her hand and resting my hot lips on it—and felt the cool contour of a jeweled ring against my mouth.

Her lips against my ear. “Yuh know whose ring,” she whispered. “He will come to Virginia to get me—after it’s all over.”

Outside I heard the trample of horses. Ellsworth’s gay voice lifted to somebody in the open doorway: “Hey, pack up this wire and magnet, will you? We better get out o’ here before the Yankee cavalry gobbles us—”

Jean bent down and kissed my hair. “Please say a word for me to Iris, Juan. I expec’ she won’t think much of me—”

“Jean, you better hurry,” said Ellsworth.

He came and pressed my hand very gently.

“Clean work, yours, Juan. Get well fast, so I can start bedeviling yuh once more.”

They went out swiftly. I could hear the jingling of bit and spur—the dancing horses let loose.

I was very sick—vomiting the water I had swallowed. Through blurred eyes I saw sunshine. People in the room. Heard Caldwell’s quiet voice directing the stretcher bearers.

IV

IRIS had been over twice to visit me, losing her night’s sleep each time, as hers was a busy station and the siege of Petersburg already was under way. But the only thing of importance I had learned from her was that Connie had discovered Fraxinella among a wretched throng of contrabands at Belle Plaine, and had led her to Iris, who had fallen upon her ample bosom. And now Fraxinella washed and cooked for her and Mrs. Camp and Connie.

After Iris left, Dennis Doren and I had had a fight because Doren was determined to send me to a Northern hospital. It was July; I had recovered sufficiently to be moved; and Caldwell was arranging to send me North, although I begged him not to until I could talk to Beckwith.

The latter came in later that morning; and I had to tell him how matters were with Iris and myself, and how I felt about leaving her alone; and that I couldn’t do it.

I said: “If they’ll only let me go to her office and rest there for another week or so, I’ll be all right and ready for duty. But I couldn’t stand it to be sent off North, Sam; and that damned Doren—”

“I surely understand,” he interrupted pleasantly. “Now, just quit your fretting and take things easy; and I’ll run the chance of putting it before the Old Man himself.”

“Will you do that for me, Sam? And say this much to General Grant—that once he said he was sorry he couldn’t do something for me; and will you say to him that I’d rather he did this than make me a colonel or hang a medal on me? Will you, Sam?”

“ALL right,” he said, laughing—and went out of the tent where I lay, which was pitched inside the stockade of one of the base hospitals near the railroad.

About an hour later Doren came in, grim, trap-jawed, fixing me with narrow, glinting eyes.

“Your friend General Grant,” he said, “has no more right to interfere with the M. T. C. than has the man in the moon. All I’m trying to do for you is to have you cured and furloughed and sent back. A general hospital is the place for you. But, of course, if you’ve made up your stubborn mind to stay, I can’t help it.”

I had won! But I was not mean enough to grin at him; I merely thanked him respectfully—which tribute he endured in silence, and walked out with a muffled grunt.

I had two crotched sticks to aid me in walking. My wound no longer required dressing, but I had to be careful not to rupture the tender cicatrix.

So, the flies being very bad and the tent hot, I got to my feet, found my two sticks, and very slowly made my way out into the sunshine.

I seated myself for a while on a three-legged chair, listening to the deadened beat of the distant cannonade.

Outside the stockade I saw a battery wagon draw up, and some hospital orderlies lifting a cot bed into it.

Then I saw Mr. Caldwell coming toward me, and, propped by my two sticks, rose out of respect.

“Well, Maddox,” he said pleasantly, “I guess you know what’s best for yourself. Here’s your transportation.” He called to an orderly: “Go in and pack Mr. Maddox’s kit. Be careful and get everything, now—”

I could scarcely believe I was going.

“You seem very happy over it,” he said kindly. “So go over to Miss O’Brien’s station and get well as soon as you can. . . . There aren’t so many like you, Maddox.”

I thanked him in a low voice; took the hand he offered; then saluted him as he turned away.

Sam Beckwith hurried over to shake hands, and hurried away to his post again. Even Dennis Doren appeared, to give me a grim, ironlike grasp and caution me to be careful. “All clear,” he snapped out to the driver. “Don’t jounce him if you can help it.”

Over low weedy pastures, and toward a patch of heavy woods where a gaunt, unpainted house stood, they drove me in the hot stillness of that July afternoon; and here in the dooryard the battery wagon stopped.

“Juan!” came Iris’ excited voice. “Are you all right, darling?”

I could not see her because I was lying flat; but the driver and his construction chief were already lifting out my cot and carrying it to the rickety veranda.

"Set it here," said I; "I want to sit up. . . . What's that tugging at my feet?"

It was Doggie Doggett, whining, muzzling, pushing his black-and-tan nose into me, unsatisfied until my hand fell on his eager head and took hold of one velvet ear.

But I hadn't a word for poor Doggie Doggett, because a child's soft lips covered mine and two small arms encircled my head as Connie Spurlock kissed me passionately, and I kissed back, half strangled by her ardor, until somebody dragged her off, still clinging like a reluctant kitten.

I could hear the telegraph clicking rapidly somewhere indoors. Long ruddy bars of sunset light fell across my cot as I raised myself, resting on both hands, and looked at Iris kneeling there beside me. We had lived a thousand years since April. And July was not yet ended.

"Who is at the key?" I asked, my voice husky.

"Mrs. Camp. . . . Oh, darling!"

I leaned my head against her breast, closing my eyes. Her heartbeat was louder than the pulsing of the cannonade throbbing through the thickening evening mists.

"Did you write to Mother?" I whispered.

"Yes, darling."

"You didn't say I'd been ill, did you?"

"No, darling. Just that you had been unable to write, but would do so in a day or two. I—told her what you asked me to tell her. . . ."

I nodded. Then turned my face, kissed her throat.

"Isn't it funny," she murmured, "that we already have one little daughter! . . . I don't mean that I won't want others."

"Oh, Lord," said I, "don't think about such things! . . . A girl can say the darnedest things—"

"Hush! It's what we've got to expect, isn't it?"

"Why dwell on it—"

"Because I want them!"

"I thought you wanted *me?*"

"Oh, darling, I do. I want everything—everything! But it all will be you—it all means only you!" She sighed, clasping me closer. "I want the whole world, darling; but the world is you."

Connie had laid her head on my knees and her lips against my left hand. I could feel Doggie Doggett's chin across my shins. Presently Iris kissed me, clung, touched her lips tenderly to mine, and rose.

"I've got to see Fraxinella about some supper for you—"

I smelled roses, and white and yellow jasmine; and bacon frying.

It grew dusky; the jasmine vines became misty with little hovering moths.

IRIS' gay voice calling from the doorway: "Darling, where's your cipher key?"

"I burned it. Didn't I tell you?"

"No. You poor boy! I didn't know they were that near."

"Yes, they were."

Silence for a moment; then: "What is this thick notebook in your haversack, darling?"

"My journal, I guess."

"I'll lay it out on the table upstairs by your bed—"

"No. It's finished."

"Aren't you going to write in it any more?"

"No. . . . If there's anything more to tell, I'll tell it to you."

After a little while she came out through the July moonlight. I managed to get my feet on the floor; she helped me to stand up. So, aided and supported by her, we moved together out through the moonlit, phantom world, toward the lighted door beyond.

THE END

The Weaker Sex

A New For the Love o' Lil

IT is almost time for the Olympics at Lake Placid.

All society is planning to go. All the shops have been featuring advertisements of the proper costumes. Men and women of the sporting world have made their reservations months ago for the biggest events in winter sports in American history.

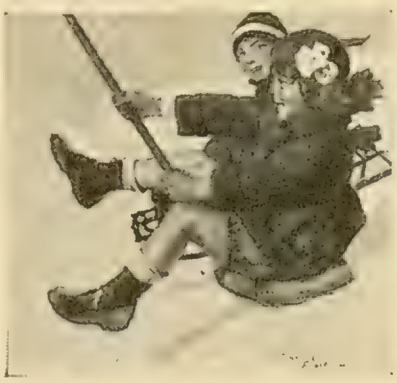
But Ulysses and Gwen know nothing of that. They don't know how to ski, or circle, or figure-skate. They cannot dream of the thrill of ice-boating, smelt-fishing, and the three-mile-long toboggan.

They know a bigger thrill than that! The thrill of childhood and the exuberance that we know once in a lifetime. They know the joy of building snow men until their little hands and feet are frozen and numb. They have never heard of the Ice Palace in Minneapolis, but they built their own ice house and poured water over it so that it froze hard during the night.

And down by Four Corners is *their* toboggan run, with bigger thrills than the grown-ups know. Belly bumps, four layers deep on one sled. Many times they have used dustpans in place of flexible flyers, and now Gwendolyn has introduced the family broom and is willing to race any boy down the bumping, curving hill.

"Ki-yi!" yells Gwendolyn hoarsely, which is the gang's yell to get out of the way.

Brooms don't steer so well if you lose your balance, and in one headlong tumble she runs into Ulysses and the two turn over in a mad heap of legs and broom bristles and flying caps.



This week's cover picture.

They'll be marked and bruised for weeks, but they don't even feel it. Gwen is no cry-baby. She can pick herself up and start up the hill again, panting laboriously.

"A broom is a lot easier to pull up than a sled," she pants, still asserting her superiority with a triumphant air.

Youth, they say, is the coast downhill and all the rest of life is the long walk back.

Gwendolyn is the harum-scarum daughter of our erstwhile flappers. She doesn't need warm mitts. She wears socks in winter. No heavy underwear for her. No rubber boots or galoshes.

Gwendolyn is as free as the wind—and as shrill. Hearty, with as much endurance as any boy in the block—and more than most.

Our new generation! We can look at today's kids between ten and fifteen and try to figure out what the new young group will be at débutante bloom—prudes or sophisticates; rowdies or church mice; wallflowers or flirts?

This is truly the postwar result born of parents who went through the outrageous readjustments that have caused so many stories, books, sermons, and editorials.

What are they like? What will they be? Can we look them in the face on their own level, and in so doing are we proud and justified, or ashamed and disappointed?

(Next week's cover adventure: Art for Politeness' Sake)

Unnecessary Taxes

Reorganization of Local Governments and a Return to Simplicity Imperative to Lower Costs, Says

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

(Reading time: 2 minutes 30 seconds.)

REORGANIZATION of our local governments is urgent because it is the most effective way to reduce taxation. I have shown how nearly half of our total tax bill is local.

Local tax increases have been tremendous and in large part unnecessary.

Conditions in just one suburban county of New York State are an example. Local taxes in 1900 were $337,000; in 1929 they were $22,000,000. In that time taxable valuation increased thirty-five times, taxes increased sixty-five times, but population increased only five and one-half times.

Similar conditions exist today in every state.

They have been caused to a great extent by the unnecessary complexity of local government. I recently commented that some citizens must live under eleven layers of government. They are federal, state, county, city or town (outside of a village), and districts for fire, water, lighting, sewers, garbage, sidewalks, schools. The first four are obvious, yet the remaining seven districts all have their officials for the spending of money. And they spend it. Even in a city, where a citizen is under four layers, there is too much government for him to watch.

Nobody but a genius could transact his own personal business and still see to it that he is getting a fair deal as a citizen.

The present forms of county and town government are obsolete.

The responsibility for performing various governmental services should be reallocated according to modern business practice.

All overlapping of local jurisdiction should be abolished.

Two layers of government, subordinate to the sovereignty of the state, are adequate. The people, who are the sovereignty, created these superfluous layers either through the legislature or the state constitution; the people, therefore, can remove the surplus by constitutional methods.

That this state is in the position of many others is no reason why we should not put our house in order as quickly as possible.

How long will it take to get a majority on these proposals? Forever, unless public opinion, forced by the absurd increases in local taxation, forces its representatives to heed—and to act.

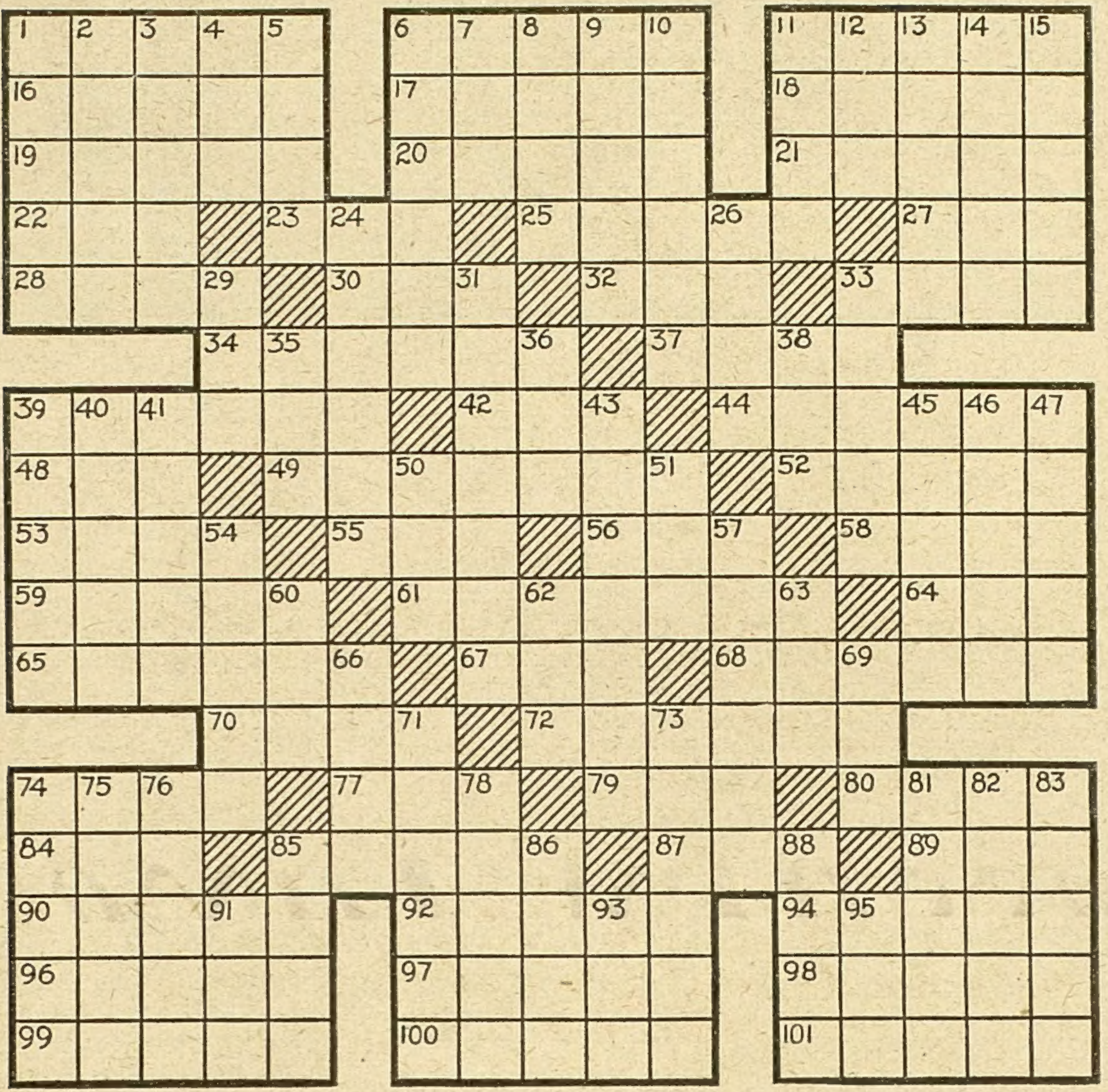
This reorganization is largely a matter of forms of local government. Do not confuse the sound fundamentals of government as originally conceived by our fathers with out-of-date or recently added forms—which are in no sense fundamentals.

The fundamentals were simple. Times changed. Forms did not change; they only became more complex, more costly. In going back to the original simplicity of government the forms must revert to greater simplicity. This will bring a lower cost.

Franklin D Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

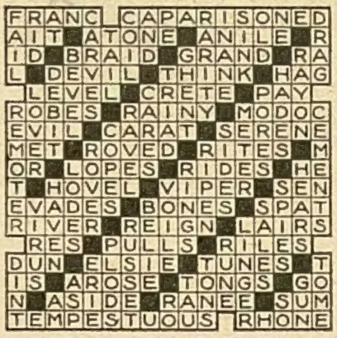
Cross Words A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Hinder
6 Assist over obstacles
11 Slave of Sarah
16 Bring into line
17 Harangue
18 Elliptical
19 Notices; regards
20 A brush of twigs
21 A fruit
22 Poem
23 Latchet of a shoe
25 Character in Uncle Tom's Cabin
27 Point on a compass
28 Cozy abode
30 Free from deductions
32 Fit of ill temper
33 Increased
34 Pay back; restore
37 Mature
39 Globe
42 Slight bow
44 Recount
48 Definite article
49 Oriental
52 Strictness
53 File
55 American general
56 Row
58 Soft, fluffy feathers
59 Article of one's possessions
61 Enveloped completely
64 Born
65 Pared
67 Slight taste
68 Molds; fashions
70 Join to the end of
72 Descendant of Levi
74 Rotating pieces
77 Plunder
79 Underworld god
80 Frayed

BRONC



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L	■	D	E	V	I	L	■	T	H	I	N	K	■	H	A	G
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T	E	M	P	E	S	T	U	O	U	S		R	H	O	N	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

84 Peer Gynt's mother
85 A phœbe
87 A tree
89 Pastry
90 Range of hills
92 Woman's name
94 Alert
96 Notions
97 Agitated
98 Tuned
99 Animal
100 Burns
101 Pitchers

VERTICAL

1 Goatherd in Vergil's third Eclogue
2 Strike out
3 Parts of a pitchfork
4 Terminus
5 Stopping place
6 Moved up and down
7 Metal-bearing mass
8 Heating chamber
9 Descend, as from dignity
10 Frame of mind
11 Sacred
12 Hail!
13 Pluckier
14 Expiate
15 Refresh
24 Make enduring
26 Agitate
29 Italian word for a cardinal number
31 Cloth stretchers
33 Frozen
35 Sooner than
36 American novelist
38 By
39 To flog
40 Appearance
41 German state
43 Let fall
45 Past
46 Drying cloth
47 Birds of prey
50 Stitch
51 Sleep
54 Hides
57 Lax
60 Beverage
62 Suffer illness
63 Small mark
66 Dreadful
69 Moisture
71 Depresses
73 Food
74 Indian of Brazil
75 Off the main way
76 Enchantress in Greek mythology
78 Give the lie to
81 Think; suppose
82 Stream
83 Requirements
85 Nuisance
86 Woman's name
88 Dislike ardently
91 A fuel
93 Ever
95 The calling sound of cattle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

COUGH RELIEF in a Minute!

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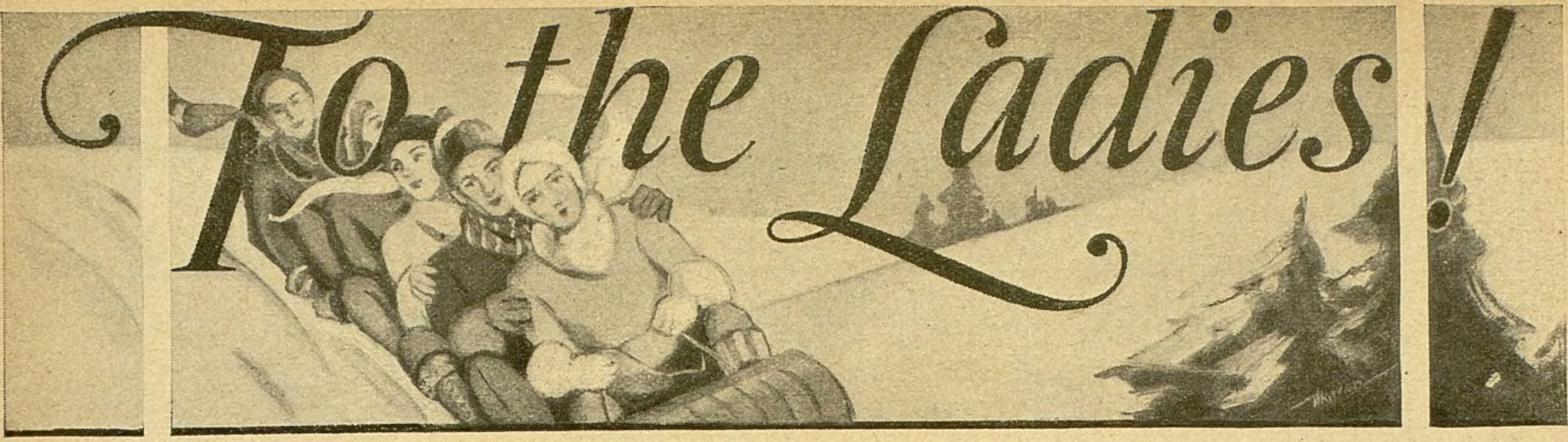


To the Ladies!

By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes 5 seconds.)

FANNIE HURST writes the most delicious descriptions of good things to eat—but the lady herself eats next to nothing. At tea the other day I asked her how she can possibly stay on a diet, yet dish out such marvelous meals from her imagination.

" That's it," she said. " I'm always hungry."

As pets, she maintains 48 goldfish, 5 dogs, 2 monkeys, 0 birds, 0 cats. Her little zoo provides her favorite recreation between strenuous hours of writing.

Fannie Hurst

She puts in a great deal of thought and study on the subjects she writes about. The plight of a " kept woman " being the topic dealt with in her latest book, I asked her about that. She said:

" The situation of a woman who has a love affair is no longer what it used to be. Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was almost inevitable that a girl who had a ' long affair ' with a man should eventually become a ' kept woman.' Today she gets a job, and remains financially independent in nine cases out of ten."

Although Fannie Hurst was herself reared in a prosperous home, she is a severe critic of women who intrench themselves from the realities of the world behind ramparts of wealth and position.

" I am afraid of such women," she told me. " When they are *secure* financially and socially, they lack too often the milk of human kindness. I think they are responsible for many of our social barriers—the barriers that inflict so much of man's inhumanity to man."

Sympathy for anything and everything that is " human " seems to me to be the dominant quality of Fannie Hurst's mind. From that viewpoint she is a person of unique significance, and it is interesting, I think, to know that in order to learn the ways of the world, hard knocks and all, she purposefully walked out of her safe and comfortable family home to shift for herself.

" But I was twenty then," she said, and smiled. She added, " I wouldn't have the guts to do it now."

Maybe she would, though. I think yes.

I'VE been asking a number of independent women what time they get up in the morning and what time they go to bed at night. Those who work at salaried jobs are obliged to get up at a fixed hour, but I wanted to know how those who are their own bosses behave about it.

Most of the successful business women I questioned told me they usually go to bed between eleven o'clock and midnight, and get up between eight and nine. Those who were born and raised in the country appear to have retained their habit of retiring and rising earlier than city folk. But not one could I find who goes to bed regularly before ten and gets up at six, as do quite a number of outstanding men in business and public life.

Business men frequently play morning golf or handball before going to their offices. Business women rarely do—if ever. Perhaps the more elaborate rituals of feminine dressing and prinking are responsible.

Physicians tell me that early rising—before eight—is undoubtedly a splendid aid to feminine health. And, therefore, to feminine looks. So rise and shine! I confess I find this preachment hard to practice, Personally, I *hate* to get up in the morning.

MOST of us forgive and forget the bygone love quarrels of our youth. Thank goodness we do, for look what happens when we don't!

A woman friend of mine told me this story about her father and his " rival "—both of them old men now.

Forty years ago they contested for the hand of a certain belle. She jilted them both and married someone else. You'd think it might have thrown the two losers together for consolation. But no indeed. They parted, still bitter enemies, one of them to marry three times, the other twice. They parted thus, never to meet again until a few weeks ago, when chance made them fellow passengers on an ocean liner.

Was their meeting friendly—a reunion of sentimental memories, etc.? It was not. Those two old men hated each other just as spontaneously as though they were still rivals for the girl of their youth. Their feud made the whole boat nervous.

" They were awful," my friend said. " First father would tell me his side of the old affair, then the other old gent would get me alone and pour his story of it into my ear. They raved and raved about the lady in the case—about her beauty, her face, her charm, her figure. And the woman's been dead and buried these twenty years! "

AMONG recent books I like Recaptured, by " Colette," a novel that presents very cleverly the changing moods of a rather complicated love affair (Doubleday, Doran).

STRAIGHTER and simpler grow our dress styles. The latest crop of Paris creations shows skirts very slightly flared—many with flat plaits. But all are distinctive in the detail of their trimmings.

Buttons everywhere! Worth favors buttons down the front of the dress and on huge Cavalier cuffs. Lelong trims evening gowns with twists of contrasting materials around the armholes and outlining the décolletage at the back. Twists of materials used as belts, and twisted scarfs, feature the Mainbocher and Schiaparelli models. Silk loops are to be seen on daytime dresses.

But, remember, *buttons* will play the star rôle in the spring fashion show.

TITLES are becoming less popular than they were in England. The New Year's list of freshly created " Sirs " and " Ladies " was distinctly shorter than usual this year, which reminds me of a story I heard about the cockney wife of a new Labor " Lord."

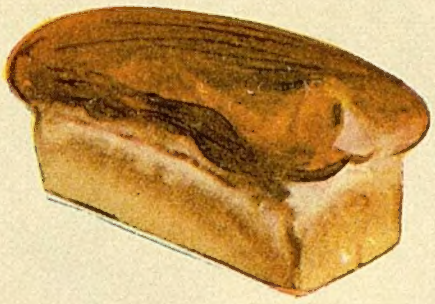
At the reception held in honor of the newly titled gentry, this lady, after the first thrill began to wear off, startled the older bigwigs by announcing briskly:

" Well, me shoes is tight, and me 'usband's tight, so I fancy it's time we went 'ome."

BAKING

MAKES POTATOES BETTER

BAKING



MAKES BREAD FEATHER-LIGHT

BAKING

MAKES BEANS YIELD UP ALL THEIR LUSCIOUS GOODNESS

HEINZ BEANS ARE BAKED • MOST BEANS AREN'T

THERE'S something about baking that makes foods taste better. The dry heat of the oven gives breads a light, fluffy texture no other method can equal. And that's doubly true of beans. Only baking can bring out the full richness of their nut-sweet goodness.

Probably you think that the beans you now use are baked. Don't be too sure! Look at the label. Unless it plainly reads "Baked", those beans aren't baked. Most beans aren't — they're either steamed or boiled. And between such beans and Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans there's the same wide difference that there is between a boiled potato and a flaky, mealy baked potato.

Heinz Beans taste better because they're baked — yes, baked in regular dry-heat ovens like your own. Oven-baking makes Heinz Beans marvelously light, tender and digestible. It lets the sauce permeate through and through the beans — just as butter permeates through a baked potato. One taste of their luscious golden-brown goodness, and you'll never buy another can of beans that doesn't bear the Heinz label.

Yes, you'll like Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans better — and you'll like, too, the variety of styles in which they come.

Four styles to choose from — all baked! Two varieties in tomato sauce — with pork and without. Then, Boston Style — with pork, in a rich, savory sauce flavored with molasses. And, lastly, Red Kidney Beans — with pork, in a savory sauce, ready to serve.

Try all four styles of Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. You and your family will enjoy beans more — and want them oftener. A delicious dish, and a nourishing one, too — all the food value of meat and potatoes. But to get the true baked bean flavor — insist upon Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. Get some — the next time you're at your grocer's!

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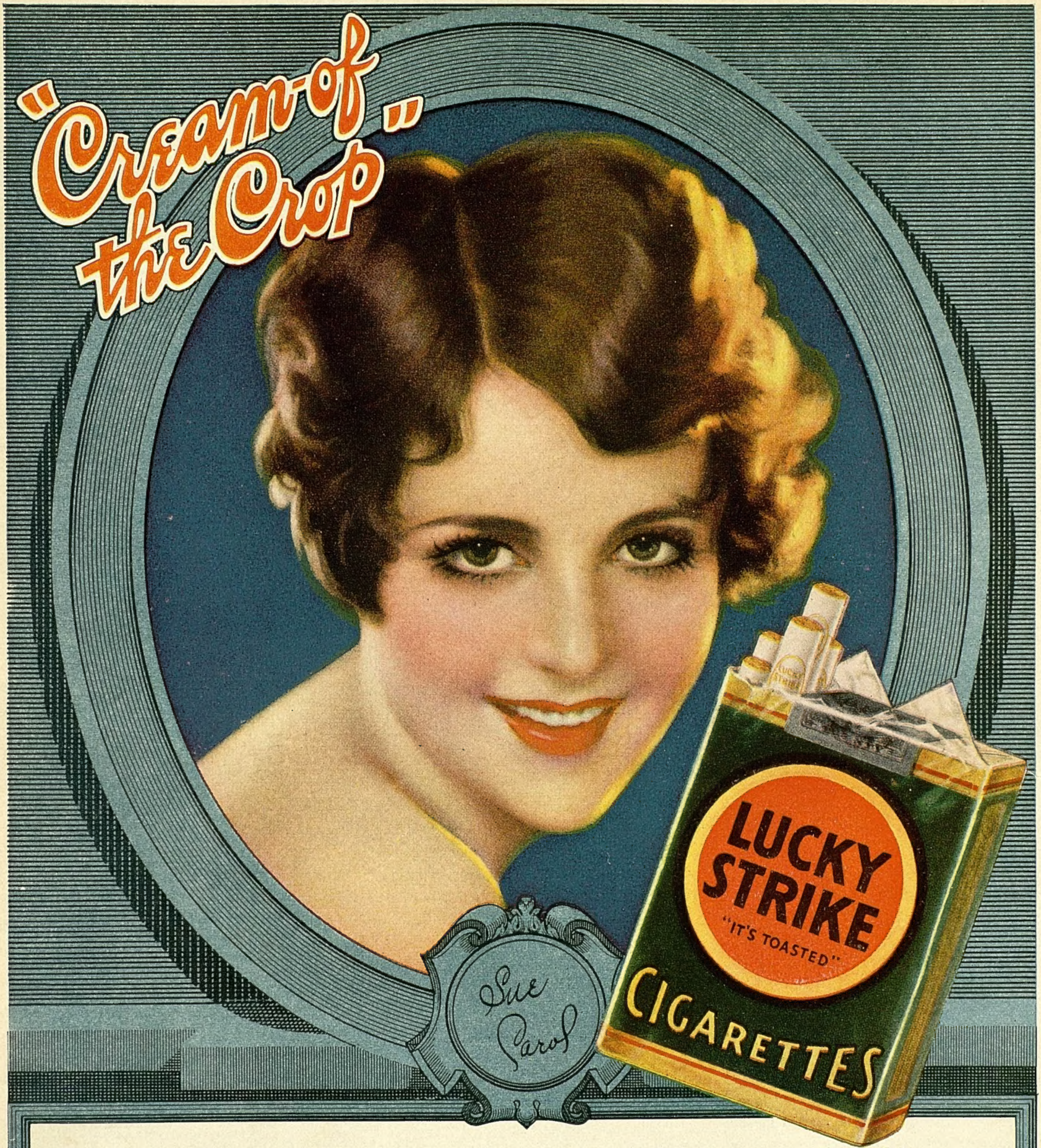

"Now I use LUCKIES only"

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Sue Carol's wealth was a hindrance rather than a help. Hollywood thought she was ritzy, but Sue soon proved she was a "regular guy" . . . she made 14 pictures her very first year . . . her latest is UNIVERSAL'S "GRAFT." She has reached for a LUCKY for two years. Not a farthing was paid for those kind words. That's white of you, Sue Carol.

I have had to smoke various brands of cigarettes in pictures, but it was not until I smoked Luckies that I discovered the only cigarettes that did not irritate my throat. Now I use Luckies only. The added convenience of your improved Cellophane wrapper that opens so easily is grand."

Sue Carol

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

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